A

COLLECTION

OF

FARCES

AND OTHER

AFTERPIECES,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN, AND HAY-MARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS FROM THE PROMPT BOOK:

SELECTED BY

MRS INCHBALD.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

HARTFORD BRIDGE.
NETLEY ABBEY.
THE TURNPIKE GATE.
LOCK AND KEY.
THE REGISTER OFFICE.
THE APPRENTICE.
THE CRITIC.
THE SULTAN.
ROSINA.

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HARTFORD BRIDGE;

OR,

THE SKIRTS OF THE CAMP.

AN

OPERATIC FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

WRIT[illegible] BY

MR PEARCE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Gregory Forester,	*Mr Emery.*
Peregrine Forester,	*Mr Munden.*
Captain Fieldair,	*Mr Incledon.*
Captain Forester,	*Mr Claremont.*
Cartridge,	*Mr Farley.*
Peter,	*Mr Simmons.*

Waiters, *Messrs Farley, Treby, and T. Bland.*
Passengers, *Messrs Brown, Field, Platt, and Wilde.*

Clara,	*Miss Bolton.*
Susan,	*Mrs Liston.*
Bar-Maid,	*Mrs Whitmore.*

Attendants, Soldiers, &c. &c.

HARTFORD BRIDGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Yard of the White Lion Inn, at Hartford Bridge.*

Barmaid, Waiters, &c.

Straggling Soldiers and Travellers passing and repassing—Knapsacks lying about, and Arms piled.

Barmaid.—Nobody to answer the bells—Luke! Harry! where are you?—wait on the post chariot.

Waiter. They want fresh horses to the heath.

Barmaid. See who has been set down by the Exeter dilly.—Lor'—who'd be a barmaid!

Waiter. A methodist preacher and a poet. [*Exit.*

Barmaid. Then, pray have an eye to the silver spoons—and here, Dick, carry this cup of cool tankard to the party at high words in No. 2.—More company!

2d Waiter. A chaise and four on to Basingstoke.

Barmaid. Somebody running away from his wife or creditors—Get a fresh chaise ready—

2d Waiter. John, Hostler!

Barmaid. Mercy, what a crash! Look what it is.

2d Waiter. Salisbury coach, in driving furiously up—

Barmaid. Overturned, I suppose.

Enter Passengers, limping.

1st Pass. A cursed rogue—he would try to beat the mail coach.

2d Pass. Yes, he has been at his *tantarums* for the last fifteen miles.

Barmaid. Lawyers, I see, returning from the assizes. [*Aside.*]

3d Pass. I wonder how the poor devils on the roof escaped!

Barmaid. Shew a room.

3d Pass. Yes, we shall remain here to-night, just to take a peep at the camp.

Barmaid. We have no beds for the outside people.

Hostler. No, we ha'n't—Can't litter down, for the gentlefolks, above a dozen more beds in the stables; and they will be wanted, towards morning—as the horses come off their jobs.

1st Pass. With all our hearts—the outside travellers may be outside lodgers, for what we care.

3d Pass. Yes they may—they have preferred the open air hitherto, and the nights are not very long.

Waiter. This way, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Passengers.*

Enter FIELDAIR *and* CARTRIDGE.

Field. The carriage, I perceive, of Sir Gregory Forester—I must not be seen!—Remember your instructions.

Cart. Yonder is Sir Gregory, I guess, in the white wig.

Field. Yes—and the lady he is handing out is Miss Clara:—be sure and watch occasion to deliver my letter:—it will explain to her, that professional duty obliges me to be absent. [FIELDAIR *withdraws.*

Cart. Step aside, sir—here they come.

Barmaid. O, this is the party who, a week since, engaged the pavilion that overlooks the heath. Shew them in.

Enter SIR GREGORY, CLARA, *and* PETER.

Sir Gre. Well—here we are at last.—A tent to command a view of the heath has been pitched, I hope, as I desired?

Barmaid. The tent, sir, is ready—it is placed in the inclosed plantation just across the bridge, and is quite retired.

Clara. That will be pleasant.

Sir Gre. Peter, see to the trunks.

Peter. Ecod, Peter do every thing! I thought I should have a fine time on't!

Cart. Mr Peter, let me assist.

Peter. Hey! so thee shalt—I have enow to do, when at home. [*Exit* CARTRIDGE, *with Boxes.*

Clara. Susan, take care of the hat boxes.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Lor', ma'am, I can scarcely take care of myself—the officer-gentlemen are so comical, I could hardly get past them.

Clara. That's odd, indeed!—They are wond'rous rude.

Sir Gre. Is it to be wondered at? Did she not begin with them first?

Susan. Dear me, I only stopped to hear the little fifer play "Poor Jack," while they were taking the things out of the *chay*.

Peter. Ecod, what's the fifer to the drummer in the kitchen!—what a marvellous *genus* he must be! how he twirls the sticks about!

Sir Gre. I wish, rascal, I had *one*, this moment, to beat a tattoo upon your sconce!—Go, see that the

horses are taken care of, and let us have some tea the best room—Come, Clara.

[*Exeunt Sir* GREGORY *and* CLA

Susan. I declare I like the place of all things— have been so leered at!—though I'm not in the leas surprized at it, for I look uncommonly well to-day!

[*Exit, following* CLARA

Peter. I thought I was to have a little rest while travelling; but, instead of that, I find I am to be still moving about. Ah! I wish I was as well off as these soldier boys. I met one of them just now, with a couple of girls to his own share, O they lead rare lives. But mercy! [*Drums and fifes at a distance*]— what clatter is this? which way shall I run?

Enter CARTRIDGE, *stopping* PETER, *who attempts to depart.*

AIR I.

Duet, Chorus, &c.

Car. Hark! hark! the drum!
Peter. Sure enough they come!
I'll away—I'll away!
Car. Prithee stay—prithee stay!
Peter. I must go!
Car. No, no, no!

Enter a Party of Soldiers, with Women.

Soldiers and Women.

All. In rain and in sunshine, and each change of weather,
By beauty up-cheer'd we keep firmly together:
And since, in our march, we to-day have beat sorrow,
Let's hope he won't find where our tents are to-morrow.
Car. But give young Peter welcome, pray,
You will not on a summer's day,
Find out a lad who's braver;
Farewell!—we soon shall meet again!
Women. We'll strive your friend to entertain.
Car. He seems a curious shaver!

[*Exit* CARTRIDGE.

Peter. How sweet are their voices! the drum and the fife!
For music so rare I could venture my life!

Soldiers. Sometimes upon a coast unknown,
By fate of war we're sudden thrown!

Women. Still with you o'er the seas we go;
The clime, the dreary country bear;
And only deem that hardship woe,
In which we're not allowed to share!

All. In rain and in sunshine, and each change of weather,
By beauty up-cheer'd we keep firmly together:
And since, in our march, we to-day have beat sorrow,
Let's hope he won't find where our tents are to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at the Inn.*

Sir GREGORY, CLARA, *and* CARTRIDGE.

Sir Gre. An odd sort of garb your's, for a waiter!

Cart. Yes, sir, merely in compliment to the camp —devilish observing. [*Aside.*]—You know, sir, at a Free Mason's Lodge, the waiter must always be a sort of Brother!

Sir Gre. True—and so you have lived a great while at the inn?

Cart. A great while, sir; I may be considered, your honour, as a *fixture* here.

Clara. Have the officers given any balls yet?

Sir Gre. Poh! rot the balls. Let me question the man about supper, before we walk towards the heath.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. The bill of fare, sir.

Cart. Give it to me—I'll bring the orders to the bar—and, harkye,—Sir Gregory, my master, is very particular that nobody should wait upon him but *me;* so don't be officiously pressing forward on all occasions. [*Aside—and pushing him out,*

Waiter. O, very well, I understand— [*Exit Waiter.*

Cart. Then pray, decamp.—I beg pardon, Sir Gregory, but I was desiring my fellow-servant to keep himself sober an hour beyond his usual time.

Clara. I can't take any supper.

Sir Gre. Let me see—[*Looking over the Bill.*]

Cart. Do, madam, just glance your eye over, [*Giving her the Letter*]—you may see something you have a fancy for.

Clara. Good heavens!

Sir Gre. I have no great appetite—yours is a bad country for trout—the smelts in savoury jelly will do—a grilled pullet with mushrooms is no bad thing—I do not see the least objection to the venison a-la-braise—the macaroni may come in with the pigeons and pease—and, as for the rest, as I said before, I have no great appetite—so I'll go take a peep at the larder.

Cart. This way, sir—the larder is the part of the premises with which I am anxious to be better acquainted—[*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt Sir* GREGORY *and* CARTRIDGE.

Clara. So Fieldair's regiment is encamped here!—That is propitious! All the attentions promised from the gallantries of the camp, lose their value in the recollections of his merits.

AIR II.

I.

Amidst the illusions that o'er the mind flutter,
I will not forget my true object of love;
At parting the fondest concern did he utter,
I left him;—but yet shall this heart never rove!
No—no—this heart shall never rove!

II.

He bade me farewell!—and my fancy repeated
His tender expressions for many a day;
And I think, were I now unperceived near him seated,
That homage to love from his lips still would stray.

Enter SUSAN, *impatiently.*

Susan. Your bed-chamber, ma'am, is very pleasant, indeed; you may see from it all the officer-gentlemen strut about; and they tell me, when we walk out in the cool of the evening, we shall hear the band play "The Rough-boy whistling," and the "Little Baron on my knee."——Oh! and a duel was fought this morning. "Damme, sir!" says one of the gentlemen—No—no—the other began first—"Sir," says he, "I must insist—"

Clara. How the creature's tongue goes!

Susan. Lor', ma'am, I've a great deal to tell you, and, if I don't talk fast, I shall never get through—"I must insist," says he—

Clara. Peace for the present; this letter is from Captain Fieldair.

Susan. Dear me, that's comforting; I thought you seemed in a *fluster.*

Clara. He informs me, after waiting in suspense till our chaise came in view, he was obliged to repair to quarters for orders relative to the movement of the troops to-morrow.

Susan. It's charming, however, that he has found us out—

Clara. He expresses strong alarms that my father will persist in his design of marrying me to a distant relative, who, in consequence of bearing our family name, will possess a principal part of its property.

Susan. Good me, that's very hard!

Clara. You must know, during my summer excursion, two years since, to my cousin's in Ireland, I had the misfortune to be too captivating to this more remote branch of kindred.

Susan. Ah, ma'am, it's neither in your power nor mine to help being pretty.

Clara. But that my fate should be ruled by the combination of half a dozen letters!—a name!

Susan. Yes, I have always been told that your father is monstrous proud of his name!

Enter Sir GREGORY.

Sir Gre. "Proud of his name!"—aye, and with reason. Was there not, even in the present reign, a Forester among the Welch judges?

Susan. Lor'! what signifies such surly mortals, in large wigs—

Sir Gre. Hoity-toity! what's here to do?—Leave my presence instantly, Mrs Pert.

Susan. Well, I'm going— [*Exit* SUSAN.

Sir Gre. Has not a branch of the family attended the levees, whenever a mitre became vacant, for the last seven years? and is he not, perhaps, the very next of the *cloth* that will be chosen to wear *lawn*?

Clara. In all probability he will, sir.

Sir Gre. Have we not a Forester among the yellow admirals, who was a midshipman at the taking of Porto Bello, and has been superannuated near fifteen years?

Clara. Very true, sir.

Sir Gre. And did not my own poor boy die in the cause of his country, upwards of eight years ago, in the East Indies?

Clara. To our sorrow he did! [*Emphatically.*

Sir Gre. Aye, aye, the name has made some uproar in the world. Even I myself shall be talked of a little when I am gone—[*Pensively.*]—I was one of the first who dined off beaf-steaks and onions on the river Thames, in the year of the hard frost. [*Importantly.*

Clara. Sir!

Sir Gre. Yes, the name must not be extinguished in a moment; and your ancestry look to you for its progression to distant ages.

Clara. I don't understand—

Sir Gre. As I told you before, the estate, which

was settled on your late brother, devolved at his death, in compliance with your grandfather's will, on a male of a remote branch, merely on account of his being a *Forester*.

Clara. I have heard as much, sir.

Sir Gre. He is a most extraordinary young man; and, as a traveller, approaches very near to the famous Tom Coriatte.

Clara. Consider, sir, I have seen the gentleman but twice.

Sir Gre. What of that? I have not seen him at all; and yet *I* find no difficulty in approving him.

Clara. I could offer reasons——

Sir Gre. Go on, I'll hear them all; and yet where the judge has determined how to sum up, what avails the prattle of counsel?

Clara. This is truly precipitate, and damps all the pleasures predicted of the journey.

Sir Gre. Our jaunt to the camp, if you must know, was principally to meet Mr Peregrine Forester, in order to your being introduced to his rich uncle, who resides in the neighbourhood, and has expressed a wish to see you.

Clara. Is it possible!

Sir Gre. Yes, the interview must be early to-morrow; there's no time to lose; for the old gentleman is not very well; and what makes it rather *riskful*, he's attended by two physicians.

Clara. Protect me, heaven!

Sir Gre. Two physicians did I say? Gad's me, I believe there are *three*; so I think he has notice to quit! Come along, my dear. [*Exeunt*.

Enter CARTRIDGE.

Cart. While I stood list'ning to the conversation between Sir Gregory and his daughter, I just heard enough to discover that the enemy, without being aware of our approaches, will frustrate all our opera-

tions. My poor master seems in a hopeful way! Nothing but an artful counter-vallation can save him. Miss Clara is to bestow her hand on one she hates, solely because he is of the family name. This is exactly what my master was told.

Waiter. This way, sir.

Cart. Hey! who have we here?

Enter Waiter with a Portmanteau, and conducting in Mr PEREGRINE FORESTER.

Waiter. This way to Sir Gregory's apartment; this way, sir.

Pere. You will tell him Peregrine Forester wishes to see him.

Cart. The devil—arrived already! [*Aside.*]

Waiter. O, here is Sir Gregory's servant.

Pere. Sir Gregory's servant! What! in a military garb?

Cart. Yes, sir; a whim of my master, in consequence of his having been near forty years since a volunteer—for about three days—in the county militia.

Pere. Heroic fidelity! You will please to inform Sir Gregory—

Cart. He is unfortunately absent.

Pere. That's extraordinary, for I fixed this very hour to meet him here.

Cart. An affair rather urgent—but may I ask your name?

Pere. Peregrine Forester; of no settled habitation, but whose *name* is familiar to the inhabitants of the extreme poles; and has been inscribed upon the towers of cities, where the use of letters is unknown.

Cart. Sir Gregory left particular orders to present his best regard, and intreat you would instantly follow him to your uncle's. You *have* an uncle near Bagshot?

Pere. Yes, you are right.

Cart. He was sent for on account of an alarming attack your uncle had received.

Pere. It must then have been sudden?

Cart. It was, sir.

Pere. He was a little unwell, to be sure.

Cart. It was an attack, quick as thought.

Pere. Sudden—perhaps, as the fall of Niagara!

Waiter. Shall the cattle, sir, be kept to the chaise?

Pere. No, I despise a chaise. [*Exit Waiter.*]—Give me a sledge and a rein deer!---Lapland and December!

Cart. Hadn't you better have a horse got ready? [*Impatiently.*]

Pere. I hate a horse; I have cantered on a dromedary, and know the difference.

Cart. Since you won't ride, perhaps you would prefer *walking*? [*Impatiently.*]

Pere. I would not give in at that work, even to the noted Powell! I am, myself, commonly called the Walking Peregrine. I have followed, before now, the *Sun* through half the signs of the zodiac, dancing after him like one of the figures of Guido's Aurora!

Cart. "The *Sun*?"—I suspect you fell in company with the *Moon* by the way. [*Aside.*]

Pere. Some may travel to analyse earths, or dissect morals; I love the grand---the expensive.

Cart. But, sir, your uncle is of a great age, and is besides attended by three physicians.

Pere. I skirt the lake, or wander over a troubled sea of mountains---mark the *lights*---the breadth of *shadows.*

Cart. The shadows of night, dear sir, will be upon us soon.—I dread Sir Gregory coming. [*Aside.*]

Pere. Above all things---

Cart. Above all things, consider your uncle is at his last gasp!

Pere. I'll soon be with him. You may perceive my very boots denote velocity; made from the skin of the red antelope of Senegal.

Cart. Yes, I see. [*Looking the other way, as apprehesive of Sir Gregory.*]

Pere. My waistcoat, from the blueg oat of Caffraria; the pellice, the black tyger of Brazil; killed him while at supper, devouring a wild bull.

Cart. But you had better lose no time over this same bull-beef supper.

Pere. Well, I won't. You'll take care of this cloak-bag, as it contains the unpublished part of my travels. Nobody would believe them, so I keep them to myself. There are, too, a few madrigals on the fair favourites of my tour.

Cart. I must off, and prevent Sir Gregory stealing a march upon us. [*Aside.—Steals off.*]

SONG.

Peregrine.

I.

Through France, through all the German regions,
I've ranged, rare objects to discover;
Seen pretty women in such legions,
I thought myself returned to Dover!
Brisk music made me gay,
And lively all the way;
For no tune's dull, that once was merry,
With him—who loves the *hey down derry!*

II.

The Spanish Belle I've serenaded;
And many a night, with the guitar,
Beneath the lattice-grate paraded:
Now tinkle, tinkle; then, jar, jar,
'Twas music made me gay—&c. &c. &c.

III.

Round would the girls of Russia chatter—
And view me o'er with looks of pleasure;

Their cymbals sounded *clitter clatter*—
And they tript in sprightly measure.
Sweet music made me gay—
And joyous all the way,
For no tune's dull, that once was merry,
With him—who loves the *hey down derry!*

[*Exit.*

Re-enter CARTRIDGE.

Cart. So---he's off.—Oh, that's right—the portmanteau!—I'll have an eye to it, if it be only for the purpose of concealing a very necessary ladder of ropes, which Susan must convey to her lady. 'Twill be less suspicious than this villainous knapsack—and, as for the manuscripts, they shall have a new lodging. I thought he never would have departed. Susan! Susan! Where is the jade? Why, Susan! Never yet was poor fellow more zealously warm in the cause of his master; or, in greater danger of having his ardour cooled in a horse-pond. Why, Susan, I say—[CARTRIDGE *during this Soliloquy, continues employed in removing the Manuscripts from the Portmanteau to the Knapsack.*]

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. I'm coming; I was only trying on one of my mistress's new bonnets, that I may look a little *stylish* in our walks to the camp.

Cart. Ah, Susan! there's other business to attend. You know I have your lady's interest at heart.

Susan. Poor dear thing! she's weeping in her chamber---I pity her much; I know myself what love is.

Cart. I believe it from my soul---Nobody better.

Sir Gre. [*Peeping.*] What can all this clamour be about?

Cart. But time presses, and we must be active. Fly, and tell Miss Clara, that Mr Peregrine Forester, the rival of my master, has just reached Hartford

Bridge. I have, for the present, got rid of him; but, as Sir Gregory will hear from the waiters of h[is] arrival, we must contrive and usher in my mast[er] under the name of this same Peregrine.

Sir Gre. So, so; she has a lover at the camp a[l]ready!—A cunning young baggage. [*Aside.*]

Susan. Aye, aye, and by that means you are t[o] *chouse* Sir Gregory?—Well, that will be clever.

Sir Gre. "Chouse Sir Gregory!" A pretty black-leg phrase, truly! Pray go on. [*Aside.*]

Cart. You see what a double game I'm obliged to play. I pass upon your master for one of the waiters of the inn; and the people at the bar take me for his favourite servant.

Sir Gre. "Favourite!" with a vengeance!—What a plotting scoundrel! [*Aside.*]

Cart. You must prepare——

Susan. Oh, leave me alone; we shall manage to trick Sir Gregory, I warrant. A stupid old gudgeon—

Sir Gre. Very dutifully expressed, Mrs Decorum! [*Aside.*

Cart. I've provided a ladder of ropes, unknown to my master, by which I will persuade him to enter at midnight, to arrange matters for Miss Clara's escape.

Susan. That will be delightful!

Sir Gre. A ladder, hang-dog, will one day or other lead to thy destiny! [*Aside.*]

Cart. But I must hasten to take my captain's orders; and, by to-morrow evening, at this hour, we shall be, in all respects, prepared to carry you and your lady off.

Susan. Carry us both off!—With all my heart—there's nothing in it, that I see, to be *afraid* of. I shall long for the moment, that's certain. [*Going out, meets* Sir GREGORY.]

Sir Gre. Shall you so, Madam Lucretia?

Susan. Oh!—Oh! [*Screams.*]

Sir Gre. Stop your bawling, hussy! Oh, you are

precious agent in the cause of virtue! Is this your village simplicity?

Susan. Dear sir, pray forgive me! Lor'! how should poor innocent girl, like me, know better?

Sir Gre. As for your young mistress, dam'me, I know how to punish her. I'll mortify her vanity: she shall be locked up in her chamber, and allowed—no looking glass!

Susan. No looking glass!—Good sir, that will be enough to break any lady's heart.

Sir Gre. And you, for your part, shall be sent trooping home to your father, by the very first higler's cart, or waggon, that passes near his cottage.

Susan. What a loss I shall be to my poor dear mistress! [*Pensively.*]

Sir Gre. Yes, you will; and therefore I'll lose no time in breaking the subject to her as tenderly as possible.—'Twill be an amazing affliction, to be sure!—Come, come along.

Susan. Don't pull one so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The open Country. A view of the Tents, &c. at the approach of Evening.*

Enter FIELDAIR *and* CARTRIDGE.

Field. You have managed with wonderful address, not to be suspected.

Cart. There, your honour, I pride myself: the greatest lie will always find some believers; but among those with whom I have been dealing, there was not a single infidel.

Field. I have just succeeded to obtain the general's leave for a short absence, after the movements of to-morrow are over; and will seize it the moment I am able.

Cart. Any farther commands, your honour?

Field. Not to-night.

[*Exit* CARTRIDGE, *making a military Sal*

Enter CLARA.

Clara. What a fate is mine! Whither shall I tur for refuge!

Field. [*Coming forward.*] Confide in me, my sweetest girl!

Clara. Mercy! my dear Fieldair, how came you here?

Field. I have for some time been loitering at this spot, in the hope of a short interview.

Clara. I dread my father's approach—his purpose was to walk this way.—Meet me here to-morrow.

Field. Can you so easily dismiss me?

Clara. 'Tis perilous to remain now.

DUET.

Fieldair.

One, one short moment I embrace,
To Love an holy vow to pay;
Yet others, viewing that bright face,
Like me may kneel—may dare to pray.

Both.

He. { O Deity of this fond breast,
{ Is thus some favoured rival blest?
She. { O, no, reject each jealous fear,
{ Alas! no rival harbours here.

Clara.

No,—no,—though at the Idol's throne,
A thousand in devotion bend,
Acceptable from one alone,
The sacred offering can ascend!

Both.

He. { But we must part—dear girl adieu !
Oh ! that sweet glance again renew.
She. { The tear too starts !—The sigh will swell !
Once more, my love—once more farewell !

[*Exeunt on opposite sides of the Stage.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room at the Inn.*

Sir GREGORY *and Waiter.*

Sir Gre. And so this same fellow is not a waiter here ?

Waiter. Never saw him, your honour, till yesterday morning, when he pretended he was to 'bide here till the arrival of a family : and, on your coming last night, he said he belonged to you ; and that he wore regimentals to please you, because you had once been at a review of the militia.

Sir Gre. O the confounded knave !

Waiter. He said, too, that he was a sort of steward to you, and had the management of your property.

Sir Gre. Sure enough, the scoundrel did make a bold push. He desired my daughter, in particular, if she had any valuables, to deliver them to his charge.

Waiter. Aye, and if your honour had called for your bill, very likely he would have put into his own pocket the crown or half-guinea you might intend for me !

Sir Gre. Yes ; but you must know, I have never given that subject the least consideration.—I overheard him tell our Susan, that he should pass an impostor upon me, instead of a friend, whose arrival I

look for—So he has an accomplice lurking some where.

Waiter. But, sir, I suppose you know the person your friend?

Sir Gre. No, I don't; for, although I have lon had a predilection for him, whenever we meet, he will be to me an old friend with a new face.—You may run, however, and learn if the person you speak of be here still.

Waiter. I'll be as brisk, your honour, as bottled spruce in warm weather. [*Exit Waiter.*

Sir Gre. Aye, aye; 'tis pretty plain Miss Clara has been playing the coquette with some of the young gallants of the camp—she that used to be so coy and timid!—But the whole sex are alike.

SONG.

I.

Girls shy appear
When men first leer,
And steal aside,
As if to—— hide!
But bolder grown,
As things get known,
They giggle, simper,
Niggle and whimper,
And try to lure wherever they go,
The squire, the jocky, the rake, the beau;
The young and the old ones,
The timid and bold ones;
Yea, with the grave parson
They carry the farce on,
And all are snared in a row!

II.

Of balls the pride,
Thus miss I've eyed
The minuet pace
With blushing face:

But, ere the night
Had taken flight,
I've seen her ramping,
Tearing, tramping,
Along the room in a country-dance;
Now figuring in with bold advance;
Here setting and leering;
There crossing and fleering;
And when that's completed,
Before she'll be seated,
A mad Scotch reel she must prance!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment at the Inn.*

PEREGRINE *and* SUSAN.

Pere. I tell you, as I said before, 'tis all a fudge I had the *mortification* to find my poor dear uncle as *well* as when I left him.

Susan. It was a queer sort of frolic, sure enough, to send you so far.

Pere. Rot the distance!—that was no great matter to me, who have explored countries that have neither latitude nor longitude.

Susan. O, you have? Then it was meant as a trick upon a traveller, I suppose?

Pere. I fancy it was; and I feel a little piqued at Sir Gregory's joke.

Susan. O ho! it was his doing then?

Pere. O yes; the servant told me as much, when I first inquired for him; and the fellow would not have dared to take such a liberty, had he not been warranted.

Susan. This will do rarely. [*Aside.*]

Pere. I, that have stript my wardrobe from the backs of the lynx and leopard!

Susan. Monstrous provoking, indeed!

Pere. To be thus treated, after having traced the Ganges and the Whamboo to their source; wandered

to the summit of the Marble Mountains, and the Mountains of the Moon; and toasted muffins at a volcano!

Susan. Wonderful, to be sure!

Pere. I to be trifled with! who have before no devoured a young barbecued rhinoceros for my breakfast, and had an old tough one served up, by way of a *grill,* in the evening.

Susan. Have you *indeed,* sir?—a hem!

Pere. Yes—in my *very* distant travels.

Susan. Aye, no doubt you must have travelled a great way to have got such an appetite.—Ah, I have a sweetheart, who has been on many *far-journies,* in his time.

Pere. Have you?—Did he ever visit the Siberian Waste, or traverse the shores of the Bosphorus?—range the Carpathian Mountains, or navigate a canoe on Lake Ontario?

Susan. I can't say; but I know he has travelled most parts of the north of England.

Pere. England!—Poh! I could wish to have conversed with him in Arabic, about the hieroglyphics of Egypt.

Susan. I'll tell you how I first met with him: It was before I left my father's cottage.—

BALLAD.

I.

One night while round the fire we sat,
And talked of ghosts, and such like chat,
A stranger, who had lost his road,
Till day should break, implored abode:
Pack-horses—'twas his lot to guide along,
Whose bells the traveller cheer with ding, ding, dong!

II.

Against distress, though we were poor,
My father never shut his door.

I know not how, but from that day,
Though formed by nature brisk and gay,
I felt within my beating breast a tingling—
Whene'er the lively Pack-horse bells went jingling.

III.

When first the stranger reached our nook,
It seems, the turning he mistook;
Now, twice a-week, he comes that way,
But never tells us—he's astray;
And, in his song, my name I hear him mingling,
Each time his passing Pack-horse bells go jingling!

Enter Sir GREGORY.

Sir Gre. Perhaps I am a little more in the secret ...n you are aware.

Pere. Then, Sir Gregory, I must tell you, I think ...ave been treated with too little ceremony.

Sir Gre. Oh, you do? Ceremony is quite out of ... question. I'll not blink the business a tittle— ...u must know you are detected.

Pere. Detected!

Sir Gre. Yes; found out to be an impostor.

Pere. Mighty well, sir! but this barbarity of man...ers is not quite a novelty. I was used fully as illi...erally when I first appeared in print.

Sir Gre. What the devil can he mean by appear...ing in print? Advertised, perhaps, for plundering a church, or some such virtuous exploit.

Pere. Yes; it was said, that every thing I had was stolen from Baron *Munchausen.*

Sir Gre. Dam'me, I believe you'd steal from any body!—Now I think on't, I recollect the account of the robbery very clearly—the plate was melted down by a Jew in Duke's Place.

Pere. Gulfs, deserts, cataracts, and mountains! Are we among the wild boars and buffalos on the sides of the steep Taranta? Am I treading on the backs of the crocodiles of Dandara, elevated on the flying

mountain of the Russians, or the flying bridge of the Chinese?—Are we among——

Sir Gre. Stop, stop; this is *exactly*, word for word, with something that was *very like* it, which I remember to have heard, when a boy, from the Merry-Andrew of a mountebank.

Enter Waiter, leading in CARTRIDGE.

Waiter. Here is the other——

Cart. Hey! what the devil has befallen the traveller! [*Aside.*]

Waiter. Caught him, sir, with a mug of ale at his lip—just going to mend his draught.

Sir Gre. Come now, as the truth must out, which of you two damn'd rogues will turn king's evidence? Your name is—— [*To* CARTRIDGE.]

Cart. If you mean me, I shall remain—silent as a spiked cannon.

Sir Gre. Your's? [*Turning to* PEREGRINE.]

Pere. Insolent demand! Go to the top of the Taurus Mountains, or to the pendent tomb of Mahomet; inquire in the frosty vallies of Carelia, or among the pearl fishers at Bossora; proceed to the Lybian desert——

Sir Gre. All this vapour *won't* do. Damn it, you gabble like a juggler over his cups and balls, to prevent the *trick* being found out.

Cart. If I see my way clearly, this may turn to account. [*Aside.*]

Waiter. I heard him, your honour, desire *this* accomplice to say his name was Peregrine Forester.

Sir Gre. Did he?—Then the case is evident.

Cart. If I must speak out, sure enough he *did* make that request, and I agreed to it.

Pere. I admit I did.

Sir Gre. That is all we want to know.

Waiter. Moreover, he said in my hearing, that he had no settled habitation.

Pere. I don't deny it.

Sir Gre. I thought as much. I was of opinion, rom the first, that he came under the vagrant act.

Pere. Curse your vagrant act!—This to me, who ave rode a-hunting, on an elephant, in company ith the Great Mogul? Send for the divine Clara—ave recourse to my manuscript travels in that portanteau,—fetch it, they will testify who I am.

Cart. Oh, the portmanteau! Yes, that shall answer uster-call immediately. [Cartridge *goes out, and turns with the Portmanteau.*]

Sir Gre. Well, for curiosity, I will just do as you esire. Tell Clara I wish to see her—and yet I now all this is a contrivance. Manuscripts, you y?

Pere. Hold off—prophane them not— [*Ransacking Portmanteau.*]

Cart. Fire and fury! Here's a mine will blow him to the devil. [*Aside.*]

Sir Gre. Hey! what's here? The very identical bit of machinery I heard so much confederation about. The manuscript is extremely *legible* indeed!

Pere. Whirlwinds and tornados!—all my marvellous travels on foot, walked off!—gone!—Every page!—

Sir Gre. Well, what do you say to your manuscript now?

Pere. Say, sir?---I say this is evidently the stratagem of artful agency, to delude you, and injure me. If you have doubts——

Sir Gre. O no, 'tis a clear case: I have not a single doubt, I assure you.

Enter Clara.

Pere. Oh, here is Miss Clara. Pray, madam, declare who I am.

Clara. Mr Peregrine Forester, if I mistake not—

Pere. There, sir——

Sir Gre. Now all this is vastly ingenuous.—Don't I know that every thing was accurately settled at the last rehearsal, in order to impose upon me?

Clara. Dear sir, why this censure?

Enter Waiter.

Sir Gre. Well, what have *you* to say? [*Turning to the Waiter.*]

Waiter. In the course of the morning, Sir Gregory two gentlemen repeatedly called, who seemed anxious to see you and Miss Clara.

Sir Gre. Indeed!—Who were they?

Waiter. I have heard at the bar that one of them was named *Forester.*

Clara. This, surely, is a device of Fieldair? [*Aside.*

Sir Gre. Not another impostor, I hope!

Waiter. Why, *I* had my suspicions, your Honour but, on inquiring of my fellow-servants, I find he was known to some of our officers, and is gone with one of them to his marquee.

Car. My master is not idle, I see. (*Aside.*)

Sir Gre. Now, Mr Perken Warbeck, what have you to *say?*

Pere. That you are an egregious dupe to your own drivelling conceptions, and the shallow artifice of others.

Sir Gre. Mere counterfeit coin, still; that assumes at first the modest hue of silver, but, upon being *rubbed* a little, becomes *brazen!*

Pere. I wish I was in Kamschatka, or among the Hottentots again, damn me if I don't!

Sir Gre. But what said my friend—will he be here again? [*To the Waiter.*]

Waiter. I guess he will—as a messenger from the marquee is now here to inquire when you can be seen.

Sir Gre. Od-so, we'll dispense with ceremony, and pay them the first visit. Their courier shall be our

guide. Detain him, Waiter. (*Exit Waiter.*) Clara, you must not be left behind. My dear, you little are aware the mischiefs these fellows are *hired* to accomplish.

Clara. There is some mystery in all this, which I cannot penetrate! (*Aside.*)

Pere. You have something more to say to *me*, I hope.

Sir Gre. No, I've not:—you may set off again upon your travels as soon as you please.

Cart. Yes, you may march.

Sir Gre. And you too, Mr Rascal, I desire.

[*To* CARTRIDGE.]

Pere. Zounds!—What would Ben Achmet of Morocco, or the Scheriff of Arabia, say, were they to behold me thus ousted? But my manuscripts are gone,—and I'll begin my travels again!

Sir Gre. Aye, do—troop! before an embargo is laid upon you by a sheriff's officer—or some sturdy constable.

Pere. That for your menace! [*Snapping his Fingers.*] Can the *silver oar* reach me on the White Sea, or in the Caspian Gulf? Will the *testatum speciale capias* arrest my course through the Black Forest, or on the Apalachian Mountains? I'm off!—on the wings of the Black Eagle of the East! I'm mounted already!---whir!—— [*Exit.*]

Sir Gre. Clara, my dear, prepare immediately to accompany me to the camp.---I will just see the premises cleared of these myrmidons.

[*Exeunt Sir* GREGORY *and* CLARA.

SCENE III.---*The open Country, with a View of Bridge.*

PETER, *as a Recruit.*

[CARTRIDGE *entering unobserved.*]

Peter. Ecod, I'm a gentleman now, as well as th best of them.

Cart. Peter, my hero! [*Clapping him on the shoulder.*]

Peter. My worthy comrade—for that's the nam our serjeant calls me by—I'm obliged to thee fo speaking in my favour, to so noble a gentleman.

Cart. What, you like him?

Peter. I believe I do—he treats me just as th I was as good as he---for all I took the advantage o him last night.

Cart. As how, honest Peter?

Peter. Why, you must know it was dusk when I *listed,* and he didn't see that I couldn't turn out my toes. [*Significantly.*)

Cart. O ho!

Peter. No---he'd a sent me about my business, if he had.

Cart. Ah! that was being a little too keen upon him.

Peter. So he said: but I told him a bargain was a bargain, and that I defied him to *unlist* me! At last, he said, as he had a friendship for me, he'd not stand upon trifles.

Cart. Give me your hand, boy! you have managed like a general.

Peter. O yes, I'm a deep one, I assure thee:---but I hear, master Cartridge, thee be'est a bit of a soldier. Now tell me, when real fighting is going forward, do you all stand to it so much in earnest, as here, at Bagshot, when you fight in jest?

Cart. To be sure we do.

Peter. Dang it, I can't stand that. What! no looking out for a good snug dry ditch?

Cart. O fie! Hear me, Peter. When a sense of military honour is once awakened, you'll go as cheerfully to battle, as to a feast; and think no more of danger, than you do of saying grace!

Peter. Indeed!---Rat it, if I could but bring myself to think nothing of danger, I should be no more afraid than the stoutest of them.

DUET.

[*Omitted in the Representation.*]

Cart. Summoned to the angry battle,
By the drums' alarming rattle,—
On we rush!——[*Peter*] O worthy comrade
Fighting surely is a rum-trade!
I hate riot,
Give me quiet,
So take back this steel.
[*Offering his Side-Arms.*]

Cart. Swift we march some town to humble!
Round the boist'rous cannon rumble!
Walls are sapp'd with dreadful crashing!
Swords engage with furious clashing!

Peter. But should frighten'd women kneel,
You have softness sure to feel?

Cart. Now we creep upon the slumbers
Of a camp ten-fold our numbers;
And, though full enough to eat us,
Twice as many shall not beat us!
—Some are happy in escaping
All concern of——further waking:
—Others,—*panick*-struck take flight!—

Peter. Ecod, I think such blades are right.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Front of a Marquee.*

FIELDAIR *and* Capt. FORESTER.

Capt. For. The moment I landed, I set off with full heart, to pay my respects to my good father and, as his return to the lodge was uncertain, I followed him here.

Field. How will his feelings sustain the trial!—and your sister——

Capt. For. Poor little Clara! She was an infant when I left England, and my form and features ma be forgotten.

Field. From the constancy which has marked he sorrow, I should not so conclude: Even the very a tachment with which I am honour'd, had its origi in the regard she bore me as your friend.

Capt. For. To your prudent agency, I commit the task of revealing, that the son so lamented, though long buried in the dungeons of the eastern tyrant yet exists.

Field. Oh, how much is that cruel destiny to be regretted, by which you have been so long kept an exile from your native land!

Capt. For. A land, which the cherishing affections of kindred taught me to love since the earliest dawn of sensibility. From that source of fervour, every eye sparkled with pleasure, when the English cliffs appeared in sight.

Field. I felt as much: The very heaving of the lead, when we arrived in soundings, animated the crew; and though bred in the camp, I'll assist the description by a seaman's song.

SEA-BALLAD.

I.

For England, when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,—

And scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd:
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,—
"By the deep——Nine!"

II.

And bearing up, to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view;
An abbey-tower,—an harbour-fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,—
"By the mark——Seven!"

III.

And, as the much-loved shore we near—
With transport we beheld the roof,
Where dwelt the friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof:
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,—
"Quarter less Five!"

Capt. For. But our messenger loiters:—Surely Sir Gregory is by this time returned?

Field. Somebody approaches.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Gre. Can it be possible!—

Capt. For. My dear father, it is.

Sir Gre. You are my son then?—All accounts my dear child, from our friends in India, stated, that you had died in captivity—a victim to the climate and hard usage.

Capt. For. Every mystery shall be explained. In a tempest let us trust to that Power, which rules the storm.

Sir Gre. But you *were* in bondage?

Capt. For. I was; and owe my liberty to the victorious leader of the British army in India: the

valour of his troops was my ransom; and when the stormed Seringapatam, they rescued me from a du geon!

Sir Gre. Ha! Here *comes* Clara——

Enter CLARA, *supported by* FIELDAIR *and* SUSAN.

—This, my dear, is your poor brother!—Ah, Fiel air! I recollect, at our last interview, your purpo was not to restore, but deprive me of a child!- and we didn't happen to agree.

Field. If I had presumption, I have been pu nished.

Capt. For. I have heard some circumstances; a am so far interested, that I must inquire wheth Clara started any of the difficulties?

Sir Gre. O no; to do her justice, she seem'd to a prove all the Captain proposed. Clara, was that C *dity* we have just left behind, really the famous trave ler of our family?

Clara. He was indeed, sir.

Sir Gre. Well—well, though he's gone, he has lef the estate behind.

Clara. And, however delusive appearances migh have been, I suspect they were owing to the invention of Captain Fieldair's servant.

Field. Here the rogue comes; you must all partake of soldiers' fare to-day, and dine in my tent.

Susan. And let us have a dance, ma'am.

Sir Gre. Agreed;—and my first toast shall be, "May that union of spirit, by which England has been lifted to its superior height, for ever endure, and establish her pre-eminence to the end of time!"

FINALE.

I.

Field. The hour, with disaster and sorrow o'ercast,
Not a minute beyond its first limit can last:

Then why waste a second in sterile regret,
And in counting o'er troubles we ought to forget?

II.

san. Let the virgin and youth, in the festive dance rove,
And wear on their foreheads the myrtles of Love;
ra. And when old-age approaches, give proof while they sing,
That the last month in winter is nearest to spring!

eld. With the pipe of the pastoral swain,
Be united the fife's shriller strain:
And may Peace in our Isle fix her throne,
And no more by her pinions be known!

NETLEY ABBEY;

AN

OPERATIC FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

MR PEARCE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OAKLAND,	*Mr Emery.*
Captain OAKLAND,	*Mr Incledon.*
M'SCRAPE,	*Mr Rock.*
GUNNELL,	*Mr Fawcett.*
JEFFERY,	*Mr Simmons.*
Mr STERLING,	*Mr Abbot.*
Cockswain,	*Mr Street.*
ELLEN WOODBINE,	*Mrs Atkins.*
LUCY OAKLAND,	*Mrs Beverly.*
CATHERINE,	*Mrs Martyr.*

SCENE—*Netley Abbey, and a Villa near it.*]

NETLEY ABBEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* OAKLAND'S *House.*

OAKLAND *and* LUCY.

Lucy. Dear sir, in that case all the country about us will appear desolate. I shall really fancy myself to be "Zelinda in the Desart."

Oak. I know it will seem desolate; but you must be sensible 'tis done by way of improvement. How else can I open the vista, to command a fuller view of Netley Abbey?

Lucy. And is the sweet embowered cottage, belonging to Mrs Woodbine, where I used to read the dear "Recess," indeed to come down?

Oak. Yes, it is; so you must find some other nook to be miserable in.—But what can Ellen Woodbine have to say to me?

Lucy. Surely, as your god-daughter, she may claim an interview!—Yet, in respect to the little mansion—

Oak. 'Tis needless to trouble yourself; that must come down.

Lucy. How mortifying!

Oak. How else are the improvements to go on?—All to the westward must immediately be cleared; and by the fall of the leaf, I hope not a tree will be left standing.

Lucy. Cruel as the office is, I must prepare Miss Woodbine for this event:—the information may else come with a severity she cannot sustain. [*Exit*.

Oak. That girl gathers all her absurd notions from silly romances; and while I go on improving, she, as if in direct opposition, goes on reading.—But where can Jeffery be? Let me ring again: [*Rings*] and yet the rascal minds it no more, than though it was the church-bell going for prayers. Ha! here the varlet comes.

Enter JEFFERY.

Jeff. I was making all the haste I could; Master M'Scrape was only teaching us the figure of a new dance; and Catherine and I was casting off—but there was no getting little Sam to right and left.

Oak. I'll right and left you with a vengeance!—What, M'Scrape is here, is he?

Jeff. Yes, he brought some letters for your worship; but as he had got his fiddle with him, we thought the letters were of no consequence, and so——

Oak. No consequence, hey! Be so good, Mr Scoundrel, to shew him in.

Jeff. Yes, your honour. [*Goes to the Door and calls*.] Master M'Scrape, you may come in.

Oak. I wonder the fellow does not attend to his business, instead of fiddling about, and setting his neighbours as mad as himself.

Jeff. [*As if in a reverie*.] Two couple down—and then set, and back again. [*Dancing*.]

Enter M'SCRAPE, *playing on the Fiddle.*

M'Scrape. A little quicker,—quicker still, my dear fellow!

Jeff. Now cross hands.

Oak. Yes, and I'll cross shoulders, if my cane can reach you, Mr Rascal!

Jeff. Wounds, a body can never have no pastime. [*Exit.*

Oak. That same fiddle of yours, M'Scrape, occasions my fellows to be very idle.

M'Scrape. O the devil, the fiddle don't make them idle; for I never touch a string of it, but it sets every body *moving* wherever I come.

Oak. Ay, rat them, they'll be in motion then, and at their meals; though they stand still all the year besides.

M'Scrape. Lord, and isn't it as natural as the light?—To be sure they hav'n't at all times been over glad to have Phenagon M'Scrape close upon their heels.

SONG.

M'Scrape.

I.

At the wake, at the fair, at the harvest-home meeting,
To have M'Scrape among them, good Lord, what intreating!
When they saw me, the women were all in a giggle,
And hardly stood still for the tuning the fiddle:
How madly they'd foot it to brisk "Andrew Keary,"
And at "Shelen-a-gig," O, they'd make my arm weary.

II.

What amorous looks have I seen folks exchanging,
While engaged in the figure, the rogues would be ranging:
To give them a hint that I guessed at their fancies,
And to suit to their wishes the tunes of the dances;
I've known "Roger de Coverley" turn them quite crazy,
And they'd call for a cup when I've played "Mrs Casey."

III.

Towards morn, when returning, each step was a caper,
Od rat it, no pity had they on the scraper:
The girls out of bed, as we tript along leapt up,
To peep at the frolic their neighbours so kept up;
And I, in return for their glances caressing,
Played "Petticoat-Loose," while the hussies were dressing.

Oak. Ah, you are a frolicsome dog. When you came to "Petticoat-Loose," I felt my blood grow young again, I confess. But where are my letters, and the reviews?

M'Scrape. O, here;—the newspapers are not come—a long debate, I dare say.

Oak. Like enough; for in that case, the morning papers always, like the speakers, adjourn their appearance till *midnight.* [*Reading one of the Letters.*

M'Scrape. [*Peeping over his Shoulder.*] Myself heard the same thing—Oh, there are great alarms, sure enough.

Oak. Hoity toity! What's here to do? M'Scrape, you mustn't be so curious.

M'Scrape. Bless you, my dear, I never should have thought of peeping, if *private* hadn't been writ at the corner of the letter. And is it believed the French mane to land?

Oak. No, Scrape, not in our part of the country. The English flag triumphs in the Channel, and I feel a little proud that my son Harry has something to do in the bustle.

M'Scrape. Ah, myself set both his razors, the morning he went off: I dare say, by this time, they cut like saws.

Oak. Aye, aye, our true security is our fleet; and when an Englishman resorts to his ships, 'tis like putting on his armour.

M'Scrape. And a pretty tough armour it is, be-

yond all dispute: a man need not be afraid of his sides, when he's cased in ribs of oak!

Oak. Indeed, it may be said, England is itself a sort of man of war—a three decker.

M'Scrape. And as she takes care to keep sea-room enough to herself, she must weather out every bit of a breeze.—And stop—Ireland is a sort of a stout frigate, cruizing by her side!

Oak. You are right; so she is.—What have we here? [*Reading another of the Letters.*]

M'Scrape. [*Peeping over his Shoulders.*] Pay-m-e-n-t-ment, payment.—Why, your worship, Master Rapine *sames* in a bit of a hurry about his money.

Oak. Hey day! Zounds and fury, M'Scrape, you are a devilish impudent fellow, and ought to have your bones broke, for thus prying——

M'Scrape. O, by the powers, your worship, that's the very letter I am to carry an answer to; and that being the case, you know, I ought to understand something of the subject.

Oak. Rapine is a very strange man;—I have scarcely concluded with him for the purchase of the little freehold, to improve my grounds, and he already wants to be paid.

M'Scrape. O the unreasonable Nagar! It's enough to insist on poor men paying their debts—if rich one's ar'n't to be trusted, who the devil are?

Oak. Right; he can't be paid yet—I must be a little the worse for it, while I go on improving. Very great expense has been incurred, in digging for a spring at the Naiad's Bath.

M'Scrape. But the devil a drop of water have they been able to discover there, except what has been brought in buckets; so that the poor Naiad, at this moment, is not wet up to the instep.

Oak. Let him look at the Greek edifice where the

rookery stood; and in the place of the dove-house, have I not built the ruins of a nunnery?

M'Scrape. To be sure you have: and it must cost your worship a great deal to keep those ruins in a continual state of decay.

Oak. No doubt; and then the other new works—the mausoleum.

M'Scrape. The mausoleum? O, I have seen it—that's the place you are to live in after you are dead—it makes a comfortable snug companion to the ice-house.

Oak. Good me, you make quite a chill creep over me, by talking thus:—yes, they are both pretty well sheltered from the sun.

M'Scrape. Old Rapine then, your honour, must wait?

Oak. To be sure he must; I make every body wait; and there must not be a difference on his account.

M'Scrape. I vow, owing to the bustle he was in, when I saw him, I've been in a tremble all the morning—I have only shaved *three* of my customers, and cut every mother's son of them. Will your worship please to be dressed? [*Strapping his Razor.*]

Oak. No; the devil take me if I'll make the fourth! [*Exit.*

M'Scrape. You won't? then I'll go take the rector in hand; 'tis about his time. [*Going.*

Enter JEFFERY, (*peeping.*)

Jeff. Zooks! never mind the rector.

M'Scrape. O bother! I tell you I must; I'll just step, however, to the pantry for a cup of drink, to keep my hand steady.

Jeff. Do so; for Jonathan, the postilion, says, if you'll play "Bobby Aldridge," he'll dance a hornpipe on a wooden trencher.

M'Scrape. O, the young whelp! I can't stop now. Ar'n't I to be here in the evening, you know? and we'll jig all night long, and make a day of it.

Enter CATHERINE, *(running.)*

Cath. By jingo, so we will.

M'Scrape. Ah, here comes one, that at all times puts my spirits in tune, and sets my heart capering.

Jeff. Well, I'll go and get a jug of ale ready.

Cath. Do so, Jeffery.

M'Scrape. And put a toast in it, sugared over with a little nutmeg:—I like a drink of ale well enough, and when there is nothing else to be got, I always give it the preference.

Jeff. I will, I will. [*Exit.*

Cath. I'm afraid I can't promise my company next Monday to the ship-launch.

M'Scrape. O the devil! Every thing will be a-ground then.

DUET.

M'Scrape. Half the pleasures of the day
Will be lost, if you're away.
Catherine. Well—well—then I'll come.
Near the cherry orchard wait—
M'Scrape. I'll be there as sure as fate.
Both. Mum—mum—mum—mum!
M'Scrape. Through the moon-bright fields at night
Catherine. We'll return with spirits light.

M'Scrape. Will we not, dear Huz?
Catherine. And we'll steal from all the rest,
Both. Sing and kiss, and toy and jest.
Buz—buz—buz—buz—buz!
Catherine. Be sure you come.
M'Scrape. Mum—mum—mum—mum.
Pretty Huz!
Both. Buz—buz—buz—buz!

[*Exeunt* M'SCRAPE *and* CATHERINE.

SCENE II.—*The Garden.*

ELLEN *and* LUCY.

Lucy. I am fully aware of the mistaken confidence your worthy father placed in Mr Rapine; and how much your estate suffered by his pretended improvements.

Ellen. To be conclusive, I must observe, that the conduct of his treacherous agent was evidently altered, soon after the fatal night when our family mansion was destroyed by fire.

Lucy. I have heard as much.

Ellen. We were at the Isle of Wight when the calamity befel us: we thence beheld the flames; but little expected to find, when we returned, our dwelling in ashes.

Lucy. It was said, at the time, that lightning was the cause.

Ellen. Of that we still have doubts; what escaped the ravage of the fire, the hand of plunder seized upon: but our severest loss consisted in the writings, by which our property was guarded.

Lucy. While you talk thus, the imaginary distress, with which I sometimes teaze myself, departs like vapour.

Ellen. The sums we occasionally received from Rapine, as payments due to our estate, were suddenly charged against us as a loan; and my mother's diminish'd income is a proof of his rapacity.

Lucy. O, my dear Ellen, what shall I do to prove, that, though fortune has deserted you, my attachment is steady?

Ellen. The little we have left must serve us; there are examples in the world to sober down to moderation all the proud thoughts of vanity.

SONG.

Ellen.

I.

Stript of fortune's gay profusion,
 Sober firmness arms my heart;
That at best is but illusion,
 Which can like a dream depart.

II.

Shall the summer friends caressing,
 When 'tis miss'd a sorrow cost?
Or that wealth be deem'd a blessing,
 Which is in a moment lost?

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain OAKLAND.

Capt. Oak. M'Scrape! my honest fellow, how are you?

Enter M'SCRAPE.

Now, M'Scrape, tell me; how is my dear Ellen Woodbine? for till I have seen her, I must suspend my duty, even to my good father.

M'Scrape. Indeed, the world is not grown a whit kinder since you were last among us.

Capt. Oak. Mrs Woodbine, I judge, still lives at the Manor Lodge.

M'Scrape. Yes, she does; and poor Miss Ellen is as much beloved by all the tenants of the domain as ever.

Capt. Oak. And yet, Scrape, it is now no longer in her power to obtain for them the occasional remission of a quarter's rent, to soften the rigours of a hard winter.

M'Scrape. O tut, no; now the estate is put into the trust of such a damn'd rogue as Rapine, the devil

of any good can come out of it, except harm—myself will seek out for Miss Ellen, and whisper to her that you are arrived. [*Exit.*

Capt. Oak. O Ellen! those virtues which are inseparable from your nature, will ever be your support—in many a tempest have I felt their sustaining power.

SONG.

Captain Oakland.

I.

Her image ever rose to view,
Lovely, as on that day,
When in each soft array,
Near to the vessel's side she trembling drew,
And seem'd to look a fond adieu.

II.

No night, of her forgetful, past,
Still was the vow preferr'd
Sincerely, though unheard;
Still, while the wind sung o'er the bending mast,
Her name was murmur'd to the blast.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter M'SCRAPE.

M'Scrape. The captain is off, I see; ah! I don't wonder at his loving Miss Ellen, every one loves her for her worthy father's sake. He always brewed with the best malt: Ah! I remember the poor departed squire full well, nobody better.—Let me consider: if he had lived till next Easter, he would have been dead just a twelvemonth. By the mother, isn't this Captain Oakland's coxswain?

Enter GUNNEL.

Gun. Yo! ho! M'Scrape! what cheer, my lad?

M'Scrape. What, Gunnel! and where the devil have you been hiding yourself?

Gun. We've been weathering many a tort gale, in beating about the Channel.

M'Scrape. Myself would rather hear you'd been beating about the French.

Gun. Shiver my timbers! so we have, messmate—D'ye spy these colours?—my tight one, we have taken a frigate.

M'Scrape. O! that's glorious!—Myself then will carry in the colours to the squire, and tell him the news: Captain Oakland was here but a minute ago, but he was too modest to say a word about it.

Gun. Ah! M'Scrape, before I sailed with the captain, I had devilish hard luck; I was cast away in a bit of a skiff just off yonder head-land.

M'Scrape. Och—it is the fate of many a poor fellow to founder near his own coast; and the first bit of dry land he puts his foot upon is at the bottom of the sea.

Gun. Aye, our boat was badly manned; there were only two of us who knew any thing of the coast.

M'Scrape. I heard the same, and that one of you was drowned: Pray which was it,—you, or the other lad?

Gun. Why, dam'me, the other, to be sure! But you'll be careful of that same bit of bunting, for it cost us some trouble to take it.

M'Scrape. By Jasus, I should like, in compliment to the captain, to fix this very ensign staff over my shop, to serve as a pole.

[*Exit* M'SCRAPE *with the Colours, while* GUNNEL *is speaking.*

Gun. Ah, Master M'Scrape—however they may have been grumbling on shore, we have been standing after the enemy on every tack.

BALLAD.

Gunnel.

Blue Peter at the mast-head flew,
And to the girls we bade adieu,
Weigh'd anchor, and made sail:
The boatswain blew his whistle shrill,
The reefs, shook out, began to fill,
We caught a fav'ring gale.
And with a cann of flip,
To cheer the honest tar,
Thus gaily may he trip,
Lara lar, lara lar.

We cruized along the coast of France,
But not a Mounseer gave us chance;
We tried on every tack:
We drank and laugh'd, and sung together,
We kept the sea, nor cared for weather,
'Twas all the same to Jack.
And with a cann, &c.

Sometimes, while squalls have o'er us swept,
High at the mast-head, watch I've kept,
We did, my lads, our best.
Still on the look-out for a rumpus,
At every corner of the compass,
The north, south, east, and west.
And with a cann, &c.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* OAKLAND'S *House.*

Enter OAKLAND *meeting Captain* OAKLAND.

Oak. Harry, my boy, you have out-stayed your time.—I hope, in your visits, you did not include the Woodbines?

Capt. Oak. Why, sir, should they be excepted? Their change of fortune ought not to alter the regard of those who passed for their friends in prosperity.

Oak. I have told you what took place this morning between Ellen Woodbine and me, and expressed very fully my opinion; so you know the penalty of your resistance.

Capt. Oak. Fortune, it is true, has deserted her; but wealth, dear sir, can no more confer merit, than it can happiness; and I yet persuade myself, that in the conversation of an hour, I could satisfy you—

Oak. Stop—If I had an inclination to be convinced, half a dozen words would do; but as I have not, all the languages of Babel would be of no avail—They would only confuse each other.

Capt. Oak. Dear sir, we shall sail next tide; but in the anxiety of my present feelings, allow me, before I depart, to make one appeal. Miss Woodbine, sir—

Oak. Not another word; I am fixt. Obstinacy is the privilege of old age; and damme if I'll part with a grain of it, though you can with your obedience.

Capt. Oak. All this must be endured; the affection of Ellen, which has cheared me in many a tempest, will, I hope, sustain me still.

Oak. Are these times to be tacking about after a petticoat? Are we not threatened with invasion?

Capt. Oak. Have I, sir, been remiss in my duty?

Oak. Even I am touched with new spirit! I can shoulder a musket with the best: I feel my heart primed and loaded, and though old, dam'me, I'll shew you I have some fire in the service of my country.

Capt. Oak. My country! I ever felt the irresistible claim. The waves form a barrier round us; and

the appearance of an enemy would but serve as a signal for firm union among ourselves.

SONG.

Should dangers e'er approach our coast,
The inbred spirit of the land
Would animate each heart, each hand!
Would bind us in one general host!
ENGLAND.
ENGLAND, A WORLD WITHIN ITSELF shall reign,
Safe in her floating towers, her castles on the main.

II.

Our isle's best rampart is the sea;
The midnight march of foes it braves;
And heaven that fenced us round with waves,
Ordained the people to be free.
ENGLAND.
ENGLAND, A WORLD WITHIN ITSELF shall reign,
Safe in her floating towers, her castles on the main.

III.

In the word country, lies a spell;
And he who ventures to our shore
With hostile aim—shall never more
Return—of victories to tell.—
ENGLAND.
ENGLAND, A WORLD WITHIN ITSELF shall reign,
Safe in her floating towers, her castles on the main.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Pleasure Grounds.*

Enter ELLEN *and* CATHERINE, CATHERINE *in a Sailor's Dress.*

Ellen. Why did you bring me Captain Oakland's letter, when you know I had it so earnestly at heart to seclude myself from his notice?

Cath. Because, ma'am, I couldn't make out the

meaning of the French motto, round the two little doves on the seal: and so——

Ellen. Dear! what's become of the sailor who brought the letter?

Cath. What, Gunnel? I declare he's yonder, destroying all the rose trees! Gunnel, what are you about?

Gun. Yo! ho! what cheer?

Enter GUNNEL, *with his handful of Roses.*

Cath. Return as fast as possible, and tell your captain to be at the place he mentions, and to remain there till we come.

Ellen. No—'tis impossible! I must see his sister, and consult her.

Gun. When two opposite signals are flying, dam'me, which is to be obeyed?

Cath. Miss Lucy intreats you'll go.

Ellen. Well then—[*Exit Gunnel.*] Yet, how inconsistent will this conduct appear! how much in contradiction to those resolutions which brought me here! [*Exit.*

Cath. Lord, what are her troubles compared to mine—she has one sweetheart, who sometimes goes to sea, to be sure; but dear me, I have five! and how much more ought I to be pitied? well, by the help of the phrases I picked up from Gunnel, I hope to escape discovery—he told us to keep close hauled under the land, till we got to the Abbey: and if we fall in with any of his shipmates, and they are for bearing down upon us, why d'ye see, I'll tell them in a song, I learnt from one of my sweethearts.

SONG.

A Jack I am, from Shields—I hail;—
Know how to hand—can reef and steer:

Up *Swin* I've worked in many a gale;
Kept many an anchor clear:
Where hank for hank so oft I've sung,
And cheerly to the windlass sprung!
And aloft, or below,
What cheer lads, ho!

II.

A frigate, lads, is now my lot;
A well built sea-boat trim and tight:
While in the locker there's a shot,
They'll find us ready day and night;
We've long been masters of the deep,
And still the weather-gage we'll keep.
And aloft, or below,
What cheer lads, ho!

[*Exit.*

Enter OAKLAND.

Oak. Just here will I erect the tower, to plant the French colours on, and there shall be an English Jack, flying over them, in honour of Harry—a damned dog, to vex so good a father.

Enter M'SCRAPE, *impatiently.*

M'Scrape. O, your worship, all my customers have been *axing* me the reason, why you had the *patereros* fired off.

Oak. To compliment my son, to be sure; but the devil take me if I know the least circumstance about it; more than that there was a *sea-fight.*

M'Scrape. Myself couldn't tell them neither—perhaps yonder bit of a sailor knows a trifle of the matter.

Oak. I'll learn a few particulars; for I suppose a world of enquiries will be made by our friends.

M'Scrape. O, you may swear that; so it will be right to be exact.

Enter GUNNEL.

Gun. Let's haul our wind—Kitty is off her station, I see. [*Looks about.*]

Oak. Well, Gunnel, now you have taken a beaver, you shall tell me a little about the engagement.

M'Scrape. Aye, my dear fellow, let us know how you peppered 'em: and when you have finished, you shall have a sup of devilish strong grog—with not a drop of water in it—except brandy—

Gun. Well, I will—why d'ye see, it was blowing strong, and we were loping of it—forecastle under, in Portland Road, when a sail hove in sight in the offing, standing right over from Cherbourg—We saw, with half an eye, she was an enemy's cruizer, stemming right for us; better she could'nt come! we turned the hands up, and drew the splice off the best bower.

Oak. Best bower! what is all this about?

M'Scrape. O whack! leave him to himself.

Gun. Mounseer twigged us; and not liking the cut of our gib, hove in stays—all hands make sail! away flew the cable, end for end; and before you'd say peas, we had her under double reefed top-sails, and top-gallant sails.

M'Scrape. Well said, little Oakum!

Gun. Away we scudded! but no sooner we opened the *Bill*, standing through the tail of the *Race*, than, by the holy, I thought she'd a'tipt all nine:—pigs and live lumber were all afloat in the lee-scuppers!

Oak. Pigs and live lumber!

M'Scrape. Ay, ay—get on, little one; it's as smooth as day.

Gun. Damn the inch did we start: but sprung our luff, gave her a '*Mudians* reef, bowsed in the lee-guns, and found she'd just as much canvas as she could

stagger under—The chase was a head with a *clean rap full.*

M'Scrape. O bravo! well, and what then?

Gun. My eyes, how she walked! licking whole green seas in, at the weather chess-tree, and canting it over the lee-yard-arm! but we overhauled her, and stood well up under our canvass: while *Jacky Frenchman* was crabbing to it—nigh on his beam ends; and about seven bells, began playing at long bowls, with his stern-chasers—steering damned wild.

Oak. Seven bells and long bowls?

M'Scrape. O nothing could be better---get on, my tight fellow.

Gun. Steering damn'd wild!—While old Trusty, our quarter-master, as good a helmsman as ever took spoke in hand, kept *steady, steady!* Dam'me, he could a'run our gib-boom into a musquito's eye.

Oak. Hey! what!

M'Scrape. Never mind the musquito's eye—get on, my hearty.

Gun. Damn the shot, d'ye see, did we return, till we were close on his weather-quarter: then clapt the helm hard-a-weather, yaw'd athwart his stern, and gave her the whole dose of round and grape, into his gingerbread-work abaft; whilst she kept blazing away to windward.

Oak. Dam'me but the fellow's mad!

Gun. At it we went, as hard as we could pelt; never were guns better served; yet three glasses of it did she take, before she sicken'd.

M'Scrape. Three glasses of what, my dear soul? Oh! whisky, I suppose.

Gun. Down came her fore top-mast, and her sails took aback! to be sure we didn't make the most of that! round we came on our heel, run athwart her fore-foot, and tickled her up with the larboard tier:—every shot told.

Oak. What the devil does he mean about heel and fore-foot?

M'Scrape. Something of a sort of hornpipe step, I guess.

Gun. That dose was a sickener—her fire slack'd—she filled—kept large, and would fain been off—we twigged her drift—let run the clue garnets, ranged upon her weather beam in pistol-shot, and gave her t'other broadside, 'twixt wind and water, hot as she could sup it.

Oak. Sup what?

M'Scrape. O, be easy—'tis as plain as an old shilling.

Gun. Blow me, it made her heel again! damn the shot did she fire after, being close on board,—starboard, hard flew the helm! slap goes our cat-head into her gallery, with a hell of a surge! over went her mizen-mast! in dashes the boarders!—clears the deck! away scud the Mounseers, and down came the colours, with three hearty cheers, to the honour of Old England—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

[*Exit* GUNNEL.

M'Scrape. Hurrah! hurrah!

Oak. Hurrah! hurrah! I'll join in the halloo, with all my heart; but rat me, if I understand a tittle of all that cursed fellow has been roaring about: he might as well have gabbled over a pedigree of Welsh names.

M'Scrape. Not understand it?

Oak. No—So I'll be glad if you, who seem to know it so well, will give me a short explanation.

M'Scrape. Why, you must know the ship we fought with, was an enemy: better she couldn't come, for she was only in her stays; Little Gunnel run the gib-boom into a musquito's eye, for a wager of three glasses of whiskey—steady! steady!—and at

the sign of the Seven Bells, a game of long bowls was played——

Oak. Confound me, if you know any more about it than the sailor.

M'Scrape. What, wont you hear the rest?

Oak. No, I'll trot off; and get beyond gun-shot reach of your sea-fight. [*Exit.*

M'Scrape. I can't, to be sure, glib it over like Gunnel; but I'll get a little more of the matter from Captain Oakland, when I see him presently at the Abbey.—Ah, I love a ramble there, to watch the ships pass to and fro;—and in an evening like this—the sea makes so pretty a land-scape.— [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Woodland Scene.*

Enter Captain OAKLAND, ELLEN, *and* COCKSWAIN.

Capt. Oak. Chance has been propitious in givin me this interview—but remember, dear Ellen, we are now near to the Abbey; and that is the place of rendezvous, where I must claim your farther attention.

Ellen. I'll keep my promise, since you persist.

Capt. Oak. Coxswain, see to the boat being ready at the place appointed.

Cox. Yes, your honour.

Ellen. I know not how it is—but the sweet objects which surround the Abbey, always fill me with pensive delight.

Capt. Oak. A genuine mind, my Ellen, is ever touched by the pure beauties of nature.

GLEE.

That beach, which the wild billows lave,
How pleasant to wander along,
While the shrill curlew, breasting a wave,
Breathes forth to the deep her wild song.

The course of the far distant sail,
Till shapeless, and lost to the sight;
And the homeward-bound mariner's *hail!*
Impart to the bosom delight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Netley Abbey.*

Enter OAKLAND.

Oak. So—I find all that Jeffery told me, turns out to be true—yonder is Ellen and Harry just parting from her—what an undutiful dog, after what I said: dam'me but I'll cut him off with a couple of six-pences, and one of them shall be a bad one!—I'll conceal myself, and listen to what is going on here—here they come—— [*Retires.*

Enter ELLEN *and* CATHARINE; *the latter in a Sailor's Dress.*

Cath. I only want half a dozen dammes, and a to-bacco-box, to be complete—smite my cross-trees, we're all aback here. [*Looks about.*

Ellen. The approaching interview with Captain Oakland depresses me so much, I have not spirits to relish your vivacity.

Oak. [*Coming forward*]—O you metamorphosed devil! [*To* CATHARINE] and you too, Madam Sentiment, have I caught you in the fact?

[*To* ELLEN.

Ellen. Sir, your reprehension does not reach me: The purity of my intention turns it aside.

Oak. Indeed! What am I to conclude from your attending this assignation, after your seeming candour of this morning?

Ellen. Do not suppose, sir, I appealed to you, with a heart untouched by agitation: I ever possessed a sense of Captain Oakland's worth, and a reverse of fortune taught me to feel my own demerits.

Cath. Egad, I'll sheer off, and tow in Miss Lucy. [*Exit.*

Oak. [*Looking after* CATHARINE]. Zounds, if I was a captain of a man of war, I'd tie you up at the gangway, and give you a dozen.

Ellen. Some explanation is due, from me, to Captain Oakland: I am happy you are to witness our meeting—your presence will give an earnestness to my purpose—of bidding him adieu for ever.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. My amiable friend!

Oak. Ha! I have another to contend with.

Enter Captain OAKLAND.

Capt. Oak. Ellen, my love! what has led to this distress? My dear father——

Oak. Do, pray depart, and leave the poor girl to my care. [*Approaching* ELLEN]. Keep off, I beg —no squeezing—pressing of hands, and all that—I always found, when I was a young fellow, those practices to do great mischief among the girls——Hey! what the devil brings my neighbour Sterling here?

Enter STERLING *and* GUNNEL.

Ster. Though I disturb this meeting, I must claim attention to this honest seaman's story.

Enter M'SCRAPE—CATHERINE *following.*

Oak. O poh! I heard the same thing already—'Tis something about "Lee Scuppers"—Hav'n't we, M'Scrape?

M'Scrape. Yes, we have, sure enough, word for word; but we may as well have it over again, to see if there's any difference. Get on, my hearty.

Ster. O poh! this is a matter that occurred just before Gunnel entered to serve with Captain Oak-

land; and which he had no means of relating till he came this morning on shore.

Gun. Right---I belonged to a smack at the time; I had just engaged to her---one dark night we stood for this Abbey, but a gale coming on, drove us on a bank---my two shipmates (for there were but three of us) seeing the danger, were touched a little by their consciences, and confessed they had, some time before, plundered the mansion of poor Mrs Woodbine, and afterwards set it on fire, to prevent detection.

Ster. What he relates you may credit. By Gunnel's means the booty has been traced out; hid in the recesses of Netley Abbey.

Oak. Those are Indian bonds and Exchequer bills, if I mistake not?

Ster. They are; and form a part of Miss Woodbine's recovered fortune.

Ellen. Merciful Heaven! This event will give an evening of felicity to my mother's life.

Gun. Dam'me, what's a seaman, when foundering, if he has not a good conscience?——Ah! here come some of my messmates.

Enter Sailors, &c. with Plate and Chests.

M'Scrape. O, Gunnel! you are an honest fellow. For your sake I'll drink success to the navy, by sea and land.

FINALE.

Captain Oakland.

To mirth—O to mirth, let us join in full chorus,
And may no ill-omen this night hover o'er us,
Ye beauties around us that cluster,
So apt to distress,
So ready to bless,
Your eyes beam on life its best lustre.
To mirth—O to mirth, &c.

M'Scrape and Gunnel.

This hour take to heart no more sorrow,
    Than may with the heel
    Be kick'd off in a reel,
And quite out of mind by to-morrow.
                    To mirth, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

TURNPIKE GATE;

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN TWO ACTS.

NOW PERFORMING,

WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE, AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

T. KNIGHT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Edward,	*Mr Bellamy.*
Smart,	*Mr Field.*
Henry Blunt,	*Mr Incledon.*
Crack,	*Mr Munden.*
Robert Maythorn,	*Mr Taylor.*
Old Maythorn,	*Mr Jefferies.*
Steward,	*Mr Davenport.*
First Sailor,	*Mr Wilde.*
Second Sailor,	*Mr Truman.*
Groom,	*Mr Atkins.*
Bailiff,	*Mr Street.*
Joe Standfast,	*Mr Emery.*

Singers at the Gate, &c.

Landlady,	*Mrs Whitmore.*
Peggy,	*Miss Logan.*
Mary,	*Mrs Smith.*

THE

TURNPIKE GATE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Public-house, Sign of the Admiral, R. H.* *—*A Turnpike and House, L. H.* †—*In back Ground, a Milk-house with latticed Windows*—SMART *discovered preparing Guns for shooting.*

Sir Edw. [*Within.*] Smart, get the guns ready. Is my new keeper come from the Lodge?

Smart. No, Sir Edward. [PEGGY *crosses the Stage with a Milk-jug.*] Servant, Miss Peggy. [*She sneers.*] Ugh! A kiss from my master has raised your nose an inch higher, I see.

Peggy. Joke with your equals, man: don't talk to me. [*Exit, L. H. conceitedly.*

Smart. I shall make you remember this. My master's grand Turk here! he monopolises all the wenches.

* *R. H.* Right Hand. † *L. H.* Left Hand.

Enter HENRY BLUNT, *L. H. in Shooting Dress, with Gun, singing.*

Henry. Morrow, fellow-servant—Sir Edward stirring?

Smart. Yes—just asked for you. Mind your hits to-day, Mr Henry: you shot for your place, and won it; but you'd better not outshoot Sir Edward.

Henry. Oh, ho!---vain of his abilities that way, ha?

Smart. That way! yes, and every other: I've dropped being his rival some time.

Henry. Sir Edward seems to have a fine estate here?

Smart. Yes, that belonging to the Lodge is eight hundred a-year; the Upland farm three; and his estate in Norfolk as much as both.

Henry. The Lodge being but at the head of the village, why does he prefer a bed at this public-house?

Smart. Pleasure, sir, pleasure. But here comes *one* answer to your two questions. Step this way, and I'll give you another.

[*They retire, R. H.*

Enter PEGGY, *from the Milk-house, followed by* ROBERT MAYTHORN.

Robert. If that be your mind, Peggy, it can't be help'd—if you can't love me, you can't.

Sir Edw. [*Within.*] Peggy, my dear---bring my breakfast.

Peggy. Coming, Sir Edward—I've only been to fetch the cream.—You hear, Robert?

Robert. Yes—I do *hear*, and *see* too—I be neither deaf nor blind.

Peggy. The young Baronet expects me *above*.

Robert. 'Tis well if old Belzeebub don't expect

thee *below*; zo there's an end of that:—however, d'ang it, let's shake hands.

Peggy. Paws off, if you please—your hands are rough, man; and I can't bear any thing dirty or sunburnt.

SONG.

Peggy.

Pray, young man, your suit give over,
  Heaven design'd you not for me;
Cease to be a whining lover,
  Sour and sweet can ne'er agree:
Clownish in each limb and feature,
  You've no skill to dance or sing;
At best, you're but an awkward creature,
  I, you know, am quite the thing.

II.

As I soon may roll in pleasure,
  Bumpkins I must bid adieu;
Can you think that such a treasure
  E'er was destined, man, for you?
No—mayhap, when I am carry'd,
  'Mongst the great to dance and sing,
To some great lord I may be marry'd:
  All allow—I'm quite the thing.

[*Exeunt*.

HENRY BLUNT *and* SMART *advance*.

Smart. Ha! ha! Oh, you bumpkin! I was romping with his sweetheart last night, and he was at me like a bull-dog: the mastiff would bite, sir, but we have muzzled him.

Henry. As how?

Smart. Management, sir: his father lives at that turnpike-house, which, with a small dairy and farm, he holds of Sir Edward. The old fellow has seen better days. The Admiral, who died a twelvemonth since, and to whom Sir Edward is heir at law, was

very partial to him and his daughter, for during his life they needed nothing; but, being in arrears for rent, they are—all at Sir Edward's mercy. Young Sulkey, therefore, must lose his sweetheart; and as to the turnpike beauty, his sister, we have offered her a curricle, and if she does not sport it in Bond-street in less than a month, we don't understand trap.

Henry. What, she encourages him?

Smart. A little coy, or so; but she's one of your die-away dames; in the dumps, too, at present, for the loss of her "true lovier," (a booby sailor):—but I'll bet fifty she's easier *had* than little Forward here, with all her avarice and vanity.

Henry. And these are the reasons for Sir Edward's lodging here?

ROBERT *appears, L. H.*

That's the lad who tried his skill with me for the gamekeeper's place?

Smart. The same. [ROBERT *advances.*]

Henry. Morrow, brother sportsman—you shoot well.

Robert. Yes, sir—and you better. However, 'twas all fair, and I do wish you joy of the place.

Henry. Nay, the place may be your's yet:—I am elected only to trial, and self-recommended: my character, when it comes, may not please Sir Edward.

Robert. Mayhap you'd please him best with noo character at all. *You* be much in favour, be'nt you, Mr Smart! [*Sulkily.*]

Smart. Ha! [*Stares and makes signs of Boxing.*]—Oh! [*Exit.*

Henry. Things are a little changed since Sir Edward came among you. Ha, Robert?

Robert. Yes, sir; another laayer would ha done less mischief in the parish; but it is not the first time the devil got into Paradise. [ROBERT *retires to Milk-house.*

Enter Joe Standfast, *L. H. singing---his Knee bound.*

Joe. So, Master Blunt---prepared, I see, to give the birds a broadside. Ah! there's the old boy---[*Looking at Sign.*] who has given our enemies many a broadside! Bless your old weather-beaten phiz.---[*Bows to him.*

Henry. You're very polite.

Joe. To be sure I am---I strike my main-top to him by way of salute, every morning before I stow my locker:---that's the face of an honest heart, Master Blunt. 'Tis not, to be sure, done to the life; but what the painter han't made out, a grateful mind can: I fought under him when he was captain, and twice after he was *vice.* He made me master after our first brush, and but for this splintered timber of mine, I'd been by his side in the West Indies, when the brave old boy died. Died! I lie, he did not die; for he made himself immortal! His goodness laid me up in a snug cabin here on the larboard tack, made me a freeholder with 30l. a-year; and when your master, his honour's cousin and heir, steers by the compass of true glory, as the Admiral did, he shall have my vote for sailing into the port of parliament ---if he gets it before, damme!

Henry. Sir Edward resembles him at least in his fondness for the sex, it seems.

Joe. Why, to be sure, the old buck did love the lasses---What brave fellow does not? We tars live but to love and fight; but the wenches often jilt us, Master Blunt, for all that.

SONG.

Joe.

Britannia's sons at sea,
 In battle always brave,

Strike to no power d'ye see,
That ever plough'd the wave.
Fal, lal, la!

But when we're not afloat,
'Tis quite another thing;
We strike to petticoat,
Get groggy, dance, and sing.
Fal, lal.

II.

With Nancy deep in love,
I once to sea did go;
Return'd, she cried, "By Jove!
"I'm married, dearest Joe."
Fal, lal.—[*Mimicks her.*]

Great guns I scarce could hold,
To find that I was flung;
But Nancy proved a scold,
Then I got drunk, and sung—
Fal, lal.—[*Hiccups.*]

III.

At length I did comply,
And made a rib of Sue;
What though she'd but one eye?
It pierced my heart like two.
Fal, lal.

And now I take my glass,
Drink England and my king;
Content with my old lass,
Get groggy, dance and sing—[*Hiccups.*]
Fal, lal.

MARY *appears dejected; in her Hand a Newspaper.*

Joe. Yes, yes, the old boy loved the sex, I grant; but he never hung out false colours to deceive the innocent; and if, in the heat of action, his passions gave a wound, he never rested till he found a balm to heal it again—[*Looking with kindness at* MARY.]—Ah! bless thy little tender heart; I wish for thy sake he had lived to come home again!

Henry. Does she grieve for the Admiral, who died more than a year since?

Joe. Why, no; but she's the child of ill luck. Her sweetheart, you see, about four years since, was down here at the Lodge, when their hearts, it seems, were secretly grappled to each other. The lad was a favourite of the Admiral, and went out to the Indies with him: there he got promotion; and when death struck the old boy's flag, and no will left, this lad d'ye see was their sheet anchor; but returning home, in the very chops of the channel they engaged an enemy, and after three hours hard fighting, the *Monseer* struck; but her poor lad, Lieutenant Travers, was among the brave boys that fell. Had he lived, he had now been promoted. The newspaper she holds in her hand brought the account but two days since.

Henry. Then you seem to think, spite of your experience, she is sincere?

Joe. Why if death and disappointment don't make folk sincere, what should? But a braver lad, they say, never kept the mid-watch. [MARY *weeps, and retires.*] Poor wench! No wonder it makes her weep—tough as my heart is, damme, but it almost sets my pumps a-going!—But he died as a British seaman should, in the lap of victory; and his death was glorious! And I dare say he did not fight the worse for loving a pretty girl.

Henry. If you doubt that, hear the story of poor Tom Starboard.

SONG.

Henry.

Tom Starboard was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
The duties ablest seamen do
Tom did; and never yet had fail'd.

But wreck'd as he was homeward bound,
 Within a league of England's coast,
Love saved him sure from being drown'd,
 For more than half the crew were lost.

II.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
 Nay, when he lost an arm—resign'd,
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
 Had saved his life, and Fate was kind.
And now, though wreck'd, yet Tom return'd;
 Of all past hardships made a joke;
For still his manly bosom burn'd
 With love—his heart was heart of oak!

III.

Return'd again, Tom nimbly ran
 To cheer his love, his destin'd bride:
But false report had brought to Nan,
 Six months before, her Tom had died.
With grief she daily pined away,
 No remedy her life could save;
And Tom arrived the very day
 They laid his Nancy in the grave!

[Joe *and* Henry Blunt *go into Admiral.*

Old Maythorn *and* Robert *advance from Milk-house.*

Old May. Nay, nay, boy, bridle thy temper; Sir Edward is licentious, hot-brain'd, and giddy: but so he don't dishonour us——

Robert. Aye, to be sure! Let the vox devour the lamb, and zay nothing. Pegg at the Admiral is mark'd for 'un already; and he must have Mary too, or you'll no longer have the turnpike, farm, or dairy.

Old May. I don't fear Sir Edward, boy, more than thy temper—I always understood from the good Admiral that I was rent-free; yet Sir Edward claims arrears for years past; and as I have no acquittal to show, we must take care what we do. Thou shouldst not have beat his servant last night.

Robert. Damn un! the rogue's no better than a pimp; and if it wer'n't for bringing you and sister to poverty——

Old May. There again—I was going to tell thee, boy, that *Mary is not thy sister.*

Robert. No!

Old May. No! she's a natural daughter of the late Admiral. At three months old, her mother dying, he placed her under my care, to be brought up as my own child; but as she, poor innocent! must now share our lot, I charge thee, boy, not even to hint it to her—'twould break her heart.—Hush! [MARY *advances,* ROBERT *retires, R. H.*]—Don't weep, my dearest lamb—Heaven's will be done!—It is, I own, a woefùl change!

Mary. Ah, sir! the Admiral, whose goodness gave us abundance; whose parental kindness (for such it was) kept me at school, and bred me as his daughter; *his* loss was heavy to us all: and now my dearest William too! our only hope! after five years' absence—[*Weeps.*]—Oh! had he but survived——

Old May. Aye, aye, child, had he and the good Admiral return'd, your union would have been blest with abundance!—Ah! well! we have seen better days! but we must now submit. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir EDWARD *with Gun, &c. R. H.*

Sir Edw. Take out the greyhounds and give them a course; and let the groom exercise the curricle-horses.

CRACK *slips from behind the Public-house.*

Crack. Sir, I'll exercise the curricle and horses, and I'll give the dogs a course.

Sir Edw. Are you there, my impudent friend?

Crack. That epithet does not suit me, sir—I'm remarkably *modest.* Many pretend to do what they

can't; such, I allow, are impudent. Now, I can do every thing, and don't pretend at all.

Sir Edw. And pray, who are you that are so very officious?

Crack. If you wish to make me your bosom friend, don't puzzle me: but, sir, I believe I am the overseer of the parish; for I visit all the ale-houses every sabbath-day.

Sir Edw. Yes, and most other days—I saw you drunk last night.

Crack. Purely out of respect to sobriety—I told you I was the overseer. My neighbours have weak *heads;* and as their wives and families depend upon the labour of their *hands,* rather than they should neglect their duty, I sometimes drink their share and my own too—I saved five from being drunk last night, and that's hard work—however, good deeds reward themselves.

Sir Edw. Upon my honour, I was not acquainted with your virtues—[*Bowing.*]

Crack. No, sir, few are—[*Bows.*] or I should not blush so often as I do, by blowing the trumpet of my own praise.

Sir Edw. And pray, sir, how do you get your living?

Crack. Sometimes one way—sometimes another: I am first ringer of the bells, and second huntsman to Old Tantivy; and though it's not in my power to improve the *weak heads* of my neighbours, yet I often mend their faulty understandings—[*Pointing to his Shoes.*]—ecce signum.—[*Shewing his Apron.*]

Sir Edw. Any thing rather than work, ha?

Crack. Any work, sir, to get an honest penny—Twice a-week I turn pack-horse; I fetch and carry all the letters, packets, and parcels, to and from the next market-town; and t'other day I stood candidate for clerk of the parish; but——

Sir Edw. The badness of your character prevented your election?

Crack. No, sir, it was the goodness of my voice—You hear how musical it is, when I only speak. What would it have been at an Amen!—[*Whispering.*] The parson didn't like to be outdone—Envy often deprives a good man of a place as well as perquisites.—[*A pause.* CRACK *laughs and then nods.*]

Sir Edw. What's that familiar nod for?

Crack. It's a way I have when I give consent.

Sir Edw. Consent! to what?

Crack. That you may give me what you please above half-a-crown.—[*They laugh.—A pause.*] Oh! I'm a man of my word, I'll take care to exercise the curricle and horses.

Sir Edw. You will?—You had better take my box coat, and whip too, and go in stile. [*Ironically.*]

Crack. Had I, sir?—Well; I'm going to market, and can bring back your honour's letters and parcels at the same time; and in the evening we'll all be jolly. [*Going.*]

Enter SMART.

Sir Edw. Who is this familiar gentleman, Smart?

Smart. He's a sort of jack-of-all-trades, but chiefly a cobler.

Crack. Well! don't sneer at the cobler: many of your betters have made their fortunes by cobling—Sir, I thank you; I'm glad to find you more of a gentleman than your servant, which is not always the case. I'll look to the curricle and horses, sir, before I drink your health: I love business, and I hate a guzzler. [*Exit.*

Sir Edw. Give this letter to my steward, and tell him, if Old Maythorn can't pay his arrears he must arrest him.—[*Exit* SMART.] The old fellow in confinement, his daughter Mary will gladly pay the price of his release.

Enter HENRY BLUNT, *R. H.*

Have you your character yet, Blunt, from your last place?

Henry. No, Sir Edward; I expect it to-day.

Sir Edw. Very well. Go to the hill opposite the Lodge; should you spring any birds, don't shoot, but mark them: and, d'ye hear? I have a little love affair upon my hands; keep at a distance: I shall be near the copse; when I need you, I'll fire.

Henry. Oh! Sir; I know my duty.

[*Exit, L. H.*

ROBERT *returns.*

Sir Edw. You, sir, direct my keeper to Barrow-hill, and don't let me hear of your firing a gun again upon my manors, or you'll visit the county gaol.

Robert. Shall I? No, but I don't think I shall visit the gaol. [*Exit sulkily after* BLUNT.

Enter PEGGY *in a Bonnet, with a little Basket.*

Sir Edw. Ah! my bonny lass in a bonnet!—What you're going a nutting I see. The clusters hang remarkably thick in lower bye-field, beneath the copse; in the hedge, joining the cut hay-stack.

Peggy. Ah! that's the way you're going to shoot; if I had known that now, I'd have chose another place.

MARY *appears at her own Door.*

Hush! there's Miss Maythorn;—she's always on the watch. [*Smiles.*] How do, Miss Mary! I'm sorry to see you distressed. [*Aside.*] Conceited moppet!

[*Exit* PEGGY.

Sir Edw. My dear Mary, you seem dejected.

Mary. Misfortune, Sir Edward, has press'd hard upon us of late.

Sir Edw. The fault, my love, is yours. I wish to

be more the friend of you and your family, than ever the late Admiral was.

Mary. Do you, Sir Edward? [*Eagerly.*]

Sir Edw. Certainly. I wish your father to be rent free. I long to give you an annuity and a coach; take you to town, and make you happy.

Mary. I doubt, sir, if that would make me so; and if there are fathers whose necessities press them to seek subsistence by the sale of a daughter's virtue, how noble were it in the wealthy to pity and relieve them! [*Exit hastily.*

Sir Edw. Stubborn and proud still: but resistance makes victory glorious. Since soothing won't do, we'll try a little severity. She's a sweet girl, and I must have her.

SONG.

Sir Edward.

Lovely woman 'tis thou
To whose virtue I bow;
Thy charms to sweet rapture give birth:
Thine electrical soul
Lends life to the whole,
And a blank, without thee, were this earth.
Oh! let me thy soft power,
Ev'ry day—ev'ry hour,
With my heart honour, worship, adore:
Thou present—'tis May;
Winter, when thour't away:
Can a man, I would ask, wish for more?

II.

In a dream oft I've seen
Fancy's perfect-made queen,
Which waking in vain have I sought;
But, sweet Mary, 'twas you
Rich fancy then drew;
Thou'rt the vision which sleeping she wrought.
Lovely woman's soft power,
Every day—every hour,
Let my heart honour, worship, adore;

Thou present—'tis May;
Winter, when thou'rt away:
Can a man, I would ask, wish for more?

Exit, L. H.

SCENE II.—*Changes to a Room in the Public-house.*

Enter CRACK, *R. H. with Sir* EDWARD'S *Box-coat, Whip, and Hat—Landlady following.*

Landlady Don't tell me: I'll not believe Sir Edward ordered any such thing.

Crack. I say he did—"My dear Crack," says he, shaking my hand, "you had better take my riding-coat and whip, and go in stile." And let me see the man or woman who dare dispute it. [*Struts.*] Now I'm a kind of Bond street man of fashion.

Landlady. You a Bond-street man of fashion!

Crack. Yes, I am—I'm all *outside.* Where are those idle scoundrels? Oh! I see; they are getting the curricle and horses ready.

Landlady. By my faith, and so they are!—Well, 'tis in vain for me to talk, and so I'll leave you.—Peggy! [*Calling.*] Where can this girl of mine be? Why, Peggy!— [*Exit.*

Crack. I have often wondered why they drive two *big* horses in so *small* a carriage!—Now, I find, *one's* to draw the gentleman, and *t'other* his great-coat!— [*Shrugs.*]

Enter JOE STANDFAST.

Joe. They tell me, Crack, that you are under sailing orders for town. I'm bound so far, d'ye see, on business for Master Blunt, the new keeper; mayhap, you'll give a body a birth on board the curricle?

Crack. Yes, I'll give your body a birth on board;—and Heaven sent it a safe deliverance! [*Aside.*

Joe. Are you steady at the helm?

Crack. Unless your treat should make me tipsey; in that case, you must steer.

Joe. Me! dam'me, I'd rather weather the Cape in a cock-boat, than drive such a gingerbread jincumbob three miles; but for this stiff knee of mine I'd rather walk. Oh! I see they're weighing anchor yonder. [*Pointing to the Stable.*] But what need of this, friend? [*Taking his Coat.*]—the sun shines, and no fear of a squall.

Crack. Lord help your head! We drivers of curricles wear these to keep off the wind, the sun, and the dust.

Joe. Dam'me! but I think your main sheet is more for show than service.

Crack. Oh! fie!—We could not bear the inclemencies of the summer if we weren't well clothed. But come, let's mount; and if we don't ride in our own carriage we're better off than many who do—we pay no tax, and the coach-maker can't arrest us.

DIALOGUE DUET.

Crack and Joe.

Crack. When off in curricle we go,
Mind, I'm a dashing buck, friend Joe.
My well match'd nags, both black and roan,
Joe. Like most bucks nags, are not your own.
Crack. Paid for, I vow.
Joe. ——————Avast! pr'ythee, how?
Crack. In paper at six months' credit, or nearly.
Joe. No cash?
Crack. ———Oh!—that's mal-a-propos.
We bucks pay in paper, and that is merely—
Fal, lal, &c.

Both. Fal, lal, lal, la, &c. &c.

II.

Crack. When mounted I, in stile to be,
Should sport behind in livery

Two footmen in fine clothes array'd;
Joe. For which the tailor ne'er was paid.
Crack. We men of ton—
Joe. ——————Have ways of your own—
Crack. Hlead privilege to lead our tradesmen a dance, sir:
John when they call—[*Mimicking.*]—let 'em wait i'the hall;
And two hours after send them for answer—
Fal, lal, &c.

Both. Fal, lal, lal, &c.

III.

Joe. If this be ton, Friend Crack, d'ye see,
We're better from such lumber free:
No debts for coaches we can owe;
Crack. Because no one will trust us, Joe;
Joe. Then I say still—
That no man his bill
Crack. To us for a carriage, with justice, can bring in.
Joe. Then mount—never mind,
Crack. ——Leave old Care behind:
Both. Or should he o'ertake us we'll fall a singing—
Fal, lal, lal, &c.

Fal, lal, la, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Romantic Rural Prospect—On L. H. a cut Hay-stack——In the back Ground a distant view of White Cliffs and the Sea.*

Enter HENRY BLUNT *and* ROBERT.

Henry. Honest Robert, I thought I had lost you.

Robert. No! I was but just bye here, vast'ning a hurdle to keep the sheep from breaking out.

Henry. And Sir Edward, you say, solicits your sister Mary's affection?

Robert. As to affection, he don't care much for that, I believe, so he could get her good will.

Henry. Do you think him likely to obtain it?

Robert. She shall die first.

Henry. And who is Sir Edward's appointment with, here, think you?

Robert. Why, I be inclined to think, (but I be'n't sure) it is wi' Miss Change-about at the Admiral—Speak o'th' devil and behold his horns! This way.

[*They retire*—ROBERT *behind the Hay-stack.*

Enter PEGGY.

Peggy. I heard a rustling as I pass'd the copse. I began to think 'twas Old Nick! That fellow Robert does love me a little, to be sure—but the young baronet if he should make me Lady Sir Edward Dashaway— [ROBERT *advances.*

Robert. [*Aloud.*] Hem! a little patience, and mayhap he will. [*She screams.*]

Peggy. How could you frighten a body so?

Robert. Frighten thee, Peggy—it mustn't be a trifle to do that. Have you set all shame at defiance? I do wonder Old Nick didn't appear to thee in thy road hither.

Peggy. Don't you go to terrify me—now don't—if you do, you'll repent it.

Robert. No, Peggy!—'tis you that'ul repent. However, I do hope zome warning voice, zome invisible spirit will appear to thee yet, bevore it be too late.

Peggy. You had better not terrify me now, I tell you—you'd better not.

Robert. Take care where thee dost tread, Peggy.—[*She trembles.*] I would not swear there is not a well under thy feet. [*She starts.*] Damn un, here he is zure enow! [*Aside.*] One word more, an' I ha' done. If in this lonesome place [*Very solemn.*] Belzeebub should appear to thee in the likeness of a gentleman wi' a gun in his hand, look for his cloven foot, repent

thy perjuration, and wi' tears in thy eyes go whoam again, and make thy mother happy.

[*Retires again behind the Hay-stack.*

Peggy. Dear heart! dear heart! I wish I hadn't come. I'm afraid to stir out o' my place. Oh, lud! I wish I was at home again.

Sir EDWARD, *having put his Gun against the Rails of Hay-stack, steals behind, and taps her Shoulder.*

Peggy. Mercy upon me, Sir Edward! I took you for Old Nick.

Sir Edw. You did me great honour.

Peggy. Are you sure you have not a cloven foot? [*Looking.*]—I was caution'd to beware of you.

Sir Edw. By young Maythorn, I suppose! I saw the impudent rascal.—Upon my soul, you look divinely! [*Takes her to the R. H.*]

[ROBERT *shows Signs of Displeasure.*

Is not that a sweet cottage in the valley? Shall I make you a present of it, Peggy?

Peggy. Why, Sir Edward, though I don't think Robert Maythorn is a fit match for me—yet, you know, in losing him——

Sir Edw. You have found a better match.

Peggy. Oh!—if your honour means it to be a match! [*Sir Edward turns.*]——that is, a lawful match——

Sir Edw. To be sure I do—you little rogue—[*She repulses him.*] Nay, one kiss of your pretty pouting lips.

Peggy. Why, as to a kiss, to be sure—[*Wipes her Lips.*] I hope no one sees.

[*She holds up her Face; and, as he approaches,* ROBERT *reaches out his Hand, fires the Gun, and conceals himself again.*]

[*Sir* EDWARD *and* PEGGY *start.*]

Henry. [*Without.*] Mark! mark!

[*Music plays.*]

Peggy. Good Heaven protect me!—'twas Old Nick!
Sir Edw. 'Tis odd!—'twas sure my gun!
Or Robert's play'd some devilish trick.
Peggy. Ah, me! I am undone!

'Twas sure a warning voice that spoke!
Sir Edw. A warning voice!—oh, no! [*Robert steals off.*
Peggy. Believe me, sir, it was no joke.
Sir Ewd. ———One kiss before we go.

Peggy. Nay, cease your fooling, pray, awhile,
Your keeper's coming now;
And mother's hobbling o'er the stile,
She is—I swear and vow!

HENRY BLUNT *enters, R. H.*

Sir Edw. Hey!—what the devil brought you here?
I pr'ythee man retire.
Henry. I thought you told me to appear,
When I should hear you fire.

Enter Landlady with ROBERT, *L. H.*

Landlady. Where is this plaguy maid of mine?
An't you a pretty jade?
'Tis near the hour that we should dine,
And yet no dumplings made.

Peggy. To gather nuts for you I've been,
And cramm'd my basket tight;
[*Mother examines it.*
But, mother, I Old Nick have seen,
So dropt 'em with the fright.

Robert. With Fancy's tale, her mother's ear
She knows how to betray;
For staying out so long, she'll swear
The devil stopt her way.

Sir Edw. Come, come, let's home with merry glee,
On dinner to regale,
And, Hostess, let our welcome be
A jug of nut-brown ale.
[*All repeat the last verse.*]

[*Exeunt, L. H.*

SCENE II.—*Another Rural Prospect.*

MARY *enters.*

Mary. The bright evening sun dispels the farmer's fears, and makes him with a smile anticipate the business of to-morrow. How different our state!—Our future day looks dark and stormy, and Hope (the sun which gladdens all beside) sheds not for us a single ray.

SONG.

Mary.

Ere sorrow taught my tears to flow,
They call'd me—happy Mary;
In rural cot, my humble lot,
I play'd like any fairy:
And when the sun, with golden ray,
Sunk down the western sky,
Upon the green to dance or play,
The first was happy I.
Fond as the dove was my true love,
Oh! he was kind to me!
And, what was still my greater pride,
I thought I should be William's bride,
When he return'd from sea.

II.

Ah, what avails remembrance now?
It lends a dart to sorrow:
My once-loved cot, and happy lot,
But loads with grief to-morrow.
My William's buried in the deep,
And I am sore oppress'd!
Now all the day I sit and weep,
At night I know no rest.
I dream of waves—and sailors' graves,
In horrid wrecks, I see!
And when I hear the midnight wind,
All comfort flies my troubled mind,
For William's lost at sea!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Turnpike, &c. as before, with a Bench and Table at the Alehouse Door—Sir* EDWARD'S *Groom calls "Gate!"*—ROBERT *opens it, and the Groom crosses the Stage with a Bag of Oats*—ROBERT *locks the Gate—Then enter* JOE *and* CRACK *with a Trunk,* CRACK *a little tipsey, and singing.*

Joe. Dam'me, shipmate, but you are the worst steersman I ever met with.

Crack. Don't say so: if the horses had not run so fast, we should not have upset.

Joe. Well, be it as it may, we brought home one of the nags safe.

Crack. There you mistake—it was the nag brought us home safe: we three rode upon his back.

Joe. We three!

Crack. Yes—you, I, and the trunk.

Joe. I'm sorry t'other poor devil is left behind.

Crack. You're out again; for when he broke loose, he left us behind; and if he continued to gallop, as he began, he's a long way before.

Joe. My head! here comes the groom; get out of it how you can! There's the trunk. [*Lays it on the Table.*] And now for a peep at the paper: I'll not be overhauled, d'ye see; and so, friend Crack, I advise you to prepare a good answer.

[*Goes into the Admiral.*

Crack. I never was without one in my life. If the Groom won't stand quizzing, I'll be impudent.

Enter GROOM.

Groom. Why, that trunk, you, and the sailor, for a light carriage, were a little too weighty, I think, friend.

Crack. Not weighty enough, friend; but it seems you and your horses' wits jump. They, like you, voted us too weighty, and so unloaded us.

Groom. Unloaded you!

Crack. Yes; if you won't believe me, ask your master's great coat—[*Gives it.*]—Brush it, d'ye hear: it has been rubbed already.

Groom. And haven't you brought the black horse back?

Crack. Why, how you talk! the black horse would not bring us back.

Groom. And where is he?

Crack. He's gone.

Groom. Gone! Where?

Crack. He did not tell me where he was going; I was not in his confidence: when you catch him, teach him better manners.

Groom. Dam'me, if ever I heard the like befo—!—[*Amazed.*]

Crack. No, nor saw the like *behind!* He winced like a devil! the worst bred horse I ever saw.

Groom. What do you talk of? Not a better bred horse in the kingdom—[*With a knowing slang manner.*]

Crack. Then the manners of horses are not more refined than their masters: he kicked up, as much as to say, that for you—[*Kicks up.*]

Groom. Dam'me, but you seem to have made a very nice job of it.

Crack. If you flatter at hearing *half*, what will you say when you know the *whole?*—The carriage, you see——

Groom. Is that run away too?

Crack. No; but it might, if I hadn't taken good care of it.

Groom. By driving over posts, I suppose?

Crack. No; by driving *against* posts—[Oh! you'll find me correct]—by which I took off one wheel, and broke the other.

Groom. And haven't you brought it with you?

Crack. Without wheels! how could I?—'twould have broke my back.

Groom. I wish you mayn't get your head broke, that's all!

Crack. So far from that, I expect to be complimented for my judgment; for if I had not, like a skilful whip, whipped off the wheels, I might have lost the carriage, and all its valuable contents.—By being expert, I have saved both.

Groom. Well, friend, you seem very merry under misfortune, and I wish you luck: it was Sir Edward's own doing: he can't blame me. [*Exit.*

Crack. If he should, I'll make a neat defence, for the sake of your nice feeling: damn'd hard, if at a battle of brains I could not out-gossip a grumbling groom. Whenever I'm puzzled, I always hum folk: humming's all the fashion.

SONG.

Crack.

With a merry tale
  Serjeants beat the drum;
Noddles full of ale,
  Village lads they *hum*:
Soldiers out-go all,
  Famous get in story;
If they chance to fall,
  Don't they sleep in glory?
    Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

II.

Lawyers try, when fee'd,
  Juries to make pliant,
If they can't succeed,
  Then they *hum* their client;
To perfection come,
  Humming all the trade is,
Ladies, lovers *hum*—
  Lovers *hum* the ladies.
    Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

III.

Han't Britannia's sons
  Often *humm'd* Mounseer?
Han't they *humm'd* the Dons?—
  Let their fleets appear.
Strike they must, though loth,
  (Ships with dollars crammed,)
If they're not *humm'd* both,
  Then will I be d——.
      Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Old MAYTHORN *crosses to his own House, from R. H. to L. H. very disconsolate.*

Crack. There goes a man of sorrow—I remember him a jester—it may be my turn next: I'll never joke again till I see a——

Enter Steward and Bailiff.

lawyer and bailiff!—Gentlemen, your humble servant; I reverence your callings, and I respect your power, for you two are a match——

Bailiff. For what?

Crack. The devil!—[*Sings*]—Towdy rowdy, &c.
[*Exit after* JOE.

Enter Two Sailors, L. H.

First Sailor. I believe, messmate, we have traced him to his moorings.

Second Sailor. You're right; for there, you see, is the Port Admiral. [*Points to Sign.*]

First Sailor. House! bring us a mug of beer.
[*They sit at the Table.*

PEGGY *brings Beer.*

A pretty little tight wench, faith!

Peggy. Yes; pretty—but the grapes are sour.
[*Exit with great conceit.*

First Sailor. The folk here will hardly guess our errand. [*They drink.*]

Enter JOE *in rapture, with Newspaper—passes the Sailors.*

Joe. Here it is! on board the Turnpike a-hoy! Dam'me, here it is! he's alive! the boy's alive! and ——but hold! avast! the last paper said he was dead: this says it's a lie: which shall I believe?—[*Turning, sees the Sailors.*]—What cheer, brother sailors?—from what port?

First Sailor. Portsmouth.

Joe. Whither bound?

First Sailor. Can't you see we have cast anchor?

Joe. I say, Bob!—Miss Mary!—but avast! mayhap, they can inform me.——You have had a severe engagement in the chops of the Channel, I hear?

First Sailor. Yes, we have.

Joe. And just as the Frenchman struck, she went down?—Dam'me, that was a pity!—But we saved many of their hands, they say?

First Sailor. Yes; and but it blew a hard gale, we should have saved more. We lost one boat's crew in picking them up.

Joe. Among which, mayhap, was poor Will Travers. Well, dam'me, 'twas noble; 'twas a saying of the old buck aloft, "Be devils in fight, boys: the victory gained, remember you are men;" and as he preached, so he practised. This action, my hearties, brings to my mind the one we fought before the old boy had a flag, when he commanded a seventy-four.

First Sailor. Mayhap so.

Joe. We were cruising, d'ye see, off the Lizard: on Saturday the 29th of October, at seven minutes past six, A. M. a sail hove in sight, bearing south-south-west, with her larboard tacks on board; clear decks; up sails; away we stood; the wind right east

as it could blow; we soon saw she was a Mounseer of superior force, and damn'd heavy metal!

First Sailor. A ninety-gun ship, I suppose?

Joe. A ninety: we received her fire without a wince, and returned the compliment: 'till about five-and-twenty minutes past eight, we opened our lower-deck ports, and as we crossed, plumpt it right into her! We quickly wore round her stern, and gave her a second part of the same tune: ditto repeated (as our doctor writes on his doses). My eyes! how she rolled! she looked like a floating mountain!—— "'Tother broadside, my boys," says our captain, "and dam'me, you'll make the mountain a mole-hill!"—We follow'd it up, till her lantern ribs were as full of holes as a pigeon-box! By nine she had shivered our canvas so, I thought she'd have got off; for which she crowded all sail.

First Sailor. Let the Mounseers alone for that.

Joe. We turned to, however, and wore; and in half an hour got alongside a second time: we saw all her mouths were open, and we drenched her sweetly! She swallowed our English pills by dozens: but they griped her damnably! At forty minutes after nine, we brought all our guns to bear at once; bang—she had it! Oh! dam'me, 'twas a settler! In less than *two* minutes after, she cried "Peccavi!" in *five* more she took fire abaft; and just as we were going to board her, and clap every lubber upon his beam end, whush! down she went by the head! My eyes! what a screech was there! Out boats, not a man was idle! we picked up two hundred and fifty odd, sound and wounded; and if I did not feel more joy of heart at saving their lives, than at all the victories I ever had a share in, dam'me! The old boy above knows it to be true, and can vouch for every word of it! Can't you, my old buck?—[*Flinging his hat up at him in great rapture.*]

First Sailor. Why, it is not unlike the late action; and you'd say so too, if you'd been in it, as we were.

Joe. You in it? you on board?

First Sailor. We were.

Joe. [*Eagerly.*] Then tell me at once, for I can't believe the papers, is Lieutenant Travers alive or dead?

First Sailor. Alive; and promoted.

Joe. I said so—dam'me, I knew he was alive: Huzza! Old Maythorn! Mary! Bob! are you all asleep!—[*Hollowing at Turnpike-house.*]

First Sailor. And now give us leave to ask you a question.

Joe. Ask a hundred thousand, my hearty! I'll answer all!—Will you drink any thing more!—Bring out a barrel of grog! Call for what you like, my lads; I'll pay all.

First Sailor. Can you inform us of one Henry Blunt?

Joe. Aye, to be sure I can; why, Bob, I say! [*Calling.*]—He's hired as gamekeeper here to Sir Edward what d'ye call him, Whiffligig.—I say, Bob!

First Sailor. Hired as a gamekeeper?

Joe. Yes: a damned good shot—he shot—Old Maythorn! [*Aloud.*]

First Sailor. The devil he did! Can you tell us where we can find him?

Joe. Why, he has not slipped his cable, has he? [*Eagerly.*]

First Sailor. We should be glad to light of him, d'ye see.

Joe. I thought as much: dam'me, I knew he was a bastard kind of sailor by his talk: but the lubber, to sculk, to run from his post! Shiver my timbers! I can't bear to hear of a seaman's disobedience: but I'll blow him up—Why, Bob, I say! where the devil are ye all?

Enter Robert, *in haste.*

Robert. Here be I.

Joe. Bob, you dog, where's your father and mother?

Robert. My mother's in heaven, I hope.

Joe. Pshaw! damn it! I mean your sister.

Robert. She's at the bailiff's house with vather; the steward's arrested him.

Joe. Arrested your father! for what?—I'll pay the debt.

Robert. You pay dree hundred pound?

Joe. Ay, dam'me, three thousand, if he need it.

Robert. Yes; but when?

Joe. Why now; that is, when I have it:—Tell 'em I'll bail him.

Robert. Yes, but you are only *one*; and though *one* friend be a rare thing, a poor man in trouble must find *two*, and both housekeepers.

Joe. Damn it, that's unlucky!—Shipmates, are either of you housekeepers?

First Sailor. No.

Joe. I feared as much: but no matter; go, tell your sister, her dear William's alive and well.

Robert. Lieutenant Travers alive!

Joe. Aye, you dog; alive, and promoted:—now you know, go tell her the whole story, every particular.—Hop, skip, jump, run—[*Pushing him off,*] Tell her he never was dead—[*Calling*]—What shall I do for another bail?

[Henry *appears in the back Ground.*]

I would ask this lubber, but dam'me if I ever ask a favour of a seaman who deserts his country's cause! There's your trunk. Had I known you before, I would not have fetch'd it:—You a seaman—you be——— hem.

Henry. What's the matter, man?

[*The Sailors hearing him, turn and rise.*]

First Sailor. Oh, here he is! noble Captain! for so you now are. We have brought——

[*With great respect.*

Henry. Hush, for your lives.

Joe. [*Surprised.*] Eh!—What?

Henry. Take up that trunk, and follow me quickly.

[*Exit* BLUNT, *and Sailors after, in great haste.*

Joe. Oh, for a douse of the face now! To be sure I'm not dreaming! It surely must—Dam'me, here goes, in spite of splinters and stiff knees. [*Sings and dances.*] What an infernal blockhead I must be!—If the bailiff and attorney won't take my word for the bail, I'll blow up one, and I'll sink the other.

[*Pulls off his Hat, and follows, dancing and singing.*

CRACK *enters from the Admiral, with a Mug in his Hand, singing.*

Sir Edw. [*Aloud, without.*] Where are all my servants?

Crack. There's Sir Edward!

Sir Edw. Get the curricle ready immediately.

Crack. Oh lord! I shall be blown here! Quiz is the word.

Enter Sir EDWARD. [*Goes towards* MAYTHORN'S.]

Sir Edw. Now, if Old Maythorn is arrested, Mary, I think, is mine.—[*Seeing* CRACK.] Where did you learn music?

Crack. Nowhere, Sir:—it's a gift: I was always too quick to learn.

Sir Edw. Yet you seem tolerably knowing.

Crack. Yes, sir, knowing, but not wise: as many have honour without virtue. Come he does not smoke.

[*Aside.*

PEGGY *peeps from the Admiral.*

Sir Edw. Miss Mary!—Sure there's no one at home!

Crack. No, sir; no one at all: so that there's no occasion for your curricle. And if there were, you would not get it. [*Aside.*]—You see, sir, I am up. [*Significantly.*]

Enter SMART, *in haste.*

Smart. Oh, sir, there's fine work! Joe and two other sailors, and young Maythorn, have rescued the old man, and are all gone to the Lodge in triumph.

Sir Edw. To the Lodge! for what? Is Mary with them?

Smart. Yes, Sir.

Sir Edw. Follow me immediately.

[*Exit Sir* EDWARD *and* SMART.

Crack. Yes; we'll all follow to the Lodge, because the ale is good.

PEGGY *advances.*

Peggy. Hoity toity! he's very anxious about Miss Maythorn, methinks.

Crack. Yes; he was going to take her to London; but I took up a wheel, and let go a horse.

Peggy. Take *her* to London. [*Piqued.*]

Crack. Yes, he was; and you don't like it: your stockings are yellow—you are jealous.

Peggy. Jealous! jealous of *her!* Oh, yes—that—he shall never speak to me again: I'll follow, and tell him so. [*Angrily.*]

1st Voice. Why, Gate, I say!

2d Voice. Are the folk asleep? Why, Gate!

[*Others hollow.*

Crack. I think I'll open the gate, and pocket the pence. [*Tries.*] By the lord it's lock'd, and the key gone!

(Travellers and Horses appear at the Gate.)

Crack. And here come a dozen pack-horses; an old woman and a basket of eggs, on two tubs of butter, thrown across a fat mare, with half a dozen turkeys, and all their legs tied.

MUSIC.

1st Voice. Gate, I say: why, Gate!
2d Voice. ———————Gate!
3d Voice. ————————Gate!
4th Voice. —————————Gate!
Peggy. Like bells they ring the changes o'er,
One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four.
They can't come through.
Crack. ————Pray, hold your prate.
Peggy. What can we do?
Voices. ————Open the Gate!
Crack. No, no, we can't; but if you please,
You'll go round Quagmire-lane with ease.
Peggy. Turn by the hawthorn, near the mill,
Crack. And if you stick i'th' mud, stand still!
Peggy. When got half-way; beyond all doubt,
Crack. Each step you take you're nearer out.
1st Voice. I'll be revenged—must I with load
Be stopt here on the king's high road?
2d Voice. E'en poor folk may find law, I'm told,
Crack. And lawyers too—if you'll find gold.
Nay, should you need—you silly elf,
For gold you'll get the devil himself!
Voices. For your advice our thanks are due,
We must go round, we can't get through.
Crack & Peg. You must go round—you can't come through.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Inside of the Lodge.*

Old MAYTHORN, MARY, ROBERT, JOE, *and Steward, enter, L. H.*

Joe. [*As he enters, sings.*]—"We'll sing a little, and laugh a little," &c. Your dear William's alive,

and well, my sweet girl, with his limbs whole, and his love true, my life on't. So, hang it, don't be sad now the sun shines.

Robert. [*With affection.*] Oh! 'tis her joy mun, that makes her sad now. Is not it, Mary?

Old May. And did the keeper kindly say, he would satisfy Sir Edward?

Joe. He did, my old friend.

A Sailor enters, and takes Steward off, R. H.

You see, I fancy he has sent for the Steward for that purpose.

Mary. Oh, Joseph! you are our better angel! Heavens! here's Sir Edward!

Sir EDWARD *enters in haste.*

Sir Edw. Heyday! What does all this mean?

Joe. Mean! that Mr Blunt is going to answer your demands on the old man here.

Sir Edw. He answer!—where's my steward?—[*With passion.*]

Joe. [*Firmly.*] Stepp'd to your keeper, to overhaul accounts, and prepare a receipt for you, I take it.

Sir Edw. Without my concurrence!—Order the bailiff to take Old Maythorn into custody immediately.

Robert. [*Steps before his Father.*] No, I don't think he'll do that again.

Sir Edw. Indeed, sir! and which of these fellows was it who dared to effect a rescue?

HENRY, *in his real Character of Captain* TRAVERS, *dressed in his Uniform, enters suddenly—Steward follows, with a Will.*

Travers. *That fellow, sir, was I;* and ready to answer it in any way you think proper.

Mary. Heavens!—my William!

Travers. My dearest Mary!—[*Turns to her.*]

Joe. Did not I tell you he was right and tight?—Now, then, clear decks. I suppose he won't surrender without a rumpus.

(MARY *is shocked—Old* MAYTHORN *and* TRAVERS *support her.*)

Sir Edw. So, so! a champion in disguise!—And pray, sir, on what authority have you done this?

Travers. On one, sir—[*Turns quickly*]—paramount to any you possess—a will of the late admiral.

Sir Edw. A will?

Travers. Aye, sir, a will!—by which *this lady,* and not *you* (as you have for some time supposed), succeeds to his estates. Your attorney, who holds it in his hand, will inform you of particulars.

Sir Edw. The devil!

Travers. Consult him; and the sooner you give possession the better.

(*Steward solicits Sir* EDWARD'S *attention—they retire.*)

Joe. Aye, aye, sheer off, or dam'me but you must bear a broadside.

Travers. Pardon, my dearest Mary, this trial of your constancy. The report of my death prompted this stratagem, for which I ask——

Enter CRACK *and* PEGGY.

Crack. [*Aloud.*] By the lord, the folk at the turnpike are all stopped!

Joe. Stop your mouth!—[*Stopping it.*]

Crack. Hey—what—oh!

(JOE *takes* PEGGY *and* CRACK *aside, and tells what has happened—Sir* EDWARD *and Steward advance.*)

Steward. 'Tis even so, indeed—[*Gives* TRAVERS *the will.*]

Travers. I hope, Sir Edward, you are satisfied.

Sir Edw. This is not the place to dispute it, sir.—[*Aloud.*] Order my curricle—I'll set off immediately for town. [*Exit Sir* EDWARD.

(CRACK *advances with* JOE *and* PEGGY.)

Crack. You had better go in the mail—[*Calling after him.*] They'll be some time getting the curricle ready. Won't you follow your swain, Miss Peggy?

Peggy. Pry'thee, be quiet—[*Advances to* ROBERT.] I hope young Mr Maythorn here—[*Pulling his coat, and making a curtsey.*]

Robert. Hem!—Paws off, if you please, my Lady Sir Edward Dashaway.—Its my turn now. However, if in a year or two's time——

Peggy. Dear heart!—a year or two is such a long——

Robert. Oh!—if you are not content——

Peggy. Yes—I am—I am content.

Travers. Aye, aye, contented all—and while friends and fortune continue thus to smile, let us in love and harmony manifest our gratitude.

FINALE.

Travers. Love's ripened harvest now we'll reap,
My fancied dream's reality;
Here Mary still the gate shall keep,
I mean——of hospitality.

Mary. And for the task, the toll I ask
(Still mindful of my lot of late),
(*To the audience.*) Is from this court a good report,
To-morrow, of our Turnpike Gate.

Peggy. We bar-maids, like the lawyers, find
Words at the bar for tolls will flow;
Some we in *cash* take, some in *kind*:
At all toll bars no trust you know.

Robert The doctor too—'tis nothing new,
Will hardly ever tolls abate;

Then give us, pray, on this highway,
  Your leave to keep the Turnpike Gate.

Crack. I'd ask the bachelors of mode,
  And spinsters—are you free of toll?
Or you, that jog the married road?
  Oh! no—you're not, upon my soul!

Joe. Then, since 'tis clear most of you here
  Pay swinging tolls—in ev'ry state,
Grudge not, we pray, the toll to pay
  Here nightly at our "Turnpike Gate."

LOCK AND KEY;

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

PRINCE HOARE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRUMMAGEM,	*Mr Munden.*
CHEERLY, (an Officer in the Navy,)	*Mr Incledon.*
Captain VAIN, (an Egotist.)	*Mr Farley.*
RALPH, (Brummagem's Servant,)	*Mr Fawcet.*
JAMES,	*Mr Trueman.*
HARRY,	*Mr Sarjant.*
LAURA, (Niece to Brummagem,)	*Miss Bolton.*
FANNY, (Maid to Laura,)	*Mrs Dibdin.*
SELINA, (an upper Servant,)	*Mrs Price.*
DOLLY, (a Country Housemaid,)	*Mrs Ileff.*

SCENE—*A Town in Devonshire.*

LOCK AND KEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A View of* BRUMMAGEM'S *House and Garden.*

Enter CHEERLY, *walking to and fro, and looking up earnestly at a Window.*

Cheerly. Laura has not appeared at the window yesterday or to-day, and my word is passed not to call at the house till she sends to me—yet I cannot get under weigh till she bids me sweet farewell. Oh, confound it! here's Captain Vain. What damned shift of wind made him bring up on this coast? Now will this conceited fellow bother me for an hour or two about himself. [*Going.*]

Enter VAIN.

Vain. I see you, Cheerly. You can't hide yourself from *me.* I'm one who see every thing in a moment. You have heard what has happened to me since I went?

Cheerly. No, faith, I have not.

Vain. The most extraordinary thing. Always something surprizing wherever I go. For my part I really think as to myself, that——But what are you at Cheerly? What! attempting to spy into your neighbour's cabin! Just like me, egad! I've done that often in my time, though it's hardly fair play, between you and I.

Cheerly. Vain, you know a seaman cannot act unfairly; but here is a little frigate in this harbour, of which I would fain take the command honourably; but her old uncle thinks me too poor to hold the commission.

Vain. Exactly me again. Egad! I had best give a little thought to your case myself.

Cheerly. I have told you where my anchor lies. Can you lend me a hand to purchase it?

Vain. Can I? I don't like to praise myself; but I am such a damned clever fellow; it is quite astonishing—I never turn my head to a project but it succeeds—Any thing, every thing—never amiss—I'm so clever. I'll tell you—What will you give me for releasing this tender, consenting girl out of old Brummagem's clutches, and throwing her into your arms?

Cheerly. Give you!

Vain. Ay; what premium will you allow me on her fortune?

Cheerly. This is not a seaman's language—I don't understand you.

Vain. Why, look you, Cheerly, I love adventures; I have a genius for them, and such a head at them, it's astonishing. But as this is a time of the world when a man is counted an ass if he is not paid for every thing he does, I undertake them no longer as an amateur; I have done with that: but demand my fee regularly as a professor.

Cheerly. Indeed!

Vain. I have adventured myself in the service of others into easy circumstances and genteel acquaint-

ance: and if you will give me a hundred pounds, of which I happen, like many other gentlemen, to be just now damnably in want—

Cheerly. Hold, Vain: that's not quite so clever, is it?

Vain. No; but that's so common a case with a genius. In short, if you are inclined to pay, I'll put you in possession of your Dulcinea.

Cheerly. Eh, but how? How will you carry your warps out, Master Vain?

Vain. You must not ask that.—There lies my genius; I must manage it all myself; a genius must not be meddled with.

Cheerly. Well, but do you know old Brummagem?

Vain. Know him! a fellow full of lies and ignorance, who values you only for the number of quarters in your scutcheon, tells you long stories of tables and chairs having been in his family for a hundred years, which, in reality, he bought second hand yesterday. It will be an absolute charity in you to rescue a poor girl from such a curmudgeon. And since you have engaged me in your service, you have nothing to fear.—I'm sure to succeed. I wont praise myself; but I'm so astonishingly clever— [*Exit.*

Cheerly. Vain's a good fellow! To lend a helping hand to those who are in distress, is the character of our country, and British seamen have ever set the example.

SONG.

Cheerly.

When Britain, on the foaming main,
Her native reign,
Bids her sons their rights declare,
Soon as her fires have taught the foe
Again to know
Who their dauntless conquerors are,

The sailor's bosom swells with joy:
Beyond the glory to destroy,
He feels the power to save;
And, conquering, views a foe no more
In him who sought his life before,
But lifts him from the wave.

Though seas are rolling mountains high,
Our boats we ply:
'Tis a fellow-creature falls!
See him raise his hands in fear,
And, wond'ring, hear
The cheering voice that life recals.
The sailor's bosom, &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Library, with Globes, large Maps, &c.*

RALPH *standing with a Stick over his Shoulder, as guarding them.*

SELINA *and* DOLLY *enter.*

Selina. Come along, Dolly; clean away.

Dolly. How queer that man looks with his cudgel over his shoulder!

Selina. That's Mr Humoursome. He is always to be on guard while the maids are in the room. Dust away!

Ralph. Ah, you're like the rest. Women are always making a dust in one part of the house or the other. Get out. [*Drives them off.*] My master is a sad old hunks, to be sure. He hates the plain truth as I do physic, while he will swallow, chew, and digest a parcel of bouncing fibs by the hundred, as a man would count walnuts. His house is like the fine speeches of fine gentry, all counterfeit; and the furniture in it would serve for the scenery of a harlequin farce; it tumbles to pieces the moment it is touched. But then these women prate so—Now

they've hatched up a story about an iron cage—Shut up his niece indeed! What do they take him for? I do so hate women—I hate them all except my young mistress: because we were fostered together, I can't be expected to hate her—But I hate Selina, and I hate Dolly, though I never saw her before; and I hate—No, I don't hate Fanny—I wish I could—Well, I think she'll have me: and when we're married, I dare say I shall hate her; for I know she will use me like a dog; but I cannot hate her for all that. Oh Lord! here she comes! but I won't speak to her.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. What's the matter, Ralph?

Ralph. I am thinking.

Fanny. And, pray, what are you thinking of?

Ralph. You.

Fanny. I am much obliged to you; but you had better by half think of our young mistress, who will be brought back presently to be shut up in an iron cage.

Ralph. So! they are all in the same story.

Fanny. 'Tis a shame!

Ralph. How can you talk such nonsense? What does my master want to force her to?

Fanny. Marriage.

Ralph. That would be out of one cage into another.

Fanny. Cannot we contrive to help her, Ralph? You know she cannot love a strange man whom she has never seen. Why don't you answer?

Ralph. I am thinking what I can do, not to love you.

Fanny. Psha! do not be nonsensical. Don't you see what an excellent match Captain Cheerly will be for Miss Laura? A brave sailor, who fights for his country, and whom she would marry for love! Why do not you answer again?

Ralph. I am thinking, that if you and I should be married for love, we might chance to fight for victuals.

Fanny. Aye, but we'll be married for all that.

Ralph. [*Discomposed, and turning his Chair about.*] Shall we?

Fanny. Yes; and you shall be so smart, you shall look like a captain. You know, as my young mistress's husband is an officer in the navy, when you and I marry, you may wear a cockade in your hat as well as any captain of them all.

Ralph. Wear a cockade! I am thinking, if you and I marry, [*Puts his Hand to his Forehead*] if I shall be able to wear a hat. No, I'll never marry, I'm determined. I'll leave service rather than be made a fool of by the women.

Fanny. I tell you we will be married.

Ralph. And I tell you we won't—And I'll tell you why we won't.

Fanny. Nay, but I declare——

Ralph. Do but listen to me. That little tongue of yours——

Fanny. Listen! Why, Lord bless me!

Ralph. Will you hear me only for one minute?

Fanny. Yes; but then you shall hear me for a minute afterwards.

Ralph. Well, so I will. That's fair.

Fanny. Well; now I'm ready to listen.

Ralph. Without speaking.

Fanny. I give you leave to say just what you like.

Ralph. Oh, leave me alone for that.

Fanny. You need not fear my interrupting you, I give you my word.

Ralph. Well, that's all I want.

Fanny. I'll keep my word too when I've once said so.

Ralph. Well, well, I believe that.

Fanny. Now—I'm dumb.

Ralph. That's best.

Fanny. Mum! I won't open my mouth to draw my breath. Only remember—you shan't say I don't give you a fair hearing.

Ralph. But you are talking now.

Fanny. Nay that's monstrous, when you have been talking all this while.

Ralph. I? why I am sure I have not spoke yet.

Fanny. I am sure you have: and you must have talked your minute out by this time. That you have, at least; and now it's my turn.

Ralph. Now, did any one ever hear such a—

Fanny. Nay, I protest I will have my minute now.

Ralph. Why I have not begun mine.

Fanny. Keep to your bargain.

Ralph. Oh! a plague of—

Fanny. Nay, if you run on at this rate, I'm resolved I won't stay to hear you. I won't come near you again till you have learnt to hold your tongue as I do. [*Exit* FANNY.

Ralph, Oh a plague of these women! They are just like—

AIR.

Ralph.

A woman is like to—but stay,
What a woman is like, who can say?
There's no living with, or without one.
Love stings like a fly,
Now an ear, now an eye,
Buz, buz, always buzzing about one.
When she's tender and kind,
She is like to my mind,
(And Fanny was so I remember.)
She is like to—O dear!
She's as good very near
As a ripe melting peach in September.
If she laugh, and she chat,
Play, and joke, and all that,

And with smiles and good humour she meet me,
She is like a rich dish
Of ven'son or fish,
That cries from the table, "Come eat me:"
But she'll plague you, and vex you,
Distract and perplex you;
False-hearted and ranging,
Unsettled and changing,—
What then do you think she is like?
Like a sand! Like a rock!
Like a wheel! Like a clock!
Like a clock that is always at strike,
Her head's like the island, folks tell one,
Which nothing but monkies can dwell on;
Her heart's like a lemon, so nice,
She carves for each lover a slice;
In short, she's to me
Like the wind, like the sea,
Whose raging will hearken to no man,
Like a mill,
Like a pill,
Like a flail,
Like a whale,
Like an ass,
Like a glass,
Whose image is constant to no man:
Like a flower,
Like a shower,
Like a fly,
Like a pye,
Like a witch,
Like the itch,
Like a thief,
Like—in brief,
She's like nothing on earth but a woman.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment at* BRUMMAGEM'S.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. So, there they go—I hear him lock her in. Well, if I had been Miss Laura, I would have run at once to Captain Cheerly. [*Affectedly.*] It's a thousand pities she's troubled with so many delicacies;

I wish Ralph was half as well inclined to me: I give him good plain hints, though I cannot say they have hitherto been of any service.

AIR.

Fanny.

E'er since I found true love beginning,
And thought his hand was worth the winning,
I called each little artful aid in,
To save the question from a maiden.
To wake or show
When asked to go,
I still denied
All lads beside,
And prayed of Ralph to carry me;
It seemed so pat,
In tender chat,
To whisper, "Fanny, will you marry me?"

In evening fine, and summer weather,
When o'er the fields we walked together,
Though I can trip it like a fairy,
I've oft pretended to be weary;
Then leaning on his arm awhile,
I slily asked him with a smile,
"I'm tired,—pray, will you carry me?"
But on the way
He ne'er would stay
To whisper, "Fanny, will you marry me?"

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room with a Table covered with Papers, Pen, and Ink; a Door in the back Scene.*

BRUMMAGEM *locking the Door, puts the Key in his Girdle.*

Brum. There! I think that settles the business. The keys are pretty safe by my side, and the door is pretty strong—I am still so afraid of that young sailor, that I'll set Ralph to watch. Here, Ralph.

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. Sir!

Brum. My good Ralph, you're very honest; and you know I'm very kind to you.

Ralph. Yes, sir; you're always telling me so—

Brum. Ralph, I put you in charge of this room in my absence. Don't let any one come near that door: and if the maids come to touch any thing, drive them out. [*Going.*]

Ralph. Never fear, sir; I'll be a match for any maid in Christendom.

Brum. [*Returns.*] And hark ye, Ralph!

Ralph. Yes, sir.

Brum. If Sir Andrew M'Gorget should happen to come during my absence—

Ralph. I'll drive him away, never fear: he shan't go near the door.

Brum. Psha! you blockhead! you must let him come, and tell him I am only gone to enquire news of him at the inn. Be sure you don't let the maids in. I had rather turn a tyger loose into my cabinet than a woman, and should be less alarmed at the roaring of the one than the chattering of the other.
[*Exit.*

Ralph. I thought it was so! He has brought home some great curiosity; and the iron-grating was to keep off the mops and broomsticks, and this outer door to keep the dust off. I cannot get a peep any where. What am I to do by myself here? [*Sits down at the Table.*] Here's nothing to be done. [*Takes up a Book.*] I have no great pleasure in reading—No—or writing—No—Eating? Yes, I could divert myself by eating a bit of something, if—[*Feels in his Pocket, and pulls out an Apple.*] Eh! comes just in time. [*Eats the Apple.*] And now I think of it, I have a good mind to write a farewell letter to Fan-

ny, that gypsey—Let's see---Yes, I'll send her a line. [*Sits down.*]

Laura. [*Within at Door in Flat.*] Ah me!

Ralph. [*Starts up.*] O Lord! what's that? Here's something alive in the room—Some curious wild beast, perhaps a phœnix or crocodile. [*Having finished his first Apple, begins another, which proves a bad one.*] A few lines---A long letter is worse than---Pa! a rotten apple---Pha! [*Rises, and flings the rotten Apple out of the Window; then sits down again to write.*] Forced to leave you---love you---[*A noise within the Scenes.*]

Cheerly. [*Without.*] But I say I will---Am I to have my eyes knocked out with apples?

Ralph. O Lord! I have hit some one in the eye with that apple---What an unlucky dog I am! I had better get out of his way. [*Exit.*

Enter Cheerly, *holding his Handkerchief to his eye,* Vain *following.*

Vain. Hear what I tell you---if you make this disturbance, I shall lose all chance of success.

Cheerly. I shall lose my sight. I'll search the house over till I find the old man, who shall either beg my pardon, or fight me, or give me his niece; and perhaps he'll chuse the last. [*Exit.*

Vain. Egad he may, and then I lose my hundred pounds. I don't know how it is: I cannot hit on a project to-day. If I could see Selina, we might contrive something—Genius is so whimsical, that I believe money frightens it away.

Laura. [*Within.*] Cheerly!

Vain. Hark!

Laura. Cheerly!

Vain. That must be Laura—I'll pass for Cheerly. My dear Laura, is it you?

Laura. Are you alone?

Vain. Here is none but my very clever friend, Captain Vain, with me. You may speak freely.

Laura. My uncle has shut me up in this room, till I consent to marry Sir Andrew M'Gorget.

Vain. Sir Andrew M'Gorget! What! he that has been in Spain these sixteen years, and has made a great fortune there? Is he come home?

Laura. No; but he is expected every hour.

Vain. I have it; there's my genius again; I see it directly: Good bye, Laura! I'll take care of you. I don't like to praise myself; but I am so astonishingly clever: Let me see—Selina can furnish me with a dress—I have it—I'll order a coach to be ready to carry her off at a minute's warning—What a blessing to be such a damned clever fellow! [*Exit.*

Ralph. [*Returns.*] O Lud! O Lud! it is Miss Laura, sure enough, shut up in that room. Egad, if I had happened to be in the way when that angry captain came in with his one eye, I might have stood a chance of a couple of black ones. [*Looks out.*]—Yonder's my cruel master—Now I shall hate him. I won't own a word of Captain Cheerly having been here. If he asks any questions, I must fob him off with half a score bouncing stories in his own way; I don't care what I say to him now. That he should be such a hard-hearted, cruel, abominable—

Enter BRUMMAGEM.

Brum. Who were those fellows I saw lurking about? Has there been any one here?

Ralph. Not a soul, sir—I must have seen them if they had been here, sir.

Brum. You have not seen or heard any one?

Ralph. Only poor Miss Laura, who has been crying there, sir.

Brum. Ah, that's nothing; girls love to shed tears.

Ralph. [*Crying.*] I believe I love to shed tears too; I cannot help it when I think of poor Miss

Laura, my own foster-sister, shut up [*Blubbering*] in a cage like a—like a wild beast. Don't you, pray, master, don't you use her so hardly; she has not deserved it, I am sure.

Brum. Stand up, stand up, lad—The women have been persuading you.

Ralph. [*Still crying.*] Your honour knows it is not for that; but it is so piteous to hear a poor Christian creature sing in a cage like a great bird.

Brum. Well, well, Ralph, leave all that to me: you may go.

Ralph. Yes, sir; but don't be so cruel to my young mistress.

Brum. Well, well.

Ralph. Don't now, pray, sir; indeed she don't deserve it: she don't indeed!

Brum. Leave that to me, I say. There, get you gone. [*Exit* RALPH.] So, this goes well! M'Gorget is on his passage; his steward is every moment expected to meet him with the accounts of his estates. They must be rarely improved in sixteen years' nursing. I may now venture to give my prisoner a little air.

DUET.

Brum.—Laura.

Brum. When left to themselves,
Girls are mischievous elves:
There's no mortal can guess where they'll be,
While they're out of your view:
Would you know what they do,
You must trust to a Lock and a Key.

[*Unlocks Door, and discovers Laura through Grating.*]

Laura. By these my tears, by these my sighs,
Believe how truly I implore:
At length let tender pity rise,
At length a guardian's love restore.

Brum. Hence from me, baggage, I'll hear you no more,
Duty alone can affection restore.
Laura. Believe how truly I implore.
Brum. Go, go.—I'll never hear you more.

Brum. [*Sits in a chair.*] No, no, miss: you are best where you are till your husband comes; and now listen to the account you are to give of yourself and family to Sir Andrew, when he arrives. I can invent a story to my own credit, with any man in Christendom: but the devil of it is, I have a short memory, and cannot remember it when I have made it. Let's see—[*Reads*] "Your family is descended from the Brummys, who came over with the Conqueror; your great grandfather was an ecclesiastic in the reign of Anne"—He was sexton to the parish of Hounslow. Remember I bury the sexton. Then, when you speak of the gold candlesticks, remember the duke of Montault made them a present to my uncle. [*Aside.*] They have been pretty often presented to my uncle, I warrant.

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. Sir, here's some one. Oh, poor Miss Laura!

Brum. Some one? Eh, where?

Ralph. Some one below stairs, where you---But you shall not keep her there, old one.—[*Aside.*]—Where you were enquiring for Sir Andrew and his steward.

Brum. I'll be with them directly. Rare news, my girl! He's come, I dare say. Out of the room, sirrah! and don't let me catch you here at my return.

[RALPH *gets to the Grate;* BRUM. *drives him off, and exit.*

Laura. Barbarous uncle! How you abuse the trust reposed in you by my poor fond parents!

FINALE.

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. Hist! Hist! All is safe: you may venture in now,
For my master's engaged with a stranger below.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Now, now's the moment—nothing fear:
One who loves you, waits you here.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHEERLY. (*Goes to Grate.*)

Cheerly. For moments to view thee,
The transport possessing,
The foes that pursue thee,
I value no more.

Laura. Thy faith while possessing,
This prison's a blessing:
When constant I view thee,
All danger is o'er.

Both. Thus hope's fond illusion
The moments endearing,
In absence still chearing,
Our bosoms shall own.

Her flame ever lighting,
Till duty, till pleasure,
Till love beyond measure,
Uniting, requiting,
Our constancy crown.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Hush! hush! Away! away! Begone!
My master's coming—we're all undone.
Brum. Sure I heard this way a humming!
Fasten every door below.
Ralph. Hark! I hear old square-toes coming;
Out the candles quickly blow.
Cheerly. Hark! I hear old square-toes coming;
Which way, which way shall I go?

Servant. We'll remain while you're retreating,
At the worst we gain a beating,
If he chance the truth to know.

Enter BRUMMAGEM. (*Servants behind.*)

Brum. What the devil's here a-doing?
Not of light a single spark!
Mischief here is surely brewing,
While I'm blund'ring in the dark.
Some one near me
Seems to hear me:
Ears are false, or—
Ralph. Did you call, sir?
Brum. Quickly answer!
Ralph. 'Tis your man.
Fanny. If the captain be detected,
We shall shortly be suspected.
Brum. Varlets, you deceive your master.
Servants. We shall pay for this disaster.
Brum. Now the knaves I shall discover;
I suspect I've caught the lover.
Fanny. I'm afraid the captain's caught.
Servants. Guilty we shall all be thought.
Brum. Ring the larum, bring the light here.
Ralph. Then, sir, hold me not so tight here.
Brum. Is it you? I'm strangely puzzled.
Servants. If the mastiff be unmuzzled,
By his barking he'll betray
Captain Cheerly on his way.
Brum. At the door I'll slily stay.
Laura. Cupid, now protect the lover,
Guide him safely on his way!
Brum. Here's a broomstick in my way,
Clear I see some trick is playing,
All my servants me betraying,—
I'll severely trounce you all.
Blood and thunder!
Servants. (*Bring Lights in.*) What's the wonder?
Ralph. We are ready
Here to aid you.
Fanny. We come running at your call—
Brum. All betraying,
None obeying—
Ralph. Though we now your anger meet—
Chorus. Still the lover's flight concealing—
All denying, none revealing—
This good fortune to complete.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Brummagem's *Room.* (*As before.*)

Enter Fanny, *with a Letter in her Hand.*

Fanny. The deuce take that door and the iron grating! I must even give the note again to Selina.

Enter Ralph, *with Breakfast Things on a Waiter; seeing* Fanny, *he turns back.*

Fanny. Hark ye, Ralph; will you take a letter for me into Miss Laura's room with her breakfast?

Ralph. No.

Fanny. Will you carry a message into the room to her?

Ralph. No.

Fanny. And why not, you ill-natured creature?

Ralph. I am not ill-natured; I have a reason.

Fanny. And pray, what is it?

Ralph. Because I'm not going into the room, and nobody is going into the room but my master himself.

Fanny. Then now I'm sure he means to starve her. Could not we contrive to make him carry this note himself? [*Observing the Tea-things.*]

Ralph. Psha! Psha! Impossible! Observe, I don't advise you to fold the note smaller, and put it under the tea-pot.

Fanny. Oh, there's a dear Ralph. [*Folding the Note smaller.*]

Ralph. Away! here is my master.

[Fanny *runs off.*

Enter BRUMMAGEM.

Ralph. [*Pretending not to observe him.*] When my master places such a confidence in me as to send me into the room—

Brum. Oh! I shall not do that neither. Give me the waiter.

Ralph. Sha'n't I take it in, sir?

Brum. You want to take in your master, knave. [*Takes the Breakfast things.*] Watch that no one comes into the house while I am here. [*Exit.*

Ralph. No; but I'll let somebody out of the house while you are here. I'm determined—I must set her free---it breaks my heart. The old one is a little near-sighted, and can't see without spectacles, and is not very quick of hearing; I think I know a buck that would do it. But I must make some amends to Captain Cheerly for knocking his eye out; but the worst of it is, I can't do without the women.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Do, my dear Ralph---there is a good creature.

Ralph. There is never mischief a-foot, but a woman pops her head in; it is like raising the devil by talking of sin. Is it honest, Fanny, to impose on one's master?

Fanny. Honest! Can he expect honesty, who sets so bad an example to his own family? Do you think it is honest to shut up a poor girl, and force her either to starve or marry?

Ralph. Indeed I don't know which is worse. Away then with me, Fanny, down stairs, and I'll tell you all about it. We'll see our young mistress married and merry, and then we'll be married ourselves. I see there is no helping it: it is what we must all come to.

DUET.

RALPH *and* FANNY.

Ralph. Hey! dance to the fiddle and tabor,
And none shall have reason to laugh at his neighbour,
For our wedding shall follow close after.
Lal, lal, de ral, lal!
Wits and philosophers,
Scholars and conjurors,
Statesmen and ministers,
Judges and counsellors,
Doctors and barristers,
Bishops and chancellors,
Grand dukes and emperors,
Mitred and crowned,
All have danced to the fiddle and tabor,
Fal, lal, de ral, lal!

Fanny. Hey! dance to the fiddle and tabor,
Welcome each lass, and shake hands with each neighbour.
How little care I for their laughter,
Fal, lal, de ral, lal!
Sunday and holiday,
Working and wearing day,
Feasting and jolly day,
Singing and merry day,
Rainy or fair the day,
Never know care a-day.
Happy we'll ev'ry day live the year round,
Dancing oft to the fiddle and tabor,
Fal, lal, de ral, lal!

Ralph. I'm master, and rule the house and table.
Fanny. I'm mistress, and you may rule me if you're able.
Ralph. Who master,
Fanny. Who mistress,
Both. We'll settle soon after,
But now we'll sing, Fal, lal, de ral, lal!
Ralph. I'll make you jealous, and romp with the petticoats.
Fanny. I'll kiss the fellows, and flirt with the pretty coats.
Ralph. I'll not submit to it,
Fanny. Yes, you'll submit,
Both. Spite of your wit,
To it.
I'll keep my ground.
Fal, lal, de ral!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LAURA'S *Apartment. Grate seen before Door.*

BRUMMAGEM *and* LAURA *at Breakfast-Table.*

Brum. Taste this tea, my dear; it was a present from the reigning emperor of China to an officer who attended our last embassy.

Laura. Indeed, sir, I cannot touch a drop. Your severity to me breaks my heart.

Brum. None of these airs; what will your looks be come to by the time your husband, Sir Andrew, arrives? You are as white as paper already; come, eat a little bit, and I'll give you some of the finest rouge from Paris: and you shall tell Sir Andrew it is all a natural bloom got by walking in the Park.

Laura. Do you think, sir, I can debase myself to utter such falsehoods? The obedience I owe to the authority invested in you by my parents, may require the sacrifice of my will, but not of my veracity.

Brum. Psha! Psha! these are only little poetical embellishments. M'Gorget will never suspect you hate him: and you know, when you are once lady M'Gorget, it is all safe and well. Come now, my deary, eat. [*Offers the Plate, she refuses.*] Nay, nay, come then, some tea first, [*Lifts up the Tea-pot, and discovers the Note---rises, and comes forward*] Eh! Oh ho! Oh, you little devil! This is your want of appetite? You wanted me out of the room—You couldn't eat: I warrant you could have eat me for staying so long.

Laura. [*alarmed*] Dear sir, that's—that's nothing but a paper to keep the heat from spoiling the tea-board---Nothing else.

Brum. Spoiling the tea-board! Yes, yes, we'll see that. [*Reads.*] " Captain Vain has promised to bring you to me within the course of the day. He wouldn't

communicate his scheme, but says he is certain he can contrive it. Be prepared to assist him, and to give your hand to—" I have a mind to put irons on your hands, and to fasten you to the ground, if it wouldn't hurt their colour. That varlet, Ralph, must have had a hand in this; but I'll after him, and turn him out of doors in a minute. [*Exit.*

Laura. What scheme can Vain have contrived? Be what it may, I will be prepared to assist it, since my guardian's cruelty leaves me no other hope of happiness.

AIR.

Laura.

Could I bid the fond passion to cease,
Which so long every thought has employed,
Or could moments restore the soft peace,
Which the anguish of hours has destroyed,
From my love I would cheerfully, cheerfully part:
But alas! it lies deep---Ah! deep in my heart.

SCENE III---*The Street before* BRUMMAGEM'S *House.*

Enter CHEERLY *with six Sailors.*

Cheerly. Come, come along, my lads! heave a-head. Three cheers under my mistress's window, and then away. [*Sailors appear dissatisfied with* CHEERLY.] What! slack in stays! Why, do you think Cheerly prefers his mistress to his duty? No, no, my lads! My country's service, you rewarded, and then my love. Ah! could but my dear little girl and I be lash'd alongside each other before we part, I should be content. Vain has engaged likewise that I shall have her; but as he will not tell me his scheme, his conceit makes him unfit to be relied on. But hope is the string that rides a sailor's heart—So, heave a-head,

my lads—One farewell at the window; and if the wind comes about a point to-morrow, we'll weigh, and then for Arethusa's glory.

AIR.

Cheerly.

Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza to the Arethusa!
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave.
Her men are staunch
To their favourite launch;
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with old Keppel she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail in shew so stout
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Poule straight a-head did lie:
The Arethusa seemed to fly;
Not a sheet or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack,
Though the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff:
But they knew not the handful of men how tough
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred foes did dance,
The boldest they could find in France:
We with two hundred did advance
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hailed the Frenchman, "Ho!"
The Frenchman then cried out, "Hallo!"—
"Bear down, d'ye see,
"To our Admiral's lee."
"No, no," says the Frenchman, "that can't be."
"Then I must lug you along with me,"
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forced them back upon their strand;
For we fought till not a stick would stand
On board of the Arethusa.
And since we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass
To his favourite lass:
A health to our captain, our officers too,
And all who belong to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusa. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Apartment of the Iron Door.*

BRUMMAGEM, *alone.*

I'm glad I've got rid of that simpleton, Ralph. He was a good servant enough while his mouth was shut; but he never opened it, except to eat or to speak the truth,—two abominable qualities!—I shall do better without him; I could never have taught him to tell a lie with a good grace: aud that's all in all.

Enter FANNY.

Well, is Ralph gone out of the house?

Fanny. Yes, sir; he went directly. There is a person who says he is a steward to Mr Morget or Gorget, or some such name.

Brum. How little she knows of a grandee! M'Gorget, you blockhead!—Shew the steward up.

[*Exit* FANNY.

That's lucky enough. Now I can tell the steward a few anecdotes to serve my own ends, and perhaps make friends of him before his master arrives. What airs he gives himself on the stairs! He seems confoundedly important—damn'd proud! O, that's a good sign—He is as rich as Crœsus, I dare say.

Enter RALPH, *in a large Wig, drest as a Steward.*

Ralph. [*Pertly.*] Your servant, sir.

Brum. Sir, your most obedient, most devoted, most obsequious servant.

Ralph. They told me you had been at the inn to ask for me. My lord, Sir Andrew, I hear, intends to make a gentlewoman of your daughter.

Brum. I hope, sir, he will find she is the daughter of a gentleman.

Ralph. Oh yes, they told me you were a gentleman's family—Brummagem, I believe.

Brum. Yes, sir, my name is Brummagem. How saucy these rich fellows are! Yes, sir. My friend, M'Gorget—I'll be a little familiar too.

Ralph. Sir Andrew M'Gorget you mean, sir—My master does not like to be called Mac.

Brum. [*Aside.*] Must be damned rich, to be sure—I begin to feel great respect for him.

Ralph. The case I understand to be—Brummagem—

Brum. Would you be pleased to take a cup of chocolate, sir?

Ralph. Yes; go fetch it.

Brum. No, damn it, I will send for it at least—Fanny, bring chocolate. [*Exit* FANNY.]—I must give myself a few airs. [*Aside.*]—I am sorry you have only a female to wait on you at present.

FANNY *enters with Chocolate.*

I have been obliged to send away an impudent varlet this morning, whom I could not keep in the house for his vile love of lying—never could speak the truth; but, poor fellow! I am so good to them all, that I dare say he'll soon be back again.

[FANNY *brings down Table and two Chairs. They sit.*

Ralph. Ay, before you think of it, old rogue. [*Taking his Chocolate.*] Pho! this is too hot, it burns my mouth.

Brum. It may be a little too hot; but this, sir, is

some of the most extraordinary chocolate that, I suppose, was ever fabricated. This is the vanilla triloba toxicodendra. This absolutely comes from the magazine of the first chocolate-maker in China, and has been in my house these nine years.

Ralph. I fetched it myself from the chandler's shop this morning. [*Aside.*]

Enter FANNY, *agitated.*

Fanny. Sir, there's a gentleman come—[*They rise.*]

Brum. What's the matter with the girl? Take breath.

Fanny. I ran up stairs, sir, to tell you—I believe he was not expected so soon, sir—Sir Andrew M'Gorget is come.

Ralph. How! the deuce! Sir Andrew come!

Brum. Oh Lord! I'll run to receive him—Where is he!

Fanny. Just coming in at the court-gate. [*Exit.*

Brum. Here, come along, Mr What's-your-name?—I'll go before you—I'll be the first to receive Sir Andrew.

Ralph. Oh the devil! how shall I ever get out of this room again? [*Stands behind.*] Though I may save myself the trouble of thinking about it, because I shall be sure to be kicked out.

Enter VAIN, *drest as* M'GORGET *in a Spanish dress, with an immense Hat on, followed by two Pages in fine Liveries; they bow to each other, and make the usual compliments.*

Vain. Boy, take my sombrero! [*Gives first Page his Hat.*]

Brum. Those great hats must be very fatiguing in a long journey, Sir Andrew.

Vain. To my pages they may be—it is their business to be fatigued. No grandee in Spain, where I have been, ever takes any fatigue.

Brum. What a blessed country!

Vain. You seem to be studying my dress. I imagine it surprises you in this country.—I hope he doesn't suspect that Selina pilfered it from his own museum. [*Aside.*]

Brum. I protest, Sir Andrew, I don't know you in it.

Vain. [*Aside.*] No, I trust not. I don't wonder at that, Mr Brummagem. The alteration it makes is astonishing. This is the exact dress of the noble Spaniards.

Brum. Ay, I have one which descended into my possession by means of a great uncle of mine who lived in Spain, and had it presented to him by the queen at a bull-fight; but I thought at present the mode was altered.

Vain. Not with the grandees. They are obliged indeed by the laws to have other clothes; but they wear them by proxy.

Brum. Proxy!

Vain. We nobles in Spain do every thing by proxy. For instance, now, you think I carry no flaps to my coat, no pockets.

Brum. I see none.

Vain. Moziganga!

First Page. Here, sir.

Vain. Flaminy pochychini handkerchifini, snosambo.

[*Page pulls out a clean Handkerchief:* VAIN *wipes his face with it, and returns it to the Page, who bows and retires.*]

Briximarti!

Second Page. Here, sir.

Vain. Tobacco my boxi oho my nosamo.

[*Page opens and offers a snuff-box.* VAIN *takes a pinch, and Page retires.* BRUMMAGEM *takes a pinch at the same time.*]

There, my dear friend—You see, that is carrying

things in my pocket by proxy. Take a pinch, my nosamo. [BRUM. *sneezes.*] May you live a thousand years!

Brum. Eh!

Vain. Excuse me: that's a common phrase in Spain. It means bless you, or thank you. But speaking of the grandees of Spain, every thing, as I said, is by proxy. They receive and pay visits by proxy, and, in short, perform most of the duties of society by proxy. [RALPH *gets down.*

Brum. Give me leave to ask one question.

Vain. Live a thousand years. Pray ask me, sir.

Brum. Do they eat and drink by proxy?

Vain. Not absolutely. But, my dear friend, how is your charming niece? Who is this gentleman? Probably one of your friends?

[RALPH *goes up the stage.*

Ralph. So! now I shall be finely blown. [*Aside.*

Brum. Odso! I forgot to mention to you, that your steward was arrived. The joy of seeing you quite put him out of my head.

Vain. My steward!

Brum. Aye, don't you see him? Yonder he is.

Vain. Yes, yes, I see him.—[*Aside.*] I'm got into a pretty scrape.

(*Turns away from* RALPH, *who does the same from him.*)

Brum. This impudent steward takes no notice of his master.

Ralph. Mr Brummagem! [*Calls* BRUM. *who goes to him.*]

Brum. Well, what do you say?

Ralph. Does my master know that I am here?

Brum. To be sure he does—I told him so just now. Don't you speak to Sir Andrew?

Ralph. [*Keeping his back still turned to* VAIN.] Perhaps Sir Andrew may not be at leisure to be spoken to at present.

Brum. He is mighty humble at once. I suppose

these grandees of Spain claim the privilege of speaking first.

Vain. Brummagem?

Brum. Sir Andrew! [*Goes to the other side to* VAIN.]

Vain. Does my steward know that I am come?

Brum. I believe he has not seen you; but what is his name? I'll call him to you.

Vain. Plaguy-mi-damnamo.

Brum. That's a damn'd odd name. Won't you be pleased to let Plaguy-mi-damnamo approach you?

Vain. No, by no means.

Brum. Oh! I suppose he won't speak to him except by proxy.—Would you wish I should say any thing to him for you, to save you the fatigue of speaking?

Vain. Dismiss him, and bid him wait for me at the inn.

Brum. [*To* RALPH.] Plaguy-mi-damnamo, Sir Andrew will let you approach him at the inn, and not at this house.

[RALPH *runs out.* VAIN *keeps his back to him till off.*]

Damn it! I see he won't even look at the steward except by proxy.

Vain. [*Aside.*] So, that's well got rid of. That's my genius! [*To* BRUM.] But come, let us think of your charming niece—there is no time to be lost—— And have you settled the day and manner of the nuptials?

Brum. As early a day as you please.

Vain. To-day, if possible; and the ceremonials public.

Brum. With all my heart. In what manner will you take her to church?

Vain. By proxy.

Brum. What! my niece by proxy?

Vain. Yes; in a chariot and four able horses, which shall be furnished from my own set, and two

of my grooms on their backs. [*Aside.*] By this means Cheerly may carry her clear off before any alarm can be raised.

Brum. Well, Sir Andrew, if this is your pleasure, I shall certainly—

Vain. Live a thousand years!

Brum. By proxy, I may, to be sure. If you please, sir, we'll step in, and see my niece; she's a little tired with a long walk she has been taking in the fields.—I mean the park,—and looks a little palish. [*Walks up to centre door—takes keys from his girdle, unlocks door, and exit through.*]

Vain. Bless me, my dear friend, you are very cautious! [RALPH *and* DOLLY appear.]

Brum. Why, the trouble of watching a young girl every minute is rather too much for an old man; so I employ these two proxies. [*Shews Keys.*]

Ralph. But are you sure of what you say of Captain Vain?

Dolly. Main sure; I see'd him talking with Mrs Seliny.

Ralph. It is he, sure enough; so at last I know what these two keys belong to. [*Strutting.*]

Vain. Oh, a plague! this fellow again!

Brum. How do you presume to come back, sir, in defiance of the will of your master, which I delivered as his proxy?

Ralph. Why, sir, do you take this for Sir Andrew?

Vain. So! now if my genius deserts me!

Ralph. You are imposed on.

Brum. How! imposed on! What! are not you Sir Andrew M'Gorget?

Vain. Certainly, sir.

Ralph. You, my dear lord, the grandee, Sir Andrew?—Pray, sir, ask him what town Sir Andrew lived at in Spain—[*Aside.*] It is best to be beforehand with him in these questions.

Brum. Ay, very true; what town did you live at in Spain?

Vain. The town, sir? Why, the town, sir—Oh, the town! Why, Barcelona, to be sure.

Ralph. There, sir! Was that the town?

Brum. Why, yes, to be sure, Barcelona was the town.

Ralph. [*Aside.*] The devil, it was! Let him answer in what ship he took his passage home. [*Sees* VAIN *confused.*] Oh, all is safe! Let him answer that. [BRUM. *goes up.*]

Vain. I see this fellow must go snacks with me. Hark ye, steward! [*Takes* RALPH *aside.*] I have a purpose to answer in passing for your master at present.—If you will go halves with me in a hundred pounds, you may.

Ralph. Not I indeed!—[*Aloud.*]—I dare say you have a purpose.

Vain. [*In a low voice.*] Now, for heaven's sake—

Ralph. I go shares with you!

Vain. Fifty pounds! (*Low.*)

Ralph. Leave the house directly, or—[*Loud.*]

Vain. Sixty! [*Low.*]

Ralph. I'll let Mr Brummagem know—[*Loud.* BRUM. *comes down.*]

Vain. A hundred! [*Low.*]

Ralph. That you are—

Vain. The devil!

Ralph. You may be, for aught I know.

Brum. Mercy on me! What is all this?

Vain. A plague of this unseasonable interruption! There is nothing left but decamping. Mr Brummagem, you'll excuse me—I'll take another opportunity—Damn it! my genius has failed me. [BRUM. *beats* VAIN *off.*]

Ralph. [*Still speaking to him.*] I have a great mind to let Mr Brummagem know who you are.

Brum. [*Eagerly puts on his hat.*] Who is he? In the name of wonder, who is the dog?

Ralph. His name is Vain.

Brum. What! Captain Vain?

Ralph. An impudent scoundrel! To think of imposing on you!

Brum. With his, "Live a thousand years!"

Ralph. A vulgar fellow! when no gentleman in Spain ever wishes you to live less than ten thousand at least.

Brum. I begin to enjoy it, now the danger's over. It will make a curious anecdote in my life—[*Aside*] with proper embellishments.

Ralph. It reminds me of a singular circumstance, that Sir Andrew sends me an account of in his last letter.

Brum. Ay; what was that?

Ralph. Why—but I keep you standing.—[*Gets a chair, and sits.*]—Pray, Brummy, no ceremonies.

Brum. Egad, I see you use none.—[*Takes a chair, and sits.*]

Ralph. Sir Andrew gives an account—I believe I have the letter in my pocket—[*Takes a Letter from his pocket.*]

Brum. [*Puts on his spectacles.*] Ah! let me hear all that Sir Andrew says—

Ralph. [*Reads*] "A young man of this place"—

Brum. Where is it dated? From Barcelona, Eh? [*Peering over letter.*]

Ralph. Oh, from Barcelona, certainly. But why need I read? I'll tell it you—[*Aside*] It is lucky that I happen to know that—was desperately in love with a girl of good fortune; and the father denied his consent, and wanted to marry her against her inclinations.

Brum. More fool he. Well! [*Peering still closer.*]

Ralph. Wherefore they laid a scheme to join the young people's hands, under the father's nose.

Brum. Ah! and how did they manage it?

Ralph. One day the old man comes home as usual, with a hat as large, [*takes* BRUM.'s *hat from his head*] aye, larger than your's; [*Puts the hat on the table, making signs occasionally as to some one without*] and seeing some strangers coming about the house, takes up his cane, that he always carried as you do. [*Takes cane from* BRUMMAGEM's *hand.*] This is a gold head.

Brum. Oh, the purest gold of Spain. It was given to my grandfather, by the—

Ralph. Ay, no matter: I thought as much. Well, he takes his cane, and runs to his coffers where he kept his money; for Sir Andrew says he did not suspect the design on his daughter.

Brum. Oh! a simpleton.

Ralph. Quite a fool! Now his money was all fast secured under two stout keys such as these: [*Takes the keys from* BRUMMAGEM's *girdle, dangles them about, and lays them on the table*] and forth he sets to beat the rogues from his coffers.

Brum Well, well.

Ralph. In the mean time, while he was busy at his coffers, a maid servant, coming behind his back— [FANNY *enters—takes the keys off the table, opens the door, which she leaves unlocked, lays the keys down again*]—takes the key, goes to her young mistress's door, opens it, lets the young lady know that her lover was waiting in the next room with a clergyman, to marry them before they left the house.

Brum. Well, there was some decency in the young folks at least.

Ralph. Oh! Sir Andrew says he was a most excellent young man.

Brum. But suppose, now, the father had happened to meet the maid on this errand [*Turning, sees* FANNY, *who had just replaced the keys*]—what do you want here, hussey?

Fanny. I came to see if you would have the chocolate-cup taken away, sir.

Brum. Oh, very well—Ay, by all means. This is some of the finest china that—But I say, my dear friend, [*Replaces the keys in his girdle*] suppose he had met the maid.

Ralph. Why, that would have been unlucky, to be sure; but, as it happened, he never suspected her.

Brum. Well, and so—

Ralph. The young lady was all in readiness to fly to her lover; but so overcome with fear, that she durst not venture to leave the room; upon which, her lover—

[CHEERLY *crosses the stage, and goes into her room*] goes to her room to encourage—[*Aside.*] So far all is safe.

Brum. Oh, oh, my dear friend, but what!—All this happen before the father's face!

Ralph. No, no, Brummy: you misunderstand me. They went behind the father's back.

Brum. Egad, it is lucky the old gentleman didn't turn his head round. What a pretty kettle of fish there would have been!

Ralph. Oh, but then—Aye, very true; I had forgot to tell you one circumstance. This scheme was managed by a rogue of a servant, who played the old fool the most ludicrous trick—I cannot help laughing when I think of it—[BRUM. *affects to laugh.*] I'll shew you how they contrived. [*They turn towards each other.*]

Brum. By all means. It's a good story, I dare say.

Ralph. Excellent! I'll shew you. Well, now, you shall suppose I am this rogue of a servant.

Brum. Good.

Ralph. And that you are the fool of a father.

Brum. With all my heart.

Ralph. Now I take your large hat—such a one,

we'll suppose, as this [*Takes* BRUM'S *Hat from Table*] or larger, and I clap it entirely over your face.—[*Ties a Handkerchief over the Hat.*] Now turn your head about, first on one side, then on the other side. What do you see?

Brum. Nothing, to be sure.

Ralph. Well, while I keep this hat close over your eyes, forth comes the whole procession—first the maid servant, with a bundle of her mistress's cloaths. [FANNY *enters and crosses.*]

Brum. [*Trying to lift up the Hat, or peep from it.*] Ay, very good.

Ralph. Then the lover, supporting the poor frightened damsel.

Brum. Ay, very good.

Ralph. And lastly, she herself, [CHEERLY *and* LAURA *go off*] as anxious to escape as a prisoner for life from his prison, but trembling with fear lest her father should hear her; for if he had, you know—Ha, ha, ha! You know—

Brum. Ha, ha! [*Looking from behind the Hat.*]—Very true; I comprehend you—How their hearts must have leapt when they got clear off!

Ralph. Aye—and when their hands were instantly joined by the clergyman in the next room.

Brum. A rare story indeed! and very rarely contrived! Not like poor Captain Vain's, with his fool's coat and his thousand years.

Ralph. No; 'twas managed by a much cleverer fellow. You may take off the hat—the story's over. [*Takes off the Hat.*]

Brum. And where did this happen?

Ralph. In Devonshire.

Brum. In Devonshire! Why, you said it was in Spain.

Ralph. Aye, Devonshire in Spain.

Brum. And what sort of an ass is the old man?

Ralph. Much such another as yourself.

Brum. As me?

Ralph. His name's Brummagem.

Brum. That's my name.

Ralph. The same—Brummagem of Brummagem-Hall.

Brum. Why, that's me.

Ralph. Yes, it is you; and the rogue of a servant is me. [*Pulls off his Wig, and discovers himself.*]

Brum. Oh, you wicked, rascally—

Ralph. Nay, you said yourself it was a good story; and I am sure it has answered a very good purpose—Ha, ha, ha!

[BRUM. *finds Door open, runs in:* RALPH *throws Wig at him, and shuts Grate.*]

Brum. Eh! How! Why, is it possible? Oh! As I am a crocodile, the door's open; my niece fled—Hollo! Fanny! Selina!

Enter CHEERLY, LAURA, RALPH, FANNY, *&c.*

FINALE.

Laura. Dear sir, a trembling bride forgive,
And in your favour let her live.
Brum. What! are you wed?
Laura. ——————Behold the ring!
Your blessing to our prayer afford!
Brum. What arms does Cheerly bear?
Cheerly. ——————A sword,
To serve old England and my king.
Fanny. Dear sir, your faithful slave forgive;
Still in your service let me live,
And with my mistress stay.
The arms I bear, you see, are two;
You may command all they can do;
So, turn me not away.
Chorus. Dear sir, your faithful slaves forgive;
Still in your service let us live:
The arms we bear, you see, are two;
You may command all they can do;
So, turn us not away.

Brum. Well, well—I know not what to say,
I fancy I must let you stay,
And must your faults forgive:
For titles wedded, or for love,
The wisest they at last will prove,
Who shall the happiest live.

Chorus. For titles wedded, or for love, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

THE
REGISTER OFFICE.

A

FARCE.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

MR JOSEPH REED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gulwell,	*Mr Purser.*
Williams,	*Mr Bartley.*
Captain Le Brush,	*Mr Bannister.*
Scotchman,	*Mr Dormer.*
Irishman,	*Mr Cherry.*
Frenchman,	*Mr Wewitzer.*
Margery,	*Miss Mellon.*
Mrs Doggerel,	*Mrs Jordan.*
A Girl,	*Miss C. Bristow.*

Scene——*London.*

THE

REGISTER OFFICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Register Office.*

Enter WILLIAMS.

Wil. The business of the morning is partly over— What a crowd of deluded females have flocked here within these three hours, in expectation of the imaginary place, we have advertised!—A *Register Office,* under the direction of so conscientious a person as Mr Gulwell, instead of a public good, becomes a public evil. My upright master seldom feels any reflections of this kind! avarice is his leading principle; and so long as he can swell his bags by the folly or credulity of mankind, he will not suffer conscience to hinder him in the pursuit of gain. I think I hear him coming.

Enter GULWELL.

Gul. So this advertisement has brought in two pounds thirteen shillings!—no very bad morning's

work! Well, thanks to the memory of our witty founder, say I! Had he not hit on the scheme of a Register Office, I might have dangled on at quill-driving without ever being worth a groat.

Wil. But, sir, do you think this calling of ours the most conscientious one in the world? I begin to imagine my old employment, the law, the more honest profession of the two.

Gul. Mr Williams, there is roguery in all the employments under the sun. Every day's experience will convince you, that there is no getting through the world, without a necessary portion of trick and chicanery.

Wil. Sir, if the imposture of this advertisement were found out and duly punished, one or both of us would stand a fair chance for the pillory. How many poor girls have been stripped of perhaps their last shilling, by being amused with the hopes of the place we have advertised. I'faith, sir, some of our profession are little better than downright pickpockets—I am glad I shall have the good fortune to leave it so soon.

Gul. Mr Williams, I am truly sorry for our separation, but rejoice at the occasion of it; however, if you hope to make a fortune in your altered condition of life, you must learn to keep your conscience in proper subordination. I can assure you that fraud is as necessary a requisite in a stewardship, as in an Intelligence Office. Is there no message from Dr Skinflint about the Welsh living!

Wil. Yes, sir; he says as curates are so cheap in Wales, he will not take less than a thousand guineas.

Gul. A spiritual curmudgeon! Why it is not quite a hundred a year—I forgot to ask if you called at Captain Sparkle's last night?

Wil. I did, sir; and was surprised to see him so greatly recovered.

Gul. I thought he would grow better after the *em-*

barkation? I never supposed him in any very great danger, because he refused eight hundred guineas for his commission, when his life was despaired of— Have you finished the assignment of the surgeoncy?

Wil. No, sir.

Gul. Then get it done, Mr Williams—stay—you must write an advertisement for the Daily——any time this afternoon will do—of an employment to be disposed of in Ireland, of a thousand pounds per annum, which requires little learning or attendance, and may be executed by a deputy. Remember to add, that secrecy is required, and none but principals need to apply.

Wil. I forgot to tell you, the young gentleman was here, to know if you had received an answer about the secretary's place.

Gul. Truly I am sorry I could not succeed—fifteen hundred guineas were insisted on—I pleaded the young gentleman's acknowledged merit, and the public services of his brave father, who lost his life in fighting for his country, which so softened my principal, that he sunk his demand from—

Wil. Fifteen to five hundred, I hope?

Gul. From *guineas* to *pounds*: I could get no further abatement.

Wil. It is a pity that such extraordinary merit should have no better success.

Gul. Ah! Mr Williams, if places were given to persons of merit only, the Lord have mercy upon many a big-looking family—Away! here's company a coming. [*Exit* WILLIAMS.

Heyday! Who have we here? By his looks he must be one of the tribe of the *soup maigres!*

Enter a Frenchman.

French. Be votre nom Monsieur *le Gulvelle?*

Gul. It is, sir—Your business?

French. Sire, me be tell dat dere be de grand nom-

bres d' *academies Françoises en Londres*; an me voud be glad to be employé as un maitre de langues. Me speak a de *Frens* vid de vrai prononciation; an you see beside ma connoissance in de langue *Angloise* be not the most *inconsidarable*.

Gul. O yes, sir! you speak very pretty English I must own!—Pray what business have you been bred to?

French. Bisness! do you mean to front a me! me be von of de gens de qualité.

Gul. How, sir! a person of quality, and so poor as to be seeking after a livelihood?

French. Vy vere be de vonders of all dat? Noting be more commun in France—Me dit indeed sometime, pour passer le temps, amuse my sel vid curl a de air, and cut a de corn of mine comrades de qualité of bot sex.

Gul. Sir, if you be a proficient in these sciences, I give you joy with all my heart, for I don't know a more profitable calling in London; nay, nor a more reputable one; for its professors are caress'd by persons of the first fashion and distinction—There's your countryman Monsieur *Frizzellette de la Corneille*, a hair and corn-cutter in St James's, that keeps his chariot, though 'tis scarce half a score years since he would have made a bow to the ground for a bellyful of *soup-maigre*.

French. An begar so would me too!

Gul. Sir, I will cook you up an advertisement, as long as a proclamation, that will effectually do your business. In the mean time, I shall give orders for one of the laconic kind, to hang in golden letters over your door; "Hair and Corns cut after the French "Taste, by a Person of Quality."

French. Ay, dat vil do ver vel! Par un Personne de Qualité.

Gul. But, sir, as you are a man of rank, you may

perhaps think it below your dignity to follow any profession that has the least appearance of business?

French. Non, non, Monsieur: tout au contraire.

Gul. Then I dare venture to say, that in less than a dozen years, you will be rich enough to return to your native country, and marry a princess of the blood. How, in the name of wonder, could you think of being a pitiful teacher of French for a livelihood, when you are possessed of talents superior to all the learning in the world?

French. Me vil tell you, Monsieur—it be not more as dix---onze---douze---trieze---ay, tirteen year, since mon cousin com'd over to l'Angleterre to teash a de Frens in de boarding-ecole—Vell, he dit engage de affection of de Angloise young lady, sa belle ecoliere, runn'd away wid her, and so begar he getted de vife vid not less as von hundred tousand livres. Now, as mon cousin could marrie de lady, vid so much of de l'argent, vy may not me ope to do the same?

Gul. True, sir; but there's an ugly act of parliament since that time, which hinders you fortune-hunting gentlemen from gaining such wives. Well, sir, you will deposit a small sum—two or three guineas, or so—and I shall begin the advertisement.

French. Hey! vat you say? deposit!—Je n'entends pas deposit.

Gul. Oh, sir, I'll soon explain it!—Deposit signifies—

French. Non, non, mon cher ami!—it be impossible for me to know vat you means; for me do not understand un mot de la langue *Angloise.*

Gul. Why, sir, I thought your connoissance in *de langue* Angloise had not been de most inconsiderable? [*Mimicking him.*

French. O monsieur;—but dat---dat---dat vas une autre chose—quite anoder ting.

Gul. Well, sir, I must have two or three guineas,

by way of earnest, before I proceed any further in your business.

French. Two tree ginee! begar! me could so soon give you two tree million—Vat you take a me for? Un grand voleur!---von tief?---You tink me ave rob your *Inglise* exchequer; for all de vorld know dat de exchequer of my countree ave scarce so much to be rob of—Let a me see---me ave no more as von chelin,---an von,---two,---tree alfpence.

Gul. Thirteenpence halfpenny! a very critical sum in England. Well, sir, you may leave that in part; I must give you credit for the remainder.

[*Frenchman gives his money.*

French. Dere, sir—An so, Monsieur le Gulvelle, you tink en verité me sal ride in my coash.

Gul. Not at all impossible. Call again in a week, and you shall see what I have done for you.

French. Begar! you ave elevé mine art.—Sire, me be votre tres humble, tres obligè, and tres devoté serviteur—O mon Dieu! ride in my *carosse!* [*Exit.*

Gul. Your most humble servant, good Monsieur le Carosse.—If it were not for the credulity of mankind, what a plague would become of us office-keepers!

Enter MARGERY.

Mar. Sur, an I may be so bold, I'se come to ax an ye've sped about t'woman servant, at ye advertis'd for?

Gul. I have not. Come nearer, young woman.

Mar. Let me steek't deer first, an ye please.

[*Shuts the door.*

Gul. What countrywoman are you?

Mar. I'se Yorkshire, by my truly!—I was bred an bworn at Little Yatton, aside Roseberry Topping.

Gul. Roseberry Topping! Where is that, my pretty maid?

Mar. Certainly God! ye knaw Roseberry? I thought ony fule had knawn Roseberry!—It's t'biggest hill

in oll Yorkshire—it's aboun a mile an a hofe high, an as coad as ice at' top on't i't hettest summer's day—that it is.

Gul. You've been in some service, I suppose?

Mar. Ay, I'll uphole ye have I, ever sin I was neen year ald; nay, makins, I'd a God's penny at Stowstah market, aboun hofe a year afore at I was neen---An as good a servant I've been, thof I say't mysel, as ever came within a pair o'deers; I can milk, kurn, fother, bake, brew, sheer, winder, card, spin, knit, sew, and do every thing at belangs to a husbandman, as weel as ony lass at ever ware clog-sheen:—An as to my karecter, I defy ony body, gentle or simple, to say, black's my nail.

Gul. Have you been in any place in London?

Mar. Ay, an ye please. I livd wi' Madam Shrill-pipe, in St Pole's Kirk-Garth, but was forc'd to leave my place, afore at I had been a week o'days in't.

Gul. How so?

Mar. Marry becose she ommost flighted an scauded me out o'my wits. She was't arrantest scaud at ever I met wi' in my bworn days: She had seerly sike a tongue, as never was in ony woman's head but her awn—it wad ring, ring, like a larum, frae mworn to neeght—Then she wad put hersel into sike flusters, that her face wad be as black as't reeking-crook—Nay for that matter I was no but rightly sarra'd; for I was tell'd aforehand, by some verra sponsible fwoke, as she was a mere donnot; howsomsever as I fand my money grow less an less every day, (for I had brought my good seven and twenty shilling to neen groats an twopence,) I thought it wad be better to take up wi' a bad place, than nea place at oll.

Gul. And how do you like London?

Mar. Marry, sir, I like nowther egg nor shell on't.—They're sike a set of fowke, as I never saw with my eyn; they laugh and flier at a body like ony thing; I went no but t'other day ti't baker's shop for

a lafe of bread, an they fell a giggling at me as I'd been yan o't greatest gawvisons i't warld.

Gul. Pray what is a gawvison?

Mar. Why you're a gawvison for not knowing what it is.—I thought ye Londoners ha known every thing—a gawvison's a ninny-hammer. Now, do you think, sir, at I look ought like a gawvison?

Gul. Not in the least, my pretty damsel.

Mar. They may bwoast as they will o' their manners, but they have nea mare manners than a miller's horse, I can tell them that, that I can—I wish I had been still at canny Yatton!

Gul. As you have so great a liking to the place, why would you leave it?

Mar. Marry, sur, I was forc'd, as van may say, to leav't. The squire wad not let me be. By my truly, sir, he was efer after me, mworn, noon, an neeght. If I wad but ha consented to his wicked ways, I might a had gould by gopins, that I might. Lo ye, squire, say I, you're mista'en o'me! I'se none o'thea sort of cattle—I'se a vartuous young woman, I'll assure ye—Ye're other fwoke's fwoke—Wad ye be sike a taystrel as to ruin me?—But oll wadn't do; he kept following an following, an teizing an teizing me—At length run I tell'd my ald dame, and she advised me to gang to London to be out of his way; that she did, like an onnist woman as she was—I went to my cousin Ishell, an says I to her, Ishell, says I, come will you goway to London?—An tell'd her the hale affair atween me an the squire—Odsbeed! says she, my lass, I'll gang wi' the ti t' warld's end—An away we come in good yearnest.

Gul. It was a very vartuous resolution. Pray how old are you?

Mar. I'se nineteen come Collop-Monday.

Gul. Would you undertake a housekeeper's place?

Mar. I'se flaid I cannot manage't, unless it were in a husbandman's house.

Gul. It is a very substantial farmer's in Buckinghamshire. I am sure you will do; I'll set you down for it.—Your name?

Mar. Margery Moorpout, an ye please.

Gul. How do you spell it?

Mar. Nay makins, I knaw naught o' speldering; I'se nea schollard.

Gul. Well, I shall write to him this evening.—What wages do you ask?

Mar. Nay, marry, for that matter, I wadn't be ower stiff about wage.

Gul. Then I can venture to assure you of it. You must give me half-a-crown, my pretty maid—Our fee is only a shilling for a common place, but for a housekeeper's we have always half-a-crown.

Mar. There's twea shilling, an yan---twea---three---four---fave---six penn'orth o'bross, with a thousand thanks.—God's prayer light o'you! for I'se seer ye'rt best friend I have met wi' sin I come frae canny Yatton, that you are. When shall I coll again, sur?

Gul. About the middle of the next week.

Mar. Sur, an ye please gud mworning to you. [*Exit.*

Gul. Good morning to you, dear, vartuous Mrs Margery Moorpout. So this is a specimen of Yorkshire simplicity, that it is—More customers!

Enter Scotchman.

Well, sir, your business with me?

Scotch. Gin ye be the maister a' this office, my buziness wi ye is ta spear at ye, gin ye can be o' ony service till a peur distressit gentleman?

Gul. Sir, I shall be glad to do a gentleman in distress any service in my power, especially one of your country. I have a veneration for the very name of Scotchman—My father was one.

Scotch. Troth, ye speak vera mickle like a gentleman, an seem to hae a proper sence o' national ho-

nour—A'm glad that a've been sae sonsy as to fa' into sic hands—Ye maun ken that my family is as auncient as ony i' a' Scotland, and that by diract lineal deshent, I sprang frae the great Jamy Mackintosh, who was a preevy councellor to King Sandy the Second.

Gul. A very considerable origin indeed!—But pray, sir, what may have been the cause of your present distress?

Scotch. I'se tell ye the hale matter.—When I was a laddie, I was sae daft to get the ill wull o' a' my kin, by the disgrace I had brought upo' the Mackintoshes, by pitting myself prentice till a cankert auld carle o' a sword-slipper in Aberdeen, whase bonny daughter I was so unsonsy as to click a fancy to.

Gul. Well, sir.

Scotch. When I was out o' my prenticeship, I wanted gear to begin the warld wi': I ax'd a' my friends, but they girnit at me like the vengeance—"Hald ye there, lad!" quo' they; "Ye maun e'en pickle i' your ain poke-nuke!—As ye bak'd ye may brew!"—An the deel o' owther gowd or siller; nae no sae mickle as a plack or a bawbie wald they gie me, unless I wad betak mysel to some mare gentleman-like occupation. Weel, sir, I was forcit to wale a new buziness—They ga' me graith enough to buy a pack; and turn'd travelling merchant, whilk the English, by way o' derision, ca' a pedder, that I might nae langer be a disgrace to my kin.

Gul. Why this was a way to retrieve the disgrace of the Mackintoshes indeed!

Scotch. Right, sir, verra right a truly!—But wi' your permussion, I'se speed me to the tragical part o' my story—As I was ganging my gate towards Portsmouth, I was attackit by twa robbers, who gard me strip frae the muckle coat o' my back to my vera sark; an rubbit me o' a', ay an mare nor a' I could ca' my ain—An no content wi' taking my gudes,

they ruggit my hair; they pou'd me by the lugs; they brisset and skelpit me to sic a gree, that the gore blude ran into my breeks, an my skin was amaist as black as pick—Nay, when I gran'd i' meikle dool an agonie, the fallows leugh at my pitifu' mains, caw'd me an ill-far'd scabbit tyke; an bad me be gane into my ain crowdie country to sell butter an brunstane.

Gul. The barbarous villains! Not only to rob and abuse you, but to insult your country!

Scotch. I wat, it was a downright national reflection! An a'm sic a loo'er o' my country, that it hurt me mare nor a' the whacks they ga' me, an the loss o' my pack into the bargain.—Weel, sir, a'm now brought to the maist ruefu' plight that ever peur fallow was in, for I canna git claiths to my back, or veetels to my wame—A'm sae blate that I maun starve to deid or I can ax charity! abeit a'm sae hungry, that I could make a braw meal upo' a whin sour kail, an a haggise tane aff a midding, gif it e'en stank like a brock.

Gul. Poor gentleman! I pity your condition with all my heart.

Scotch. As I trudge alang the wynds, I can hear the cawler waiter, I drink at the pump, gang jaup, jaup, jaup, i' my empty kyte—Except a bicker o' gud fat brose, an a lunch o' salt beef, whilk I gat last Sabbath day aboard o' a wie Scotch barkie, I ha no had my peur wame weel steght this twa owks an aboon; an hunger, ye ken, is unco sare to bide.

Gul. It is so, indeed.

Scotch. Now gin ye can pit me intill ony creditable way o' getting my bread, I sall rackon it a very great kyndness.

Gul. For what station in life do you think yourself fittest?

Scotch. For ony station where learning is necessary—I care na a pickle o' sneeshing what it be—Ye

may ken by my elocution a'm a man o' nae sma' lair.—I was sae weel-leer'd, that ilka auld wife in Aberdeen wald turn up the whites of her e'en, like a mass John at kirk, an cry, "Ay, God guide us! what a pauky chiel is Donald! He's sae aldgabbit that a speaks like a print buke."—I could like vera weel to be a Latin secretary till a minister o' state, an can say, wi'out vanity, a'm as fit for sic an office as ony man i' the British dominions.

Gul. Then you understand Latin?

Scotch. Latin! Hout awa' man! hout awa, ye daft gowk! do ye jeer a body? a Scotchman, an not unnerstan Latin! ha, ha, ha! a vera gude joke a truly! unnerstan Latin, quo' he!—Why we speak it better nor ony o' his majesty's subjects, an wi' the genuine original pronunciation too—I'se gie you a specimen frae that wutty chiel, Maister Ovid—

Parve, nec invidio, sine me, liber, ibis in urbem,
Hei mihi, quod Domino non licet ire tuo!

Now ken ye man, whether I unnerstan Latin or no!

Gul. Oh, sir, I see you are a complete Latinist—Well, if we can't fall in for the secretary, suppose you should take up with translating awhile 'till something better offer?—there are pretty pickings, very comfortable pickings, now and then to be had in that way.

Scotch. Ony thing at present to satisfy the cravings o' my wame, that is no under the dignity o' my family—Ye ken the ald saw, "Beggars mun na be chusers"—for that mater I'se no repine, gif I can but e'en git bannocks an sneeshing till something better fa' out.

Gul. Give me your name and place of abode, and you may expect to hear from me very shortly.

Scotch. Donald Mackintosh, gentleman—at Maister Archibald Buchanan's, a tobacco-merchant, at the sign of the Highlander and Snuff-bledder, ower anenst

King James's stairs, Shadwell. [GUL. *writes.*] What's your charge, sir?

Gul. Only a shilling, sir,—'tis a perquisite for my clerk.

Scotch. There it's for ye, sir. [*Gives him Money.*] I was fain to borrow't o' Sandy Ferguson the coal-heaver; for the deel a bodle had I o' my ain.

Gul. Have you got any body to give you a character?

Scotch. In troth, I canna say I ha' e'en now!—I ken no living sawl in London but Sandy an my landlord, that I would ax sic a favour o'; an ablins their karecter o' me would no be thought sufficient.

Gul. Nay, sir, it is no very great matter; it would have sav'd you a trifle; for when we *make* characters, we must be paid for them.—We have characters, as jockies have pedigrees, from five shillings to five guineas.

Scotch. Weel, sir, we may tauk o' that anither time—gin ye succeed, ye'se find me no ungratefu'—Ye sall see I hae no sae mikle o' the fau'se Englishman wi' me, as to be forgetfu' o' my benefactors—A'm afeard a've been very fasheous; howe'er I'e fash ye nae langer, but gang my waus hame. Sir, your very abliged servant. In gude troth, this is a *Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.* [*Exit.*

Gul. Your most obedient, good Mr Latin Secretary. There goes one of the many fools that owe their ruin to family pride.

Mr Williams, give an eye to the office. I shall be back in a few minutes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter GULWELL *and* WILLIAMS, *meeting.*

Gul. Her ladyship hath released me sooner than I expected. Go, get the instrument finished, Mr Williams. [*Exit* WILLIAMS.] A comb-brush for Lady Vixen! [*Writing.*] This, I believe, will be the one-and-twentieth she hath had from my office within these two years; a special customer, i'faith! Hey-day! Who have we here? A spruce coxcomb of the military cast.

Enter Captain LE BRUSH.

Capt. Sir, your most obedient.—Pray, an't you Mr Geofry Gulwell, esquire?

Gul. The same, sir.

Capt. Then I am come to have a little talk with you.

Gul. Your business, good sir?

Capt. You must know, sir, I am an ensign in a new-raised *ridgmen,* to which post I was advanced through the interest of my very good friend and acquaintance, Lord Pliant; whom I had the honour to serve many years in the capacity of a valet de chambre—But, sir, though formerly a servant, I am a gentleman born, and have had the honour of an university *iddication.*

Gul. Sir, I make no doubt of it: you have the appearance of a man of consequence—May I crave your name and family!

Capt. My name, sir, is Le Brush. I am commonly called Brush, but Le Brush is the name my family was *arriginally,* nay, even so lately as *Harry* the

Eight, known by: a name, sir, given by way of distinction to one of my *auntsisters*, that was general under *All-fraid* the great, for so victoriously *sweeping* away *hole* armies of the enemy—Our family had all their estates *confisticated* in the broils between the Yorkshire and Lancashire line; so that their *predecessors* have been a little out of repair to the present time, and the name *regenerated* into plain Brush.

Gul. Sir, as your family hath been so long reduced, how came you by the education you talk of?

Capt. Sir, I was taught to read and write *free-gratis* for nothing, at a charity school, and attended Lord Pliant to the university; where, you know, there is many opportunities for a man of *talons* to improve himself.

Gul. Right, sir, such opportunities, that I have frequently known a valet return from thence full as wise as his master.

Capt. Egad, sir, I see very plainly you're a gentleman that knows what's what.

Gul. And pray, Captain, what were your favourite studies at College?

Capt. Logic and poetry, the only two studies fit for a gentleman: as the first will teach you to cheat the devil, and the other to charm—the ladies.

Gul. I should be glad to have a little conference with you on the latter, for I am a bit of a dabbler in it.

Capt. Then *serously* as a friend, I would *dissuade* you to look out damn'd sharp, or upon my soul you'll catch a tartar! For I have not met with any body that was fit to hold the candle to me in poetry for a long *serius* of time—But, sir, as I am in haste, we had better *refer* the dispute at present—any other time I am at your service for a *confab* of a few hours—I shall run through my business with as *brief prolixity* as possible. At a country town, where I was recruiting, I had the good fortune to pick up a maiden lady,

pretty well stricken in years, with a fortune of three thousand pounds in the stocks. Now, sir, as the interest of the money, and my present pay, will scarce be sufficient to maintain me—for you know, sir, a soldier and a gentleman is *anonymous* characters, and a man in my office must live up to his dignity—I say, sir, as the interest of the money is damn'd low, I have a desire to purchase a cornetcy or a company of foot, that I may be better able to live like a gentleman.

Gul. Posts of this kind frequently fall under my disposal; I think it a prudent and honourable intention in you, as in case of mortality, the provision for your lady will be larger.

Capt. Pho! damn the old hag! I don't care if the devil had her! I have been married above two months, and was as tired of her in the first fortnight, as a modern man of quality after a twelve-month's cohabitation. I have, for these five weeks past, done every thing in my power to break her heart, but egad it is made of such tough stuff, such *penetrable* stuff, (as my friend Shakespeare calls it,) that I believe I sha'nt be able to *defect* the business, damme!—In short, my disappointment hath thrown me into such a hellish *delimma*, that the devil fetch me if I know, for the blood and soul of me, how to *execrate* myself out of it! For I want to be rid of her most cursedly, that's certain.

Gul. There are ways—many ways, captain, by which such a business may be brought about.

Capt. True, sir, my serjeant, Tom Spatterdash, who is a damn'd cute dog, as any in the *coppercan* system—You don't know Tom; do you, sir?

Gul. I can't say I have the honour of his acquaintance.

Capt. Oh! the most *drolest*, comicalest son of a whore in the *hole* universe, egad!—As I was saying, Tom offered me for ten guineas to give her a dose; but no, no; damme! thinks I to myself, I'll not poi-

son the old beldam neither; it will be the more fashionable way to break her heart.

Gul. Sir, as you are a *gentleman,* I would beg leave to ask, why you are so desirous of parting with a woman who hath been so great a benefactress to you?—I should be afraid your patron and his lady would resent such behaviour—Will you be kind enough to answer my question with truth?

Capt. Truth, sir, is to be sure a most *amable* thing, and what every gentleman ought to make use of, as Mr —— what's his name?—One of the old Roman philosophers—*Pythogorus,* I believe---ay, Squire *Pythogorus* it was, used to say, *Sockratus* is my friend, *Pluto* is my friend, but truth is more my friend. So say I, Lord Pliant is my friend, Lady Pliant is my friend, but truth is more my friend. And though some persons will affirm, that truth ought not to be spoken at all times, yet no philosopher, nor nobody else, would ever venture to affirm, but that truth ought to be spoken at some times—which being granted—I say, sir, which being granted, it must follow—necessarily follow, sir—that though truth ought not to be spoken at all times, occasions, and seasons; yet seasonable truths may be occasionally spoken at all times:—but this, sir, is the very profundity of logic, and consequently out of the reach of every capacity; wherefore I shall descend into the *spear* of common sense to be the better understood.

Gul. Sir, I must acknowledge that your arguments are very *sublime* and *logical;* but yet they are no answer to my question—Perhaps I have been too rude to press you on the occasion---there may be some *lady* in the case, who—

Capt. Egad, sir, you're in the right! I had not been married above ten days, till I fell most consumedly in love with a niece of my wife's, a girl of fifteen, with a damn'd large fortune!—a most *exquasit* creature upon my soul!—In short, she is the *hole tote*

of my desires—as that there black *fellar* in the play, *Othello Moor*, I think they call him, says—*Perdition catch my soul but I do love her! and when I love her not*, Chaos *is come again!*

Gul. Pray, Captain, who is that Chaos?

Capt. And when I love her not, Chaos is come again—Oh, a damn'd fine sentiment as ever was uttered! the most sentimental sentiment in the world.

Gul. But, Captain, I ask who is that Chaos?

Capt. Chaos! Lard bless you!—You *pertend* you don't know! a man of your years and understanding too!—Fie, fie! Mr Gulwell! None of your tricks upon travellers.

Gul. Sir, I seldom ask the meaning of a word I understand.

Capt. Then you must know chaos is a—my dear, it is a—a—a—zounds! What shall I say? The devil chaos him——It is a—I can't find words to express myself properly——It is impossible to *divine* it literally—but chaos—when a man speaks of chaos—in—in—a general way—it is as much as to say—chaos—chaos——I can't *divine* it otherwise, for the blood and soul of me.

Gul. You have not *divined* it at all; at least not to my satisfaction. I suppose, by the connection, it signifies dislike.

Capt. Right, sir, it is a—a—kind of dislike, but not, as one may say, a—a—an absolute dislike——But, sir, to *porceed* in my story—If I could but break my wife's heart, I should assuredly marry my niece in less than a month after her decease——A *seperate maintenance* won't do, or Mrs Le Brush should have it with all my soul; but if we part, you know all hopes of breaking her heart are over. She hath offered to *seprate*, if I would give her two hundred pounds in ready rhino, and annually allow her for life an annual provision of fifty pounds *per annum* every year——

Gul. Which you've refused, I suppose?

Capt. Refused! most certainly, sir! I was almost *putrified* with astonishment at the *agregious* impudence of her demand. I shall not consent to allow her a shilling more as fifteen a-year—She may live comfortably, very comfortably on it in the North.

Gul. Truly, sir, I think *fifteen* pounds a-year a very genteel allowance! especially as she brought you so small a trifle as *Three Thousand!*

Capt. I think so too, egad! but these old *divils* have no conscience at all, damme! Well, sir, you'll give me an answer as soon as possible. You may hear of me at Mrs Dresden's, a milliner, under the *Peeaches* in *Common Garden.*

Gul. [*Writing.*] Very well, sir. I'll talk with a principal about your affair this evening.

Capt. There, sir, [*Gives him Money.*] You'll take care to beat him down as low as possible?

Gul. You may depend on my best endeavours, most noble captain. [*Exit Capt.* Le Brush.]—Scoundrel I should have said. Why, this fellow's a greater rascal than myself; but what can be expected from a coxcomb of his stamp.—More company?

Enter Irishman.

Irish. My dear honey, I am come to shee, if you have commisheration enough in your bowelsh to a poor Irishman, to get him a plaish.

Gul. What sort of a place are you fit for?

Irish. Upon my shalvashion, joy, d'ye see, I am fit for any plaish alive! I have strength and bonesh enough in this carcash of mine, to do all the work in the world.

Gul. Have you ever been in service?

Irish. In shervish! No, to be sure I have not!——Yes, by St Patrick, ever since I was so big as a potatoe!

Gul. With whom did you last live?

Irish. With Squire Maclellan, of Killybegs.

Gul. Killybegs! Where the deuce is that!

Irish. Why, where the devil should it be but in Ireland, my dear honey?

Gul. But what part of Ireland?—What province? What county?

Irish. It is in the provinsh of Donegal; in the county of Ulster. It is an inland sea-port town, where they catch the best *pickled* herrings in England—By my fet! he was the best man of a maishter between Derry and Youghall——Arra! I shall never live so well with nobody else, unless I go back to live with him again!

Gul. As he was so good a master, how came you to leave him?

Irish. Leave him, joy! because he wanted to make a bug and a fool of me. When I went to go to plough and harrow, he would insist on my yoking the dear creatures, the mulesh, by the necks, instead of the tailish.

Gul. The tails! why, is that the Irish custom in ploughing?

Irish. Ay, upon my conscience, it is, joy! and the best cushtom that ever was born in the world—I'll give you a reason for it, honey—You know when the trashes is fastened to the tail, all the rest of the body is free; and when all the curcash but the tail goes along, the tail must follow of course. Besides, honey, all the world knows the strength of every human creature lies in the tail.—Arra! he wanted to bodder me with his dam English tricks! but the devil burn me, if honest Paddy would not have left twenty places, if he had been in them all at once, sooner than be put out of the way of his country.

Gul. You were certainly in the right! I commend your spirit. But, pray, how have you lived since you came to London?

Irish. Lived, honey! As a great many lives in

London; nobody knows how—by my shoul! I have only picked up five thirteens for these four weeks and a half!

Gul. A special raw-boned fellow this! He will do for America—I must send word to my nephew Trappum. Would you like to go abroad, friend?

Irish. Ay, my dear honey; any way in England, or in Scotland; but I do not like, d'ye see, to live out of my native kingdom.

Gul. Oh! it's only a very short voyage; a little round the Land's End. A gentleman hath taken a very considerable farm in the west; and if I could prevail on him to hire you, you would have the sole management of it.—'Twould be the making of you. You can write, I suppose?

Irish. Yes, upon my conscience, that I can, very well!—My mark, honey, that's all;—but that's nothing, my dear; I could get any body to write for me, if they did but know how.

Gul. That's true. Well, I shall see the gentleman this evening, and have a little close talk with him about you.

Irish. Upon my shoul, the most shivilest person, d'ye see, that ever I met with since I was an Irishman. [*Aside.*

Gul. Where do you lodge, friend?

Irish. At the Harp and Spinning Wheel, in Farthing-Fields, Wapping; in a room of my own, that I hire at ninepence a-week.

Gul. Your name?

Irish. Patrick O'Carrol.

Gul. O'Carrol! give me your hand—we must be cousins—my great-grandmother was an O'Carrol.

Irish. Was she, by St Patrick? Then we must be cousins sure enough! Where was she born?

Gul. At what do you call the place, where Squire O'Carrol lives?

Irish. What, Provost O'Carrol?

Gul. Ay, the Provost.

Irish. Oh! you're a soft lad, you don't know it was Ballishanny?

Gul. Right, that is the very place! Well, cousin, I should like to be better acquainted with you.

Irish. And so should poor Paddy, by my fet—You cannot conceive how my heart dances in the inside of my bowelsh, to see a relation in this part of the world, where I expected to see nobody at all;—do, honey, put your head here to feel—fet, joy, it beats, and beats, and beats, and jumps about in my belly, like a brustled pea in a fire-shovel.—Arra! I knew you to be better than half an Irishman, by your civility to strangers.

Gul. Ay, I wish I were wholly so: but it was my misfortune to be born in England.

Irish. Upon my conscience, that was almost poor Paddy's misfortune too! I was begot in England, but as good luck would have it, I went over to Ireland to be born.

Gul. Well, cousin, if you will call on me to-morrow morning, I hope I shall be able to give you joy of your place.

Irish. I shall, my dear cushin—Arra! Now, if I was but my father, who has been dead these seven years, I should be making a song upon you for this shivility.

Gul. Your father? What was he?

Irish. A true Irish poet, my dear; he could neither read nor write. By my fet, honey, he wrote many an excellent new song——I have one of his upon Moggy Maclachlen, a young virgin in Sligo, who he fell in love with, after she had two love-begots at one time, to Squire Concannon.

Gul. I should be glad to see it, if you have it on you.

Irish. O yes, my dear creature, I always carry it

upon me.——It is in my head, honey; you shall see it in a minute—if you will give me leave to sing it.

Gul. With all my heart, cousin.

Irish. The devil burn me now, honey, if I can think of the right tune, because it never had any tune at all;—however, it will go to Larry Groghran.

Gul. By all means let's have it.

IRISHMAN *sings.*

My sweet pretty Mog, you're as soft as a bog,
And as wild as a kitten, as wild as a kitten:
Those eyes in your face—(O! pity my case)
Poor Paddy hath smitten, poor Paddy hath smitten.
Far softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,
Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is:
Your shape's like a pail; from your head to your tail,
You're straight as a wand is, you're straight as a wand is.

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
As black as the devil, as black as the devil;
Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,
Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville.
When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a goddess,
So nimble, so frisky! so nimble, so frisky!
A kiss on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek),
Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like whisky.

I grunt and I pine, like a pig or a swine,
Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel;
No rest I can take, and asleep or awake,
I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.
Your hate then give over, nor Paddy your lover
So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle;
Or Paddy must die, like a pig in a sty,
Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.

Gul. I thank you very kindly; it is a most admirable song——Well, you will be here at nine to-morrow?

Irish. You may be certain of my coming, my dear cushin.

Gul. But, hark you—be sure not to mention a word

of this affair to any person whatsoever. I would not have it get wind, lest anybody else should be applying to the gentleman.

Irish. Oh! let Paddy alone for that, my dear creature; I am too cunning to mention it to nobody but my nown shelf—Well, your servant, my dear cushin. [*Exit.*

Gul. Your servant, your servant.—We must have this fellow indented as soon as possible. He will fetch a rare price in the plantations.

Enter Mrs DOGGEREL, *and a Girl.*

Heyday! what whimsical figure is this? she seems to be of the family of the Slammekins.

Mrs Dog. Mr Office-keeper—I forget your name, though I have seen it so often in print.

Gul. Gulwell, madam——pray be seated.

Mrs Dog. I come, Mr Gulwell, to enquire after a person that can write short hand; I want an amanuensis.

Gul. An amanuensis, madam?

Mrs Dog. Yes, sir; an amanuensis to take down my ideas. They flow upon me in such torrents, that I cannot commit them to paper, a tenth part so fast as I could wish.——My name, sir, is not altogether unknown in the literary world. You have undoubtedly heard of the celebrated Mrs Slatternella Doggerel, the dramatic poetess?—Hey, have not you?

Gul. O yes, madam, ten thousand times;—though the devil fetch me if ever I heard of the name before! [*Aside.*

Mrs Dog. I have written, Mr a—a—what's your name, sir?

Girl. Gulwell, mamma, is the gentleman's name.

Mrs Dog. Ay, ay, child—I have written, Mr Culwell, no less than nine tragedies, eight comedies, seven tragi-comedies, six farces, five operas, four

masques, three oratorios, two mock-tragedies, and one tragi-comi-operatico-magico-farcico-pastoral dramatic romance; making in the whole, as Scrub says, five-and-forty.

Girl. Yes, sir, five-and-forty.

Gul. And pray, madam, how many of them have been brought upon the stage?

Mrs Dog. Not one, sir; but that is no diminution of their merit; for while the stage is under the direction of people that scribble themselves, it is no wonder they are so backward in producing the works of others. As what-do-you-call'um says in the play, "Who the devil cares for any man that has more wit than himself?"—Hey, Mr Culwell?

Gul. Very true, madam; but suppose we should beat about for a patron among the great?

Mrs Dog. A patron, quotha. Why, the very word, applied as an encourager of literary merit, is almost obsolete. You might as soon find a real patriot, as a real patron. Our great men are too much engaged in the trifles and follies of the age, to give themselves any concern about dramatic genius. Indeed, if I could submit to write a treatise on the science of gaming, a new history of peerage, or an essay on improving the breed of running horses, perhaps some of our right honourable jockies might vouchsafe to give me a recommendation to their brother jockies of the theatrical turf.

Gul. Madam, I am of opinion, that a well written pamphlet in favour of the ministry, could not fail of procuring you a patron.

Mrs Dog. And so you would have me sacrifice my conscience to interest, you strange creature, you?

Gul. Conscience! Madam! what have authors, that write for bread, to do with conscience? A learned professor in the law, though he has amassed even a ministerial fortune at the bar, will, for a few gui-

neas, prostitute his eloquence, by pleading in a bad cause; then why should not a poor devil of an author, against his conscience, brandish his pen in a political squabble, to keep himself from starving?

Mrs Dog. But what author of true genius could ever stoop to write a parcel of dull stuff about ins and outs?—No, no, depend on't, the most certain way to get my pieces on the stage, will be to go on the stage myself. Many ricketty dramatic brats have been allowed to crawl on the stage, which would never have made their theatrical appearance, if they had not been of theatrical parentage.

Gul. Madam, your observation is very just.

Mrs Dog. But pray what do you think of my person?—with a large hoop, instead of this trolloppee, should I not make a tolerably elegant figure in tragedy, nay, not to say magnificent one?

Gul. The most elegant and magnificent in the world.

Mrs Dog. I once played Belvidera with some of my city acquaintance, and got such prodigious applause, that Mr Alderman Loveturtle came waddling up to me, with a—"Madam, you have played the part so finely, that though I love good eating and drinking better than any thing in the world, I would mortify upon bread and water a whole month for the pleasure of seeing you play it again."

Gul. Madam, you are an excellent mimic.

Mrs Dog. And what has raised the reputation of some performers so much as mimicry?—But I'll give you a speech out of Belvidera's mad scene.

Gul. Madam, you will oblige me greatly.

Girl. My mamma speaks it delightfully, I assure you, sir.

Mrs Dog. Take my cap, Melpomene; I must have my hair about my ears; there is no playing a mad scene without dishevelled hair.

"Ha? look there!
"My husband bloody and his friend too! vanished!
"Here they went down:—O I'll dig, dig the den up—.
"Ho! Jaffier, Jaffier!"

Girl. Pray, don't cry, mamma—don't cry.

[*Weeps.*

Mrs Dog. Pray, Mr Gulliver, lend me your hand to help me up——Well, what do you think of this acting?

Gul. I am astonished at it——Why don't you apply to the managers?

Girl. My mamma did apply to one of them.

Mrs Dog. Yes, and spoke that very speech.

Gul. And what did he say? Was he not in raptures?

Mrs Dog. So far from it, that he did nothing all the while but titter, and he, he, he!

Girl. Yes, he did nothing but he, he, he!

Gul. Titter, and he, he, he!—[*They all force a laugh.*]—Pray, has miss any turn for the stage?

Mrs Dog. Yes, yes; I shall breed her up myself. With her own capabilities and my instructions, I don't doubt but she will make all our tragedy heroines turn pale; she will eclipse them all, I warrant her. I have already taught her the part of Sappho in my two-act tragedy of that name. Give the gentleman a speech, Melpomene.

Girl. Yes, mamma—Where shall I begin?

Mrs Dog. At "O Phaon! Phaon!"—You are to observe, sir, that all my tragedies are written in heroics; I hate your blank verse; it is but one remove from prose, and consequently not sublime enough for tragedy—Now, begin, Melly.

Girl. "O Phaon! Phaon! could my eyes impart,
The swelling throes and tumults of my heart."

Mrs Dog. "The swelling throes and tumults of my heart!" Child, you are too languid by ten thousand degrees. Your sister Calliope would speak it

abundantly better—Nay, little Clio, that is not quite three years old, could not speak it worse. Give it more energy, child—Set yourself a heaving like a tragedian out of breath. It should be spoke thus—"The swelling throes and tumults of my heart."

Girl. "The swelling throes and tumults of my heart, Thou never wouldst thy Sappho's love desert."

Mrs Dog. There's a pathetic speech for you!

Gul. Very pathetic indeed! And this little dear hath spoke it like an angel.

Mrs Dog. I'll now give you a touch of the pompous—"By hell and vengeance!" I forgot to tell you it is the turnkey's soliloquy in my tragedy of Betty Canning.

"By hell and vengeance Canning shall be mine!
Her, but with life, I never can resign.
Should Ætna bar my passage to the dame,
Headlong I'd plunge into the sulphurous flame;
Or, like the Titans, wage a war with Jove,
Rather than lose the object of my love."

Gul. Madam, this must have a fine effect. It will certainly bring the house down, whenever it is played.

Mrs Dog. You sensible creature, I must embrace you for the kind expression.—Yes, yes, it must have a fine effect, or it never would have had a run of fifty nights. I assure you, it was played no less than fifty nights by Mr Flockton's company.

Gul. Flockton's company! Pray who is Flockton?

Mrs Dog. He is master of the best company of puppets in England.

Gul. So then your piece has been played by wooden actors, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs Dog. Wooden actors! and why this sarcasm on wooden actors? Pray, sir, let me ask you, what piece is now-a-days played without wooden actors? Well, Mr a—Culpepper—

Girl. Lud! mamma, what a queer name is that! they call him Gulwell.

Mrs Dog. My dear, I knew his name begun with either Gull or Cull.——I ask your pardon, Sir; I am frequently so enveloped in thought, that I even forget my own name; I hope, therefore, you will not take it amiss, that I should not remember yours.

Gul. No apology, madam.

Mrs Dog. Well, Mr—a—Gullcatcher, if you hear of an amanuensis, pray give me the most early intelligence.

Gul. But I hope, madam, I shall not offend you in asking you how he is to be paid?

Mrs Dog. Paid? Why I really did not think of this—let me see—suppose—no, this won't do—hum—ay:—He shall have a tenth part of the profits of my future productions—He shall tythe 'em.

Gul. Madam, I feel for your young muses, and can dissemble with you no longer. Take my advice. Go immediately home, and burn all your pieces, for I am certain you will never make a shilling of them, unless you sell them for waste paper.

Mrs Dog. Waste paper? heaven and earth! such excellent compositions go for waste paper!

Girl. Waste paper, indeed! I should not have thought of waste paper.

Gul. Burn them all immediately. Give me your solemn promise to leave off scribbling, and if any place, worthy your acceptance, falls in my way, I will endeavour to fix you in it.

Mrs Dog. What! sacrifice immortality for a place! I must tell you, sir, you're an envious, impertinent, self-sufficient puppy, to presume to advise me, who have a million times your understanding.

Girl. Yes, a million times your understanding.

Mrs Dog. Waste paper! O ye gods! If I had the wealth of Crœsus, I would give it all to be revenged

on this affronting savage. [*Exit.*

Girl. Ah! you're a naughty creature to vex my poor mamma in this manner! [*Exit.*

Gul. So! this comes of my plain dealing! I am rightly served for endeavouring to wash the blackamoor white.

Enters Mrs DOGGEREL *and Girl.*

Mrs Dog. I'm returned to tell you, that I will have ample vengeance for this indignity. I will immediately set about writing a farce called the Register Office, in which I will expose your tricks, your frauds, your cheats, your impositions, your chicaneries—I'll do for you!—I'll make you repent the hour wherein you had the impudence and ill-nature to advise me to burn all my pieces—By all the gods, I'll write such a piece against you!

Then like thy fate superior will I sit,
And see thee scorned and laughed at by the pit;
I with my friends will in the gallery go,
And tread thee sinking to the shades below. [*Exit.*

Girl. And tread thee sinking to the shades below. [*Exit.*

Gul. The woman takes it mightily in dudgeon!

Enter Irishman.

Irish. My dear cushin, after I went away before, I forgot to pay for your shivility, therefore I am going to come back again to be out of your debt.

Gul. Never mind it, cousin—any other time.

Irish. Arra! I am a person of more honour than to continue in nobody's debt, when I owe him nothing. You kidnapping rascal, you was going to send me into the other world to be turned into a black negro—I had gone sure enough, but for Maccarrell O'Neil, whom I overtook, as we run against one another in your English St Patrick's church-yard

—St Paul's—Besides, if I should be taken sick, and die of a consumption to-night, you might tell me to my face, the next time I see'd you, that I stole out of the world on purpose to cheat you—There, my dear cushin.

[*Overturns the Desks, &c. &c. and beats* GULWELL *off.*

THE APPRENTICE,

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dick,	*Mr Bannister, jun.*
Wingate,	*Mr Oxberry.*
Gargle,	*Mr Jefferies.*
Simon,	*Mr Simmons.*
Charlotte,	*Miss Bristow.*

THE APPRENTICE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter WINGATE *and* SIMON.

Win. Nay, nay; but I tell you I am convinced; I know it is so: and so, friend, don't you think to trifle with me; I know you're in the plot, you scoundrel; and if you don't discover all, I'll—

Sim. Dear heart, sir, you won't give a body time.

Win. Zookers! a whole month missing, and no account of him, far or near—wounds! 'tis unaccountable—look ye, friend—don't you pretend—

Sim. Lord, sir, you're so main passionate, you won't let a body speak.

Win. Speak out then, and don't stand muttering—why don't you speak out, you blockhead?

Sim. Lord, sir, to be sure the gentleman is a fine young gentleman, and a sweet young gentleman—but, lack-a-day, sir,—how should I know any thing of him?

Win. Sirrah, I say, he could not be 'prentice to your master so long, and you live so long in one house with him, without knowing his haunts and all

his ways—and then, varlet, what brings you here to my house so often?

Sim. My master Gargle and I, sir, are so uneasy about un, that I have been running all over the town since morning to inquire for un; and so, in my way, I thought I might as well call here.

Win. A villain! to give his father all this trouble—and so you have not heard anything of him, friend?

Sim. Not a word, sir, as I hope for marcy; though, as sure as you are there, I believe I can guess what's come on un. As sure as any thing, master, the gipsies have gotten hold on un.

Win. The gipsies have got hold of him, ye blockhead! get out of the room.—Here, you Simon—

Sim. Sir—

Win. Where are you going in such a hurry?—let me see. What must be done?—a ridiculous numbskull, with his damned Cassandras, and Cloppattras, and trumpery; with his Romances and his Odyssy Pope's, and a parcel of rascals not worth a groat,—wearing stone buckles, and cocking his hat!—I never wear stone buckles—never cock my hat:—but, zookers, I'll not put myself into a passion.—Simon, do you step back to your master, my friend Gargle, and tell him I want to speak with him. Though I don't know what I should send for him for—a sly, slow, hesitating blockhead! he'll only plague me with his physical cant and his nonsense.—Why don't you go, you booby, when I bid you?

Sim. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Win. This fellow will be the death of me at last—I have been turmoiling for the fellow all the days of my life,—ay, but if the villain should deceive me, and happen to be dead—why then he tricks me out of two shillings—my money's flung into the fire—zookers, I'll not put myself in a passion—let him fol-

low his nose—'tis nothing at all to me—what care I? —what do you come back for, friend?

Re-enter SIMON.

Sim. As I was going out, sir, the post came to the door, and brought this letter.

Win. Let me see it—the gipsies have got hold of him!—ha, ha! what a pretty fellow you are!—ha, ha! why don't you step where I bid you, sirrah?

Sim. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Win. Well, well—I'm resolved, and it shall be so—I'll advertise him to-morrow morning. Let me see; he had on a silver-looped hat—I never liked those vile silver-loops—a silver-looped hat: and—and—slidikins, what signifies what he had on! I'll read my letter, and think no more about him—hey! what a plague have we here! [*mutters to himself.*]—Bristol—a—what's all this?

"Esteemed Friend,

"Last was 20th ultimo, since none of thine, which will occasion brevity. The reason of my writing to thee at present is to inform thee, that thy son came to our place with a company of strollers, who were taken up by the magistrate, and committed as vagabonds to jail."—Zookers, I'm glad of it—villain of a fellow! let him lie there.

"I'm sorry thy lad should follow such profane courses; but for the esteem I bear to thee, I have taken thy boy out of confinement, and sent him off for your city in the waggon, which left this four days ago—he is consigned to thy address; being the needful from thy friend and servant,

Ebenezer Broadbrim."

Wounds!—what did he take the fellow out for?—a scoundrel, a rascal—turned stage-player!—I'll never see the villain's face. Who comes there?

Enter SIMON.

Sim. I met my master on the way, sir; our cares are over—here he is, sir.

Win. Let him come in; and do you go down stairs, you blockhead. [*Exit* SIMON.

Enter GARGLE.

Win. So, friend Gargle, here's a fine piece of work; Dick's turned vagabond.

Gar. He must be put under proper regimen directly, sir—he arrived at my house within these ten minutes, but in such a trim—he's now below stairs—I judged it proper to leave him there till I had prepared you for his reception.

Win. Death and fire, what could put it in the villain's head to turn buffoon?

Gar. Nothing so easily accounted for—why, when he ought to be reading the Dispensatory, there was he constantly reading over plays and farces, and Shakespeare!

Win. Ay, that damned Shakespeare!—I hear the fellow was nothing but a deer-stealer in Warwickshire. Zookers, if they had hanged him out of the way, he would not now be the ruin of honest men's children. But what right had he to read Shakespeare?—I never read Shakespeare!—Wounds! I caught the rascal, myself, reading that nonsensical play of Hamblet, where the prince is keeping company with strollers, and vagabonds: a fine example, Mr Gargle!

Gar. His disorder is of the malignant kind, and my daughter has caught the infection from him—bless my heart! she was as innocent as water-gruel till he spoilt her—I found her the other night in the very fact.

Win. Zookers! you don't say so! caught her in the fact.

Gar. Ay, in the very fact of reading a play-book in bed.

Win. O, is that the fact you mean?—Is that all?—Though that's bad enough.

Gar. But I have done for my young madam; I have confined her to her room, and locked up all her books.

Win. Look ye, friend Gargle, I'll never see the villain's face: let him follow his nose, and bite the bridle.

Gar. Sir, I have found out that he went three times a week to a spouting club!

Win. A spouting club, friend Gargle?—what's a spouting club!

Gar. A meeting of 'prentices, and clerks, and giddy young men, intoxicated with plays: and so they meet in public-houses to act speeches; there they all neglect business, despise the advice of their friends, and think of nothing but to become actors.

Win. You don't say so!—a spouting club—wounds, I believe they are all mad.

Gar. Ay, mad indeed, sir. Madness is occasioned in a very extraordinary manner. The spirits flowing in particular channels,——

Win. 'Sdeath, you are as mad yourself as any of them.

Gar. And continuing to run in the same ducts,—

Win. Ducks! damn your ducks—who's below there? Tell that fellow to come up.

Gar. Dear sir, be a little cool—inflammatories may be dangerous—do pray, sir, moderate your passions.

Win. Prithee be quiet, man—I'll try what I can do—here he comes.

Enter DICK.

Dick. There's an attitude! if I had chains on, Bajazet could not do it better.

Win. Did you ever see such a fellow?

Dick. Now, my good father, what's the matter?*

Win. You have been upon your travels, have you?—you have had your frolic?—look'ye, young man, I'll not put myself in a passion:—but, death and fire, you scoundrel!—what right have you to plague me in this manner?—do you think I must fall in love with your face, because I'm your father?

Dick. A little more than kin, and less than kind.†

Win. Ha, ha!—what a pretty figure you cut now!—ha! ha!—why don't you speak, you blockhead?—have you nothing to say for yourself?

Dick. Nothing to say for yourself!—what an old prig it is!

Win. Mind me, friend—I have found you out—I see you'll never come to good.—Turn stage-player!—wounds, you'll not have an eye in your head in a month—ha! ha!—you'll have 'em knocked out of the sockets with withered apples—remember I tell you so.

Dick. A critic too!—[*whistles.*] Well said, old square-toes.

Win. Look'ye, young man—take notice of what I say: I made my own fortune, and I could do the same again. Wounds! if I were placed at the bottom of Chancery Lane, with a brush and black-ball, I'd make my own fortune again.—You read Shakespeare!—get Cocker's Arithmetic—you may buy it for a shilling on any stall——best book that ever was wrote.

Dick. Pretty well that;—ingenious, faith!—egad, the old fellow has a pretty notion of letters.

Win. Can you tell me how much is five eighths of three sixteenths of a pound—five eighths of three sixteenths of a pound—ay, ay, I see you are a blockhead.—Look'ye, young man, if you have a mind to thrive

* Hamlet. † Ditto.

in this world, study figures, and make yourself useful.—

Dick. * How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, seem to me all the uses of this world!—

Win. Mind the scoundrel now.

Gar. Do, Mr Wingate, let me speak to him—softly, softly—I'll touch him gently.——Come, come, young man, lay aside this sulky humour, and speak as becomes a son.

Dick. † O Jephtha, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Win. What does the fellow say?

Gar. He relents, sir—come, come, young man, he'll forgive—

Dick. ‡ They fool me to the top of my bent.—Gad, I'll hum 'em, to get rid of 'em—a truant disposition, good my lord. No, no, stay, that's not right; I have a better speech; § It is as you say—when we are sober, and reflect but ever so little on our follies, we are ashamed and sorry; and yet the very next minute we rush again into the very same absurdities.

Win. Well said, lad, well said—mind me, friend: commanding our own passions, and artfully taking advantage of other people's, is the sure road to wealth —death and fire! but I won't put myself in a passion: 'tis my regard for you makes me speak; and if I tell you you're a scoundrel, 'tis for your good.

Dick. Without doubt, sir. [*Stifling a laugh.*

Win. If you want any thing, you shall be provided. —Have you any money in your pocket?—ha, ha! what a ridiculous numskull you are now—ha, ha!— come, here's some money for you.—[*Pulls out his Money, and looks at it.*]—I'll give it to you another time; and so you'll mind what I say to you, and make yourself useful for the future.

* Hamlet. † Ditto. ‡ Ditto.
§ Suspicious Husband.

Dick. *Else wherefore breathe I in a Christain land!

Win. Zookers, you blockhead, you'd better stick to your business than turn buffoon, and get truncheons broke upon your arm, and be tumbling upon carpets.

Dick. † I shall, in all my best, obey you, sir.

Win. Very well, friend—very well said—you may do very well if you please; and so I'll say no more to you, but make yourself useful; and so now go and clean yourself, and make ready to go home to your business—and mind me, young man, let me see no more play-books, and let me never find that you wear a laced waistcoat, you scoundrel! what right have you to wear a laced waistcoat?—I never wore a laced waistcoat—never wore one till I was forty:—but I'll not put myself in a passion—go and change your dress, friend.

Dick. I shall, sir——

‡ I must be cruel only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.

Cocker's Arithmetic, sir?

Win. Ay, Cocker's Arithmetic—study figures, and they'll carry you through the world.

Dick. Yes, sir. [*Stifling a laugh.*] Cocker's Arithmetic. [*Exit.*

WINGATE *and* GARGLE.

Win. Let him mind me, friend Gargle, and I'll make a man of him.

Gar. Ay, sir, you know the world—the young man will do very well—I wish he were out of his time; he shall then have my daughter.

Win. Yes; but I'll touch the cash; he shan't finger it during my life.—I must keep a tight hand over

* Richard III. † Hamlet. ‡ Ditto.

him—[*Goes to the Door.*]—Do you hear, friend—mind what I say, and go home to your business immediately—friend Gargle, I'll make a man of him.

Enter DICK.

Dick. * Who called on Achmet?—did not Barbarossa require me here?

Win. What's the matter now;—Barossa! wounds! what's Barossa!—does the fellow call me names!—what makes the blockhead stand in such confusion?

Dick. That Barbarossa should suspect my truth!

Win. The fellow's stark staring mad—get out of the room, you villain—get out of the room.

Dick. Pity her woes, O mighty Barbarossa!

Gar. Come, come, young man, every thing is easy; don't spoil all again—go and change your dress, and come home to your business—nay, nay, be ruled by me. [*Thrusts him off.*

Win. I'm very peremptory, friend Gargle: if he vexes me once more, I'll have nothing to say to him—well, but now I think of it, I have Cocker's Arithmetic below stairs in the counting-house—I'll step and get it for him, and so he shall take it home with him. Friend Gargle, your servant.

Gar. Mr Wingate, a good evening to you—you'll send him home to his business.

Win. He shall follow you home directly. Five eighths of three sixteenths of a pound!—multiply the numerator by the denominator; five times sixteen is ten times eight, ten times eight is eighty, and a—a—carry one. [*Exit.*

Enter DICK *and* SIMON.

Dick. Simon, did you ever see such a queer old putt as my father?

Sim. Good enough when he is pleased, but main

* Barbarossa.

choleric: marciful! how he storms and raves! blows up like gunpowder!

Dick. His character will do for the stage, and I'll act it myself.

Sim. Lord love ye, master—I'm so glad you're come back—come, we had as good e'en gang home to my master Gargle's—

Dick. No, no, Simon, stay a moment—this is but a scurvy coat I have on, and I know my father has always some jemmy thing lock'd up in his closet—I know his ways—he takes 'em in pawn; for he'll never part with a shilling without security.

Sim. Hush! he'll hear us—stay, I believe he's coming up stairs.

Dick. [*Goes to the Door and listens.*]—No, no, no; he's going down growling and grumbling—ay, say you so! scoundrel, rascal—let him bite the bridle—six times twelve is seventy-two.—All's safe, man, never fear him—do you stand here. I shall dispatch this business in a crack.

Sim. Blessings on him! what is he about now?—why, the door is lock'd, master.

Dick. Ay, but I can easily force the lock—you shall see me do it as well as any Sir John Brute of 'em all—this right leg here is the best locksmith in England—so, so. [*Forces the Door, and goes in.*

Sim. He's at his plays again—odds my heart, he's a rare hand, he'll go through with it, I'll warrant him—old codger must not smoke that I have any concern—I must be main cautious—Lord bless his heart, he's to teach me to act Scrub.—He began with me long ago; and I got as far as the Jesuit before a went out of town.

*" *Scrub*—Coming, sir.—Lord, ma'am, I've a whole packet full of news; some say one thing, and some say another; but, for my part, ma'am, I believe he's

* Beaux Stratagem.

a Jesuit." That's main pleasant—"I believe he's a Jesuit."

Re-enter DICK.

Dick. * I have done the deed—didst thou not hear a noise?

Sim. No, master; we're all snug.

Dick. This coat will do charmingly—I have bilk'd the old fellow nicely—† In a dark corner of his cabinet I found this paper; what it is the light will shew. "I promise to pay"—ha!—"I promise to pay to Mr Moneytrap, or order, on demand"—'tis his hand—a note of his—yet more—"the sum of seven pounds fourteen shillings and seven-pence, value received by me. London, this 15th June, 1739." 'Tis wanting what should follow; his name should follow; but 'tis torn off, because the note is paid.

Sim. O lud! dear sir, you'll spoil all—I wish we were well out of the house—our best way, master, is to make off directly.

Dick. I will, I will; but first help me on with this coat. Simon, you shall be my dresser—you'll be fine and happy behind the scenes.

Sim. O lud! it will be main pleasant. I have been behind the scenes in the country, when I lived with the man that showed wild beastesses.

Dick. Hark'ye, Simon; when I am playing some deep tragedy, and ‡ cleave the general ear with horrid speech, you must stand between the scenes, and cry bitterly. [*Teaches him.*

Sim. Yes, sir.

Dick. And when I'm playing comedy, you must be ready to laugh your guts out. [*Teaches him.*] For I shall be very pleasant. Tol de rol. [*Dances.*

Sim. Never doubt me, sir.

Dick. Very well. Now run down and open the

* Macbeth. † The Mourning Bride. ‡ Hamlet.

street-door; I'll follow you in a crack.

Sim. I am gone to serve you, master.

Dick. * To serve thyself—for, look'ye, Simon, when I am manager, claim thou of me the care o'the wardrobe, with all those moveables, whereof the † property-man now stands possest.

Sim. O lud! this is charming—hush! I am gone. [*Going.*

Dick. Well, but hark'ye, Simon, come hither—— ‡ what money have you about you, Master Matthew?

Sim. But a tester, sir.

Dick. A tester!——that's something of the least, Master Matthew,—lets see it.

Sim. You have had fifteen sixpences now—

Dick. Never mind that—I'll pay you all at my benefit.

Sim. I don't doubt that, master—but mum. [*Exit.*

DICK, *solus.*

§ Thus far we run before the wind.—An apothecary!—make an apothecary of me!—|| what, cramp my genius over a pestle and mortar, or mew me up in a shop with an alligator stuffed, and a beggarly account of empty boxes!—to be culling simples, and constantly adding to the bills of mortality.—No! no! it will be much better to be pasted up in capitals, the part of Romeo by a young gentleman, who never appeared on any stage before!—my ambition fires at the thought—but hold,—mayn't I run some chance of failing in my attempt—hissed,—pelted,—laughed at,—not admitted into the green-room—that will never do—¶ down, busy devil, down, down.—Try it

* Richard III.

† The property-man, in the play-house phrase, is the person who gives truncheons, daggers, &c. to the actors, as occasion requires.

‡ Every Man in his humour.

§ Richard III.

|| Romeo and Juliet.

¶ Venice Preserved.

again.—Loved by the women, envied by the men, applauded by the pit, clapped by the gallery, admired by the boxes. "Dear colonel, is not he a charming creature?"—"my lord, don't you like him of all things?"—"makes love like an angel!"—"what an eye he has!—fine legs!"—"I'll certainly go to his benefit."—Celestial sounds!—and then I'll get in with all the painters, and have myself put up in every print-shop—in the character of Macbeth! "this is a sorry sight." [*Stands in an attitude*] In the character of Richard—"give me another horse, bind up my wounds."—This will do rarely—and then I have a chance of getting well married—O glorious thought! —* By heaven I will enjoy it, though but in fancy —but what's o'clock?—it must be almost nine. I'll away at once; this is club-night.—'Egad I'll go to 'em for a-while – the spouters are all met—little they think I'm in town—they'll be surprised to see me—off I go, and then for my assignation with my master Gargle's daughter—poor Charlotte! she's locked up, but I shall find means to settle matters for her escape—she's a pretty theatrical genius—if she flies to my arms like a hawk to its perch, it will be so rare an adventure, and so dramatic an incident;—

†Limbs, do your office, and support me well;
Bear me but to her, then fail me if you can.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Discovers the Spouting Club, President and Members seated, and roaring out,* Bravo! *while one stands at a distance repeating—*

1 *Mem.* Cursed be your senate, cursed your con-

* Tamerlane. † The Orphan.

stitution; the curse of growing factions and divisions still vex your councils.*

2 *Mem.* Don't you think his action a little confined?

1 *Mem.* Psha! you blockhead, don't you know that I'm in chains?

2 *Mem.* Blockhead, say ye?—was not I the first that took compassion on you, when you lay like a sneaking fellow under the counter, and swept your master's shop in a morning? when you read nothing but the Young Man's Pocket Companion, or the True Clerk's Vade Mecum, did not I put Chrononhotonthologos in your hand?

Presi. Come, gentlemen, let us have no disputes; —but come,† we'll fill a measure the table round—now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both. Come, give us a speech.

All. Huzza, huzza, huzza!

Presi. Come, gentlemen, let us have no quarrels.

All. Huzza, huzza!—

Scotch. Come, now I'll gi'e you a touch of Mocbeeth.—

Presi. That will be rare. Come, let's have it.—

Scotch. What dost lier at, mon?—I have had muckle applause at Edinburgh, when I enacted in the Reegiceede,—and I now intend to do Mocbeeth—I see'd the dagger yesterneet, and I thought I shou'd ha'e killed every ane that cam' in my way.—

Irish. Stand out of the way, lads, and you'll see me give a touch of Othollo, my dear—[*takes the cork and burns it, and blacks his face.*] The devil burn the cork—it would not do it fast enough.

1 *Mem.* Here, here, I'll lend you a helping hand. [*Blacks him.*

[*Knocking at the door.*]

* Venice Preserved.
† Macbeth.

Presi. * Open locks, whoever knocks.—

Enter DICK.

Dick. † How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags?—what is't ye do?

All. Ha! the genius come to town—huzza! huzza—the genius—

Dick. How fare the honest partners of my heart? —Jack Hopeless, give us your hand—Guilderstern, yours—ha! Rosencross—gentlemen, I rejoice to see ye—but come, the news, the news of the town!—has any thing been damned?—any new performers this winter?—how often has Romeo and Juliet been acted?—come, my bucks, inform me, I want news.— ‡ What bloody scene has Roscius now to act?— § Arrah, my dear cousin Macshane, won't you put a remembrance upon me?—

Irish. Ow! but is it mocking you are?—look'ye, my dear, if you'd be taking me off—don't you call it taking off!—by my shoul I'd be making you take yourself off—what? if you're for being obstropolous, I would not matter you three skips of a flea.

Dick. Nay, prithee, no offence—I hope we shall be brother players.

Irish. Ow! then we'd be very good friends; for you know two of a trade can never agree, my dear.

Dick. What do you intend to appear in?

Irish. Othollo, my dear; let me alone; you'll see how I'll bodder 'em—though by my shoul, myshelf does not know but I'd be frightened when every thing is in a hub-bub, and nothing to be heard, but "throw him over"—"over with him"—"off, off, off the stage" —"music"—"won't y' ha' some orange-chips"— "won't ye ha' some nonpareills?"—Ow!—but may be the dear craturs in the boxes will be lucking at

* Macbeth. † Ditto.
‡ Richard III. § Stratagem.

my legs—ow! to be sure—the devil burn the luck they'll give 'em.—

Dick. I shall certainly laugh in the fellow's face.

Scotch. Stay till you hear me give a speecimen of elocution.

Dick. What, with that impediment, sir?

Scotch. Impeediment! what impeediment? I do not leesp—do I!—I do not squeent—I am well leem'd, am I not?—

Irish. By my shoul, if you go to that, I am as well timber'd myself as any of them, and shall make a figure in genteel and top comedy.—

Scotch. I'll give you a speecimen of Mocbeeth.

Irish. Make haste, then, and I'll begin Othollo.

Scotch. Is this a degger that I see before me, &c.

Irish. [*Collaring him*]. * Willain, be sure you prove my love a whore, &c.

[*Another Member comes forward with his face powdered, and a pipe in his hand.*

—I am thy father's spirit, Hamlet—

Dick. Po! prithee! you're not fat enough for a ghost.

Mem. I intend to make my first appearance in it for all that, only I'm puzzled about one thing—I want to know, when I come on first, whether I should make a bow to the audience?

[*Watch behind the Scenes; past five o'clock, cloudy morning.*

Dick. Hey! past five o'clock—'sdeath, I shall miss my appointment with Charlotte—I have staid too long, and shall lose my proselyte—come, let us adjourn. † We'll scower the watch—confusion to morality—I wish the constable were married—huzza, huzza— [*Exit singing.*

All. Huzza, huzza! [*Exeunt.*

* Venice Preserved. † Sir John Brute.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter a Watchman.

Past five o'clock, cloudy morning. Mercy on us —all mad, I believe, in this house—they're at this trade three nights in the week, I think—past five o'clock, a cloudy morning.

All. Huzza! [*Without.*

Watch. What in the name of wonder are they all at?

Hurra! hurra! [*without*] *Enter the Spouters.*

Dick. * Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

1 *Mem.* † By heavens! I'll tear you joint by joint, and strew this hungry church-yard with your limbs.

Dick. ‡ Avaunt! and quit my sight—thy bones are marrowless—there's no speculation in those eyes that thou dost glare withal.

Watch. Prithee don't disturb the peace.

A Mem. § Be sure you write him down an ass.

Dick. || Be alive again, and dare me to the desart with thy pole,—take any shape but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble.

Watch. Soho! soho!

Enter Watchmen from all parts, some drunk, some coughing, &c.

2 *Watch.* What's the matter there?—

1 *Watch.* Here are the disturbers of the peace—I charge 'em all—

Dick. ¶ Unmanner'd slave, advance your halbert higher than my breast, or, by St Paul, I'll strike

* Hamlet. † Romeo. ‡ Macbeth.
§ Much ado about Nothing. || Macbeth. ¶ Richard.

thee down, and spurn thee, beggar, for this insolence.

[*They fight,* DICK *is knocked down.* *Exeunt Watchmen fighting the rest.*

Dick. * I have it; it will do;—'egad, I'll make my escape now—O I am Fortune's fool. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Watchmen, &c.

Watch. Come, bring 'em along—

1 *Mem.* † Good ruffians, hold awhile—

2 *Mem.* ‡ I am unfortunate, but not ashamed of being so.

Watch. Come, come, bring 'em along. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DICK, *with a Lanthorn and a Ladder.*

All's quiet here; the coast's clear;—now for my adventure with Charlotte—this ladder will do rarely for the business—though it would be better, if it were a ladder of ropes—but hold; have not I seen something like this on the stage?—yes I have, in some of the entertainments—ay, § I remember an apothecary, and hereabout he dwells—this is my master Gargle's;—being dark, the beggar's shop is shut—what, ho! apothecary!——but soft,——what light breaks through yonder window—it is the east, and Juliet is the sun; arise, fair sun, &c.

Char. Who's there? my Romeo?

Dick. The same, my love, if it not thee displease.

Char. Hush! not so loud, you'll waken my father.

Dick. || Alas! there's more peril in thy eye.

Char. Nay, but prithee now—I tell you you'll spoil all—what made you stay so long?

* Romeo. † Revenge. ‡ Oroonoko.
§ Romeo. || Romeo.

Dick. * Chide not, my fair, but let the god of love laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart.

Char. As I am a living soul, you'll ruin every thing; be but quiet, and I'll come down to you.

Dick. No, no, not so fast—Charlotte—let us act the garden scene first.

Char. A fiddlestick for the garden scene.

Dick. Nay, then I'll act Ranger—up I go, neck or nothing.

Char. Dear heart, you're enough to frighten a body out of one's wits—don't come up—I tell you there's no occasion for the ladder—I have settled every thing with Simon, and he's to let me through the shop, when he opens it.

Dick. Well, but I tell you I would not give a farthing for it without the ladder, and so, up I go. If it was as high as the garret I should mount.

Enter SIMON *at the Door.*

Sim. Sir, sir, madam, madam—

Dick. Prithee be quiet, Simon—I am ascending the high top-gallant of my joy.

Sim. An't please you, master, my young mistress may come through the shop—I am going to sweep it out, and she may escape that way fast enow.

Char. That will do purely—and so do you stay where you are, and prepare to receive me.

[*Exit from above.*

Dick. No, no, but that won't take—you shan't hinder me from going through my part [*goes up*]. † A woman, by all that's lucky—neither old nor crooked—in I go—[*goes in.*] and for fear of the pursuit of the family, I'll make sure of the ladder.

Sim. Hist! hist! master—leave that there, to save me from being suspected.

Dick. With all my heart, Simon. [*Exit from above.*

* Fair Penitent. † Suspicious Husband.

Simon [*alone*]. Lord love him, how comical he is!—" it will be fine for me, when we're playing the fool together, to call him brother Martin. * Brother Martin!

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. O lud! I'm frighted out of my wits, where is he?—

Sim. He's a coming, ma'am—[*calls to him,*] Brother Martin.

Enter DICK.

Dick. † Cuckold him, ma'am, by all means—I'm your man.

Char. Well now, I protest and vow, I wonder how you can serve a body so—feel with what a pit-a-pat action my heart beats.

Dick. ‡ 'Tis an alarm to love—quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms, &c.

[*Watchman behind the Scenes; past six o'clock, and a cloudy morning.*

Char. Dear heart, don't let us stand fooling here—as I live and breathe we shall both be taken—do, for heaven's sake, let us make our escape.

Sim. Heavens bless the couple of 'em; but mum.

[*Exit, and shuts the door after him.*

Enter Bailiff and his Follower.

Bail. That's he yonder, as sure as you're alive—ay, it is—and he has been about some mischief here.

Follow. No, no, that an't he—that one wears a laced coat—though I can't say—as sure as a gun, it is he.

Bail. Ay, I smoked him at once—do you run that way and stop at the bottom of Catherine Street; I'll

* Stratagem. † Suspicious Husband.
‡ Old Bachelor.

go up Drury Lane, and between us both, it will be odds if we miss him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Watchman.

Watch. Past six o'clock, and a cloudy morning.—Hey-day! what's here, a ladder, at master Gargle's window?—I must alarm the family—ho! master Gargle. [*Knocks at the door.*

Gargle [*above*]. What's the matter?—how comes this window to be open?—ha!—a ladder!—who's below there?

Watch. I hope you an't robbed, master Gargle?—as I was going my rounds, I found your window open.

Gar. I fear this is some of that young dog's tricks—take away the ladder; I must inquire into all this. [*Exit.*

Enter SIMON, *like* SCRUB.

Sim. *Thieves! murder! thieves! popery!

Watch. What's the matter with the fellow?

Sim. Spare all I have, and take my life.

Watch. Any mischief in the house?

Sim. They broke in with fire and sword—they'll be here this minute—five-and-forty—this will do charmingly—my young master taught me this. [*Aside.*

Watch. What, are there thieves in the house?

Sim. With sword and pistol, sir,—five-and-forty.

Watch. Nay, then 'tis time for me to go,—for, mayhap, I may come to ha' the worst on't. [*Exit Watchman.*

Enter GARGLE.

Gar. Dear heart! dear heart---she's gone, she's gone—my daughter! my daughter!—what's the fellow in such a fright for?

* *Vide* Stratagem.

Sim. Down on your knees—down on your marrowbones—this will make him think I know nothing of the matter—bless his heart for teaching me—down on your marrowbones.

Gar. Get up, you fool, get up—dear heart, I'm all in a fermentation.

Enter WINGATE, *reading a Newspaper.*

Win. So, friend Gargle,--you're up early, I see—nothing like rising early—nothing to be got by lying in bed, like a lubberly fellow—what's the matter with you? ha! ha! you look like a—ha! ha!—

Gar. O—no wonder—my daughter, my daughter!

Win. Your daughter!—what signifies a foolish girl?

Gar. Oh dear heart! dear heart!—out of the window.

Win. Fallen out of the window!—well, she was a woman, and 'tis no matter—if she's dead, she's provided for.—Here, I found the book—could not meet with it last night.—Here, friend Gargle, take the book, and give it that scoundrel of a fellow.

Gar. Lord, sir, he's returned to his tricks.

Win. Returned to his tricks!—what,—broke loose again?

Gar. Ay, and carried off my daughter with him.

Win. Carried off your daughter—how did the rascal contrive that?

Gar. Oh, dear sir,—the watch alarmed us awhile ago, and I found a ladder at the window—so I suppose my young madam made her escape that way.

Win. Wounds! what business had the fellow with your daughter?

Gar. I wish I had never taken him into my house—he may debauch the poor girl.

Win. And suppose he does—she's a woman, an't she?—ha! ha! friend Gargle, ha! ha!

Gar. Dear sir, how can you talk thus to a man distracted?

Win. I'll never see the fellow's face.

Sim. Secrets! secrets! *

Win. What, are you in the secret, friend?

Sim. To be sure, there be secrets in all families—but, for my part, I'll not speak a word pro or con, till there's a peace.

Win. You won't speak, sirrah!—I'll make you speak—do you know nothing of this, numskull?

Sim. Who I, sir?—he came home last night from your house, and went out again directly.

Win. You saw him then—

Sim. Yes, sir—saw him to be sure, sir—he made me open the shop-door for him—he stopped on the threshold, and pointed at one of the clouds, and asked me if it was not like an Ouzel? †

Win. Like an Ouzel—wounds! what's an Ouzel?

Gar. And the young dog came back in the dead of night to steal away my daughter.

Win. I'll tell you what, friend Gargle—I'll think no more of the fellow—let him bite the bridle—I'll go mind my business, and not miss an opportunity.

Enter a Porter.

Win. Who are you, pray?—what do you want?

Por. Is one Mr Gargle here?

Gar. Yes—who wants him?

Por. Here's a letter for you.

Gar. Let me see it. O dear heart!—[*Reads*] To Mr Gargle, at the Pestle and Mortar—slidikins, this is a letter from that unfortunate young fellow.

Win. Let me see it, Gargle.

Gar. A moment's patience, good Mr Wingate, and this may unravel all—[*Reads.*]—poor young man!—his brain is certainly turned—I can't make head or tail of it.

* *Vide* Stratagem. † Hamlet.

Win. Ha! ha!—you're a pretty fellow—give it me, man—I'll make it out for you—'tis his hand, sure enough. [*Reads*].

"To Mr Gargle, &c.

"Most potent, grave,* and reverend doctor, my very noble and approved good master, that I have ta'en away your daughter it is most true, true I will marry her;—† 'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."—What in the name of common sense is all this? "‡ I have done your shop some service, and you know it; no more of that—§ yet I could wish, that at this time I had not been this thing"—what can the fellow mean?—"for time ‖ may have yet one fated hour to come, which, winged with liberty, may overtake occasion past."—Overtake occasion past!"—no, no, time and tide waits for no man—"¶ I expect redress from thy noble sorrows—thine and my poor country's ever,

R. Wingate."

Mad as a march hare! I have done with him—let him stay till the shoe pinches, a crack-brained numskull!

Por. An't please ye, sir, I fancies the gentleman is a little beside himself—he took hold un me here by the collar, and called me villain, ** and bid me prove his wife a whore—lord help him, I never see'd the gentleman's spouse in my born days before.

Gar. Is she with him now?

Por. I believe so—there's a likely young woman with him, all in tears.

Gar. My daughter, to be sure.

Win. Let the fellow go and be hanged—wounds! I would not go the length of my arm to save the vil-

* Othello. † Hamlet. ‡ Othello. § Mourning Bride. ‖ Mourning Bride. ¶ Venice Preserved. ** Othello.

lain from the gallows. Where was he, friend, when he gave you this letter?

Por. I fancy, master, the gentleman's under troubles—I brought it from a spunging-house.

Win. From a spunging house!

Por. Yes, sir, in Gray's Inn Lane.

Win. Let him lie there, let him lie there—I am glad of it—

Gar. Do, my dear sir, let us step to him.

Win. No, not I, let him stay there——this it is to have a genius—ha! ha! a genius!—ha! ha!—a genius is a fine thing indeed!—ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Gar. Poor man! he has certainly a fever on his spirits—do you step in with me, honest man, till I slip on my coat, and then I'll go after this unfortunate boy.

Por. Yes, sir,—'tis in Gray's Inn Lane. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Spunging-House,* DICK *and Bailiff at a Table, and* CHARLOTTE *sitting in a disconsolate manner by him.*

Bail. Here's my service to you, young gentleman—don't be uneasy—the debt is not much—why do you look so sad?

Dick. Because * captivity has robbed me of a just and dear diversion.

Bail. Never look sulky at me—I never use any body ill—come, it has been many a good man's lot—here's my service to you—but we've no liquor—come, we'll have t'other bowl.

Dick. † I've now not fifty ducats in the world—yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.

Bail. What do you say?—you've fifty shillings, I hope.

Dick. ‡ Now, thank heaven! I'm not worth a groat.

* Mourning Bride. † Venice Preserved. ‡ Ditto.

Bail. Then there's no credit here, I can tell you that—you must get bail, or go to Newgate—who do you think is to pay house-rent for you?—you see your friends won't come near you—they've all answered in the old cant—"I've promised my wife never to be bail for any body;"—or, "I've sworn not to do it,"—or, "I'd lend you the money if I had it, but desire to be excused from bailing any man."—The porter you just now sent will bring the same answer, I warrant.—Such poverty-struck devils as you shan't stay in my house—you shall go to quod, I can tell you that. [*Knocking at the door.*

Bail. Coming, coming, I am coming—I shall lodge you in Newgate, I promise you, before night—not worth a groat!—you're a fine fellow to stay in a man's house—you shall go to quod. [*Exit.*

Dick. Come, clear up, Charlotte, never mind this—come, now—let us act the prison-scene in the Mourning Bride.

Char. How can you think of acting speeches, when we're in such distress?

Dick. Nay, but my dear angel—

Enter WINGATE *and* GARGLE.

Gar. Hush! do, dear sir, let us listen to him—I dare say he repents.

Win. Wounds!—what clothes are those the fellow has on?—zookers, the scoundrel has robbed me.

Dick. Come, now we'll practice an attitude—how many of 'em have you?

Char. Let me see,—one—two—three—and then in the fourth act, and then—O gemini, I have ten at least.

Dick. That will do swimmingly—I've a round dozen myself—come, now begin—you fancy me dead, and I think the same of you—now mind.

[*They stand in attitudes.*

Win. Only mind the villain.

Dick. O thou soft fleeting form of Lindamira!

Char. * Illusive shade of my beloved lord!

Dick. † She lives, she speaks, and we shall still be happy.

Win. You lie, you villain, you shan't be happy. [*Knocks him down.*

Dick. [*On the ground.*] ‡ Perdition catch your arm, the chance is thine.

Gar. So, my young madam—I have found you again.

Dick. § Capulet, forbear; Paris, let loose your hold —she is my wife—our hearts are twin'd together.

Win. Sirrah! villain! I'll break every bone in your body. [*Strikes.*

Dick. ‖ Parents have flinty hearts, no tears can move 'em: children must be wretched.

Win. Get off the ground, you villain; get off the ground.

Dick. 'Tis a pity there are no scene-drawers to lift me.

Win. A scoundrel, to rob your father; you rascal, I've a mind to break your head.

Dick. ¶ What, like this? [*takes off his Wig, and shews two patches on his Head.*]

Win. 'Tis mighty well, young man—zookers! I made my own fortune; and I'll take a boy out of the Blue-coat Hospital, and give him all I have.—Lookye here, friend Gargle.—You know I'm not a hard-hearted man—the scoundrel, you know, has robbed me; so, d'ye see, I won't hang him,—I'll only transport the fellow—and so, Mr Catchpole, you may take him to Newgate.

Gar. Well, but, dear sir, you know I always intended to marry my daughter into your family; and

* Romeo and Juliet. † Ditto. ‡ Richard III.
§ Romeo. ‖ Romeo and Juliet. ¶ Barbarossa.

if you let the young man be ruined, my money must all go into another channel.

Win. How's that?—into another channel!—must not lose the handling of his money—why, I told you, friend Gargle, I'm not a hard-hearted man. Ha! ha! —why, if the blockhead would but get as many crabbed physical words from Hippocrites and Allen, as he has from his nonsensical trumpery,—ha! ha!—I don't know between you and I, but he might pass for a very good physician.

Dick. * And must I leave thee, Juliet?

Char. Nay, but prithee now have done with your speeches—you see we are brought to the last distress, and so you had better make it up. [*Aside to* DICK.

Dick. Why, for your sake, my dear, I could almost find in my heart—Sir, you shall find for the future, that we'll both endeavour to give you all the satisfaction in our power.

Win. Very well, that's right.

Dick. And since we don't go on the stage, 'tis some comfort that the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.

Some play the upper, some the under parts,
And most assume what's foreign to their hearts;
Thus life is but a tragi-comic jest,
And all is farce and mummery at best.

* Romeo and Juliet.

THE CRITIC;

OR,

A TRAGEDY REHEARSED.

A

DRAMATIC PIECE,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

R. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr Dangle.
Sneer.
Sir Fretful Plagiary.
Puff.

Characters in the Armada.

Sir Walter Raleigh.
Sir Christopher Hatton.
Governor.
Earl of Leicester.
Don Whiskerandos.
Beef Eater.
Thames and Banks.

Mrs Dangle.

Characters in the Armada.

Tilburina.
Confidant.
Two Nieces.

Italian Family, Interpreter, Justice, Son, Justices Lady, Constables, &c.

THE

CRITIC.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Mr and Mrs* DANGLE *at Breakfast, and reading Newspapers.*

DANGLE *(reading.)*

"Brutus to Lord North."—"Letter the Second on the State of the Army."—Pshaw! "To the first L— dash D of the A— dash Y."—"Genuine Extract of a Letter from St Kitt's."—"Coxheath Intelligence." —"It is now confidently asserted, that Sir Charles Hardy"—Pshaw!—Nothing but about the fleet and the nation!—and I hate all politics but theatrical politics.—Where's the Morning Chronicle?

Mrs D. Yes, that's your Gazette.

Dan. So, here we have it.—

"*Theatrical intelligence extraordinary.*"—

"We hear there is a new tragedy in rehearsal at Drury-lane theatre, called the Spanish Armada, said to be written by Mr Puff, a gentleman well known in the theatrical world: if we may allow ourselves to

give credit to the report of the performers, who, truth to say, are in general but indifferent judges, this piece abounds with the most striking and received beauties of modern composition."—So! I am very glad my friend Puff's tragedy is in such forwardness. Mrs Dangle, my dear, you will be very glad to hear that Puff's tragedy——

Mrs D. Lord, Mr Dangle, why will you plague me about such nonsense?—Now the plays are begun, I shall have no peace.—Isn't it sufficient to make yourself ridiculous by your passion for the theatre, without continually teazing me to join you? Why can't you ride your hobby-horse without desiring to place me on a pillion behind you, Mr Dangle?

Dan. Nay, my dear, I was only going to read—

Mrs D. No, no; you will never read any thing that's worth listening to: you hate to hear about your country; there are letters every day with Roman signatures, demonstrating the certainty of an invasion, and proving that the nation is utterly undone. But you never will read any thing to entertain one.

Dan. What has a woman to do with politics, Mrs Dangle?

Mrs D. And what have you to do with the theatre, Mr Dangle? Why should you affect the character of a critic? I have no patience with you!—haven't you made yourself the jest of all your acquaintance by your interference in matters where you have no business? Are not you called a theatrical Quidnunc, and a mock Mæcenas to second-hand authors?

Dan. True; my power with the managers is pretty notorious; but is it no credit to have applications from all quarters for my interest? From lords to recommend fiddlers, from ladies to get boxes, from authors to get answers, and from actors to get engagements?

Mrs D. Yes, truly; you have contrived to get a share in all the plague and trouble of theatrical property, without the profit, or even the credit of the abuse that attends it.

Dan. I am sure, Mrs Dangle, you are no loser by it, however; you have all the advantages of it: mightn't you, last winter, have had the reading of the new Pantomime a fortnight previous to its performance? And doesn't Mr Fosbrook let you take places for a play before it is advertised, and set you down for a box for every new piece through the season? And didn't my friend, Mr Smatter, dedicate his last farce to you at my particular request, Mrs Dangle?

Mrs D. Yes; but wasn't the farce damned, Mr Dangle? And to be sure it is extremely pleasant to have one's house made the motley rendezvous of all the lackeys of literature: the very high change of trading authors and jobbing critics! Yes, my drawing-room is an absolute register-office for candidate actors, and poets without character; then to be continually alarmed with Misses and Ma'ams piping hysteric changes on Juliets and Dorindas, Pollys and Ophelias; and the very furniture trembling at the probationary starts and unprovoked rants of would-be Richards and Hamlets! And what is worse than all, now that the manager has monopolized the opera-house, haven't we the Signors and Signoras calling here, sliding their smooth semi-breves, and gargling glib divisions in their outlandish throats—with foreign emissaries and French spies, for ought I know, disguised like fiddlers and figure dancers!

Dan. Mercy! Mrs Dangle!

Mrs D. And to employ yourself so idly at such an alarming crisis as this too—when, if you had the least spirit, you would have been at the head of one of the Westminster associations, or trailing a volunteer pike in the Artillery Ground!—But you—o'my

conscience, I believe if the French were landed to-morrow, your first enquiry would be, whether they had brought a theatrical troop with them.

Dan. Mrs Dangle, it does not signify—I say the stage is "the Mirror of Nature," and the actors are "the Abstract, and brief Chronicles of the Time:"—and pray what can a man of sense study better? Besides, you will not easily persuade me that there is no credit or importance in being at the head of a band of critics, who take upon them to decide for the whole town, whose opinion and patronage all writers solicit, and whose recommendation no manager dares refuse!

Mrs D. Ridiculous!—Both managers and author of the least merit laugh at your pretensions. Th public is their critic—without whose fair approbatio they know no play can rest on the stage, and with whose applause they welcome such attacks as yours and laugh at the malice of them, where they can't at the wit.

Dan. Very well, madam—very well.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr Sneer, sir, to wait on you.

Dan. O, shew Mr Sneer up. [*Exit Servant.*] Plague now we must appear loving and affectionate, or r will hitch us into a story.

Mrs D. With all my heart; you can't be mor diculous than you are.

Dan. You are enough to provoke——

Enter Mr Sneer.

Ha! my dear Sneer, I am vastly glad to see My dear, here's Mr Sneer.

Mrs D. Good morning to you, sir.

Dan. Mrs Dangle and I have been diverting o selves with the papers.—Pray, Sneer, won't you Drury-lane theatre the first night of Puff's trage

Sneer. Yes; but I suppose one shan't be able to get in, for on the first night of a new piece they always fill the house with orders to support it. But here, Dangle, I have brought you two pieces, one of which you must exert yourself to make the managers accept, I can tell you that, for 'tis written by a person of consequence.

Dan. So! now my plagues are beginning.

Sneer. Aye, I am glad of it, for now you'll be happy. Why, my dear Dangle, it is a pleasure to see how you enjoy your volunteer fatigue, and your solicited solicitations.

Dan. It's a great trouble; yet, egad, it's pleasant too. Why, sometimes of a morning, I have a dozen people call on me at breakfast time, whose faces I never saw before, nor ever desire to see again.

Sneer. That must be very pleasant indeed!

Dan. And not a week but I receive fifty letters, and not a line in them about any business of my own.

Sneer. An amusing correspondence!

Dan. [*Reading.*] " Bursts into tears, and exit."— What, is this a tragedy?

Sneer. No, that's a genteel comedy, not a translation—only *taken from the French*; it is written in a stile which they have lately tried to run down; the true sentimental, and nothing ridiculous in it from the beginning to the end.

Mrs D. Well, if they had kept to that, I should not have been such an enemy to the stage; there was some edification to be got from those pieces, Mr Sneer.

Sneer. I am quite of your opinion, Mrs Dangle; the theatre, in proper hands, might certainly be made the school of morality; but now, I am sorry to say it, people seem to go there principally for their entertainment.

Mrs D. It would have been more to the credit of the managers to have kept it in the other line.

Sneer. Undoubtedly, madam, and hereafter perhaps to have had it recorded, that in the midst of a luxurious and dissipated age, they preserved *two* houses in the capital, where the conversation was always moral at least, if not entertaining!

Dan. Now, egad, I think the worst alteration is in the nicety of the audience. No double entendre, no smart inuendo admitted; even Vanburgh and Congreve obliged to undergo a bungling reformation!

Sneer. Yes, and our prudery in this respect is just on a par with the artificial bashfulness of a courtezan, who increases the blush upon her cheek in an exact proportion to the diminution of her modesty.

Dan. Sneer can't even give the public a good word! But what have we here? This seems a very odd—

Sneer. O, that's a comedy, on a very new plan; replete with wit and mirth, yet of a most serious moral! You see it is called "The Reformed Housebreaker;" where, by the mere force of humour, housebreaking is put into so ridiculous a light, that if the piece has its proper run, I have no doubt but that bolts and bars will be entirely useless by the end of the season.

Dan. Egad, this is new indeed!

Sneer. Yes; it is written by a particular friend of mine, who has discovered that the follies and foibles of society, are subjects unworthy the notice of the comic muse, who should be taught to stoop only at the greater vices and blacker crimes of humanity—gibbeting capital offences in five acts, and pillorying petty larcenies in two. In short, his idea is to dramatize the penal laws, and make the stage a court of ease to the Old Bailey.

Dan. It is truly moral.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dan. Beg him to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Mrs Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs D. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because every body else abuses him.

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dan. But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself; that's the truth on't—though he's my friend.

Sneer. Never.—He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty: and then, the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dan. Very true, egad—though he's my friend.

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism; yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dan. There's no denying it—though he is my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dan. O yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dan. Why, between ourselves, egad I must own—though he's my friend—that it is one of the most—He's here [*Aside*]—finished and most admirable perform——

[*Sir* Fretful, *without.*] Mr Sneer with him, did you say?

Enter Sir FRETFUL.

Ah, my dear friend!—Egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy.——Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. You never did any thing beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

Sir F. You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do your's, and Dangle's.

Mrs D. They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that——

Dan. Mrs Dangle!—Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs Dangle.—My friend Sneer was rallying just now. He knows how she admires you, and——

Sir F. O Lord, I am sure Mr Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—A damned double-faced fellow! [*Aside.*

Dan. Yes, yes, Sneer will jest; but a better humoured—

Sir F. O, I know—

Dan. He has a ready turn for ridicule—his wit costs him nothing.

Sir F. No, egad—or I should wonder how he came by it. [*Aside.*

Mrs D. Because his jest is always at the expence of his friend.

Dan. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet?—or can I be of any service to you?

Sir F. No, no, I thank you; I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it. I thank you though—I sent it to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre this morning.

Sneer. I should have thought now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it) better at Drury Lane.

Sir F. O lud! no—never send a play there while I live—harkee! [*Whispers* SNEER.

Sneer. *Writes himself!*—I know he does—

Sir F. I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I say nothing—but this I will say—through all my knowledge of life, I have observed, that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

Sneer. I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir F. Besides—I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

Sneer. What, they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary?

Sir F. Steal!—to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them, to make 'em pass for their own.

Sneer. But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene; and HE, you know, never——

Sir F. That's no security. A dexterous plagiarist may do any thing. Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

Sneer. That might be done, I dare be sworn.

Sir F. And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole.—

Dan. If it succeeds.

Sir F. Aye; but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman; for I can safely swear he never read it.

Sneer. I'll tell you how you may hurt him more—

Sir F. How?

Sneer. Swear he wrote it.

Sir F. Plague on't now, Sneer, I shall take it ill.—

I believe you want to take away my character as an author!

Sneer. Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me.

Sir F. Hey!—sir!—

Dan. O you know, he never means what he says.

Sir F. Sincerely then—you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir F. But, come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dan. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to——

Sir F. With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious!—but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of shewing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir F. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. Good God! you surprise me!—wants incident!—

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. Good God! believe me, Mr Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference; but I protest to you, Mr Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—— My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dan. Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in

my life. If I might venture to suggest any thing, it is, that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dan. No; I don't, upon my word.

Sir F. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you—no, no—it don't fall off.

Dan. Now, Mrs Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs D. No, indeed, I did not—I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir F. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs D. Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir F. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs D. O lud! no.—I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir F. Then I am very happy——very happy indeed—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play.—I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs D. Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir F. O, if Mr Dangle read it! that's quite another affair!—but I assure you, Mrs Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and an half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs D. I hope to see it on the stage next.

Dan. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to

get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.—

Sir F. The newspapers!—sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal——not that I ever read them; no—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dan. You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir F. No!—quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric. I like it of all things.—An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Mr Sneer. Why, that's true; and that attack now on you the other day——

Sir F. What? where?

Dan. Aye, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured to be sure.

Sir F. O, so much the better——ha, ha, ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dan. Certainly it is only to be laughed at; for—

Sir F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

Sir F. O lud, no! Anxious—not I—not the least. I—but one may as well hear, you know.

Dan. Sneer, do *you* recollect?——make out something. [*Aside.*

Sneer. I will. [*To* Dangle.] Yes, yes; I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention, or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha!—very good!

Sneer. That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common-place book—where stray jokes, and pilfered witticisms, are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha!—very pleasant!

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste;—but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir F. Ha, ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir F. Ha, ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your stile, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F. Ha!——

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface, like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!—

Sir F. [*After great agitation.*] Now another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F. I know it—I *am* diverted—ha, ha, ha!—

not the least invention! ha, ha, ha! very good!—very good?

Sneer. Yes—no genius! ha, ha, ha!

Dan. A severe rogue! ha, ha, ha! but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir F. To be sure—for if there is any thing to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse,—why, one is always sure to hear of it from one damn'd good-natured friend or another!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there is an Italian gentleman with a French interpreter, and three young ladies, and a dozen musicians, who say they are sent by Lady Rondeau and Mrs Fuge.

Dan. Gadso! they come by appointment. Dear Mrs Dangle, do let them know I'll see them directly.

Mrs D. You know, Mr Dangle, I shan't understand a word they say.

Dan. But you hear there's an interpreter.

Mrs D. Well, I'll try to endure their complaisance till you come. [*Exit.*

Serv. And Mr Puff, sir, has sent word, that the last rehearsal is to be this morning, and that he'll call on you presently.

Dan. That's true; I shall certainly be at home. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Sir Fretful, if you have a mind to have justice done you in the way of answer—egad, Mr Puff's your man.

Sir F. Pshaw! sir, why should I wish to have it answer'd, when I tell you I am pleased at it?

Dan. True, I had forgot that. But I hope you are not fretted at what Mr Sneer—

Sir F. Zounds! no, Mr Dangle, don't I tell you these things never fret me in the least.

Dan. Nay, I only thought—

Sir F. And let me tell you, Mr Dangle, 'tis damn'd

affronting in you to suppose that I am hurt, when I tell you I am not.

Sneer. But why so warm, Sir Fretful?

Sir F. Gadslife! Mr Sneer, you are as absurd as Dangle; how often must I repeat it to you, that nothing can vex me but your supposing it possible for me to mind the damn'd nonsense you have been repeating to me! and let me tell you, if you continue to believe this, you must mean to insult me, gentlemen; and then your disrespect will affect me no more than the newspaper criticisms; and I shall treat it with exactly the same calm indifference and philosophic contempt; and so your servant. [*Exit.*

Sneer. Ha, ha, ha! poor Sir Fretful! now will he go and vent his philosophy in anonymous abuse of all modern critics and authors; but, Dangle, you must get your friend Puff to take me to the rehearsal of his tragedy.

Dan. I'll answer for't; he'll thank you for desiring it. But come and help me to judge of this musical family; they are recommended by people of consequence, I assure you.

Sneer. I am at your disposal the whole morning; but I thought you had been a decided critic in music, as well as in literature.

Dan. So I am; but I have a bad ear. Efaith, Sneer, though, I am afraid we were a little too severe on Sir Fretful, though he is my friend.

Sneer. Why, 'tis certain, that, unnecessarily to mortify the vanity of any writer, is a cruelty which mere dulness never can deserve; but where a base and personal malignity usurps the place of literary emulation, the aggressor deserves neither quarter nor pity.

Dan. That's true, egad! though he's my friend! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Drawing-Room, Harpsichord, &c. Italian Family, French Interpreter, Mrs* DANGLE, *and Servants, discovered.*

Interp. Je dis madame, j'ai l'honneur to *introduce* et de vous demander votre protection pour le Signor Patticcio Ritornello et pour sa charmante famille.

Sig. P. Ah! Vosignuoria noi vi preghiamo di favoritevi colla vostra protezione.

1 *Daugh.* Vosigniora fatevi questi grazzie.

2 *Daugh.* Si Signora.

Inter. Madame, *me interpret.*—C'est à dire—in English—qu'ils vous prient de leur faire l'honneur—

Mrs D. I say again, gentlemen, I don't understand a word you say.

Sig. P. Questo Signore spiegherò.

Inter. Oui—*me interpret*—Nous avons les lettres de recommandation pour Monsieur Dangle de—

Mrs D. Upon my word, sir, I don't understand you.

Sig. P. La Contessa Rondeau e nostra padrona.

3 *Daugh.* Si, padre, et mi Ladi Fuge.

Inter. O!—*me interpret.*—Madame, ils disent—*in* English—qu'ils ont l'honneur d'être proteges de ces dames.—*You understand?*

Mrs D. No, sir,—no understand!

Enter DANGLE *and* SNEER.

Inter. Ah! voici Monsieur Dangle!

All Ital. A! Signor Dangle!

Mrs D. Mr Dangle, here are two very civil gentlemen trying to make themselves understood, and I don't know which is the interpreter.

Dan. Ebien!

Inter. Monsieur Dangle—le grand bruit de vos talents pour la critique et de votre interest avec messieurs les directeurs à tous les théatres. } *Speaking together.*

Sig. P. Vosignoria fiete si famoso par la vostra conoscensa e vostra interessa colla le direttore da— }

Dan. Egad, I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two!

Sneer. Why I thought, Dangle, you had been an admirable linguist!

Dan. So I am, if they would not talk so damn'd fast.

Sneer. Well, I'll explain that; the less time we lose in hearing them the better; for that I suppose is what they are brought here for.

[SNEER *speaks to Sig.* PAST.—*They sing Trios, &c.* DANGLE *beating out of time. Servant enters, and whispers* DANGLE.

Dan. Shew him up. [*Exit Servant.*] Bravo! admirable! bravissimo! admirablissimo!—ah, Sneer! where will you find such as these voices in England?

Sneer. Not easily.

Dan. But Puff is coming. Signor and little Signoras—obligatissimo!—Sposa Signora Danglena—Mrs Dangle, shall I beg you to offer them some refreshments, and take their address in the next room.

[*Exit Mrs* DANGLE *with the Italians and Interpreter ceremoniously.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Mr Puff, sir.

Dan. My dear Puff.

Enter PUFF.

Puff. My dear Dangle, how is it with you?

Dan. Mr Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr Puff to you.

Puff. Mr Sneer is this? sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honour of knowing; a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendant judgement—

Sneer. Dear sir—

Dan. Nay, don't be modest, Sneer, my friend Puff only talks to you in the stile of his profession.

Sneer. His profession!

Puff. Yes, sir; I make no secret of the trade I follow; among friends and brother authors; Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *viva voce.* I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric, or, to speak more plainly, a professor of the art of puffing, at your service, or any body else's.

Sneer. Sir, you are very obliging. I believe, Mr Puff, I have often admired your talents in the daily prints.

Puff. Yes, sir, I flatter myself I do as much business in that way as any six of the fraternity in town; devilish hard work all the summer; friend Dangle, never work'd harder: but harkee, the winter managers were a little sore I believe.

Dan. No; I believe they took it all in good part.

Puff. Aye; then that must have been affectation in them; for egad, there were some of the attacks which there was no laughing at!

Sneer. Ay, the humorous ones; but I should think, Mr Puff, that authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.

Puff. Why yes; but in a clumsy way. Besides, we look on that as an encroachment, and so take the opposite side. I dare say now you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see, to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends? no such thing—nine out of ten manufactured by me in the way of business.

Sneer. Indeed!

Puff. Even the auctioneers now—the auctioneers I say, though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit their's! take them out of their pulpits, and they are as dull as catalogues!—no, sir; 'twas I first enrich'd their style; 'twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other, like the bidders in their own auction-

rooms!—from ME they learn'd to enlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor: by ME, too, their inventive faculties were called forth.—Yes, sir, by ME they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits; to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves; to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil; or on emergencies, to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire.

Dan. I am sure you have done them infinite service; for now, when a gentleman is ruined, he parts with his house with some credit.

Sneer. Service! if they had any gratitude, they would erect a statue to him; they would figure him as a presiding Mercury, the god of traffic and fiction, with a hammer in his hand instead of a caduceus.—But pray, Mr Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way?

Puff. Egad, sir, sheer necessity, the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention: you must know, Mr Sneer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such, that, for some time after, I led a most extraordinary life indeed!

Sneer. How, pray?

Puff. Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

Sneer. By your misfortunes!

Puff. Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer. From sickness and misfortunes!—you practised as a doctor and an attorney at once?

Puff. No, egad; both maladies and miseries were my own.

Sneer. Hey! what the plague!

Dan. 'Tis true, efaith.

Puff. Harkee! by advertisements—'To the charitable and humane!' and 'To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!'

Sneer. Oh, I understand you.

Puff. And in truth I deserved what I got; for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time!—Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence by a train of unavoidable misfortunes! then, sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all both times:—I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs—that told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

Dan. Egad, I believe that was when you first called on me—

Puff. In November last?—O no! I was at that time a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend. I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption. I was then reduced to—O no; then I became a widow with six helpless children; after having had eleven husbands pressed, and being left every time eight months gone with child, and without money to get me into a hospital.

Sneer. And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt?

Puff. Why, yes; though I made some occasional attempts at felo de se; but as I did not find those *rash actions* answer, I left off killing myself very soon. Well, sir, at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal

way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishment, through my favourite channels of diurnal communication; and so, sir, you have my history.

Sneer. Most obligingly communicative indeed; and your confession, if published, might certainly serve the cause of true charity, by rescuing the most useful channels of appeal to benevolence from the cant of imposition. But surely, Mr Puff, there is no great *mystery* in your present profession?

Puff. Mystery! sir, I will take upon me to say, the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

Sneer. Reduced to rule!

Puff. O lud, sir, you are very ignorant, I am afraid!—Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts; the principal are, the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of "letter to the editor"—"occasional anecdote—"impartial critique"—"observation from correspondent"—or "advertisement from the party."

Sneer. The puff direct, I can conceive—

Puff. O yes, that's simple enough; for instance, a new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theatres (though by the bye they don't bring out half what they ought to do.) The author, suppose Mr Smatter, or Mr Dapper, or any particular friend of mine, very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received. I have the plot from the author, and only add characters strongly drawn, highly coloured—hand of a master, fund of genuine humour, mine of invention, neat dialogue, attic salt!—Then for the performance:—Mr Dodd was astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry; that universal and judicious actor, Mr Palmer, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the Colonel; but it is not in

the power of language to do justice to Mr King: indeed he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience. As to the scenery—the miraculous power of Mr De Loutherbourg's pencil are universally acknowledged. In short, we are at a loss which to admire most—the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers—

Sneer. That's pretty well indeed, sir.

Puff. O cool, quite cool, to what I sometimes do.

Sneer. And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?

Puff. O lud! yes, sir; the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed!

Sneer. Well, sir, the puff preliminary?

Puff. O that, sir, does well in the form of a *caution.* In a matter of gallantry now, Sir Flimsy Gossimer wishes to be well with Lady Fanny Fete; he applies to me; I open trenches for him with a paragraph in the Morning Post.—It is recommended to the beautiful and accomplished Lady F four stars F dash E to be on her guard against that dangerous character Sir F dash G; who, however pleasing and insinuating his manners may be, is certainly not remarkable for the *constancy of his attachments!*—in italics. Here, you see, Sir Flimsy Gossimer is introduced to the particular notice of Lady Fanny, who, perhaps, never thought of him before; she finds herself publicly cautioned to avoid him, which naturally makes her desirous of seeing him; the observation of their acquaintance causes a pretty kind of mutual embarrassment; this produces a sort of sympathy of interest; which, if Sir Flimsy is unable to improve effectually, he at least gains the credit of having their names mentioned together, by a particular set, and in a par-

ticular way, which, nine times out of ten, is the full accomplishment of modern gallantry.

Dan. Egad, Sneer, you will be quite an adept in the business.

Puff. Now, sir, the puff collateral is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote. Yesterday, as the celebrated George Bon-Mot was sauntering down St James's Street, he met the lively Lady Mary Myrtle coming out of the Park; "Good God, Lady Mary, I'm surprised to meet you in a white jacket; for I expected never to have seen you but in a full trimmed uniform, and a light-horseman's cap!"—"Heavens! George, where could you have learned that?"—"Why," replied the wit, "I just saw a print of you, in a new publication, called The Camp Magazine; which, by the bye, is a devilish clever thing, and is sold at No. 3, on the right hand of the way, two doors from the printing-office, the corner of Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, price only one shilling."

Sneer. Very ingenious indeed.

Puff. But the puff collusive is the newest of any; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility. It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets. An indignant correspondent observes, that the new poem, called Beelzebub's Cotillion, or Proserpine's Fete Champetre, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read: the severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking; and as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion, is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age. Here you see the two strongest inducements are held forth: first, that nobody ought to read it; and, secondly, that every body buys it; on the strength of which the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before

he had sold ten of the first; and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indicting himself for scan. mag.!

Dan. Ha, ha, ha! 'gad I know it is so.

Puff. As to the puff oblique, or puff by implication, it is too various and extensive to be illustrated by an instance; it attracts in titles, and presumes in patents; it lurks in the *limitation* of a subscription, and invites in the assurance of crowd and incommodation at public places; it delights to draw forth concealed merit, with a most disinterested assiduity; and sometimes wears a countenance of smiling censure and tender reproach. It has a wonderful memory for parliamentary debates, and will often give the whole speech of a favoured member with the most flattering accuracy. But, above all, it is a great dealer in reports and suppositions. It has the earliest intelligence of intended preferments that will reflect *honour* on the *patrons;* and embryo promotions of modest gentlemen, who know nothing of the matter themselves. It can hint a ribband for implied services, in the air of a common report; and with the carelessness of a casual paragraph, suggest officers into commands, to which they have no pretension but their wishes. This, sir, is the last principal class of the art of puffing; an art which I hope you will now agree with me is of the highest dignity, yielding a tablature of benevolence and public spirit; befriending equally trade, gallantry, criticism, and politics; the applause of genius, the register of charity, the triumph of heroism, the self-defence of contractors, the fame of orators, and the gazette of ministers.

Sneer. Sir, I am completely a convert both to the importance and ingenuity of your profession; and now, sir, there is but one thing which can possibly increase my respect for you, and that is, your permitting me to be present this morning at the rehearsal of your new trage—

Puff. Hush, for heaven's sake.—*My* tragedy!—egad, Dangle, I take this very ill; you know how apprehensive I am of being known to be the author.

Dan. 'Efaith I would not have told; but it's in the papers, and your name at length, in the Morning Chronicle.

Puff. Ah! those damn'd editors never can keep a secret! Well, Mr Sneer, no doubt you will do me great honour; I shall be infinitely happy, highly flattered—

Dan. I believe it must be near the time; shall we go together?

Puff. No; it will not be yet this hour, for they are always late at that theatre: besides, I must meet you there, for I have some little matters here to send to the papers, and a few paragraphs to scribble before I go. [*Looking at Memorandums.*] Here is "a conscientious baker, on the subject of the army bread;" and "a detester of visible brick-work, in favour of the new invented stucco;" both in the style of Junius, and promised for to-morrow.—The Thames Navigation too is at a stand.—Misomud, or Anti-shoal, must go to work again directly. Here, too, are some political memorandums I see; aye, to take Paul Jones, and get the Indiamen out of the Shannon; reinforce Byron; compel the Dutch to—so! I must do that in the evening papers, or reserve it for the Morning Herald; for I know that I have undertaken to-morrow, besides, to establish the unanimity of the fleet in the Public Advertiser, and to shoot Charles Fox in the Morning Post. So, egad, I ha'n't a moment to lose!

Dan. Well! we'll meet in the Green Room.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Theatre.*

Enter DANGLE, PUFF, *and* SNEER, *as before the Curtain.*

Puff. No, no, sir; what Shakespeare says of actors may be better applied to the purpose of plays; *they* ought to be 'the abstract and brief chronicles of the times.' Therefore, when history, and particularly the history of our own country, furnishes any thing like a case in point, to the time in which an author writes, if he knows his own interest, he will take advantage of it; so, sir, I call my tragedy 'The Spanish Armada;' and have laid the scene before Tilbury Fort.

Sneer. A most happy thought certainly!

Dan. Egad it was—I told you so. But, pray now, I don't understand how you have contrived to introduce any love into it.

Puff. Love!—oh, nothing so easy: for it is a received point among poets, that where history gives you a good heroic outline for a play, you may fill up with a little love at your own discretion: in doing which, nine times out of ten, you only make up a deficiency in the private history of the times. Now, I rather think I have done this with some success.

Sneer. No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?

Puff. O lud! no, no,—I only suppose the governor of Tilbury Fort's daughter to be in love with the son of the Spanish admiral.

Sneer. Oh, is that all!

Dan. Excellent, efaith! I see it at once.—But won't this appear rather improbable?

Puff. To be sure it will—but what the plague! a play is not to shew occurrences that happen every

day, but things just so strange, that though they never *did*, they might happen.

Sneer. Certainly nothing is unnatural, that is not physically impossible.

Puff. Very true—and for that matter Don Ferolo Whiskerandos—for that's the lover's name, might have been over here in the train of the Spanish ambassador; or Tilburina, for that is the lady's name, might have been in love with him, from having heard his character, or seen his picture; or from knowing that he was the last man in the world she ought to be in love with—or for any other good female reason.—However, sir, the fact is, that though she is but a knight's daughter, egad! she is in love like any princess!

Dan. Poor young lady; I feel for her already! for I can conceive how great the conflict must be between her passion and her duty; her love for her country, and her love for Don Ferolo Wiskerandos!

Puff. O amazing! Her poor susceptible heart is swayed to and fro, by contending passions, like—

Enter Under Prompter.

Under P. Sir, the scene is set, and every thing is ready to begin if you please.

Puff. Egad, then we'll lose no time.

Under P. Though I believe, sir, you will find it very short; for all the performers have profited by the kind permission you granted them.

Puff. Hey! what!

Under P. You know, sir, you gave them leave to cut out or omit whatever they found heavy or unnecessary to the plot; and I must own they have taken very liberal advantage of your indulgence.

Puff. Well, well. They are in general very good judges; and I know I am luxuriant. Now, Mr Hopkins, as soon as you please.

Under P. [*To the Music.*] Gentlemen, will you play a few bars of something, just to—

Puff. Aye, that's right; for as we have the scenes and dresses, egad, we'll go to it, as if it was the first night's performance; but you need not mind stopping between the acts. [*Exit Under Prompter.*

Orchestra play. Then the Bell rings.

Soh! stand clear, gentlemen. Now, you know there will be a cry of down! down! hats off! silence! Then up curtain, and let us see what our painters have done for us.

The Curtain rises, and discovers Tilbury Fort.

Two Centinels asleep.

Dan. Tilbury Fort! very fine, indeed!

Puff. Now, what do you think I open with?

Sneer. Faith, I can't guess.

Puff. A clock. Hark! [*Clock strikes.*] I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful attention in the audience: it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere.

Dan. But pray, are the centinels to be asleep?

Puff. Fast as watchmen.

Sneer. Isn't that odd, though, at such an alarming crisis?

Puff. To be sure it is; but smaller things must give way to a striking scene at the opening; that's a rule. And the case is, that two great men are coming to this very spot to begin the piece; now, it is not to be supposed they would open their lips, if these fellows were watching them; so, egad, I must either have sent them off their posts, or set them asleep.

Sneer. O, that accounts for it! But tell us, who are these coming?

Puff. These are they—Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Christopher Hatton. You'll know Sir Christopher, by his turning out his toes—famous you know for his dancing. I like to preserve all the little traits of character. Now attend.

Enter Sir WALTER RALEIGH, *and Sir* CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

" *Sir C.* True, gallant Raleigh!"——

Dan. What, they had been talking before?

Puff. O, yes; all the way as they came along.—I beg pardon, gentlemen, [*to the Actors*] but these are particular friends of mine, whose remarks may be of great service to us. Don't mind interrupting them whenever any thing strikes you. [*To* SNEER *and* DANGLE.]

" *Sir C.* True, gallant Raleigh!
But O, thou champion of thy country's fame,
There *is* a question which I yet must ask;
A question, which I never asked before—
What mean these mighty armaments?
This general muster? and this throng of chiefs?"

Sneer. Pray, Mr Puff, how came Sir Christopher Hatton never to ask that question before?

Puff. What, before the play began? how the plague could he?

Dan. That's true, efaith!

Puff. But you will hear what he thinks of the matter.

" *Sir C.* Alas, my noble friend, when I behold
Yon tented plains, in martial symmetry
Arrayed. When I count o'er yon glittering lines
Of crested warriors, where the proud steeds neigh,
And valour-breathing trumpet's shrill appeal,
Responsive vibrate on my listening ear;
When virgin majesty herself I view,
Like her protecting Pallas veiled in steel,
With graceful confidence exhort to arms!

When, briefly, all I hear or see bears stamp
Of martial vigilance, and stern defence,
I cannot but surmise—Forgive, my friend,
If the conjecture's rash——I cannot but
Surmise---The state some danger apprehends!"

Sneer. A very cautious conjecture that.

Puff. Yes, that's his character; not to give an opinion, but on secure grounds—now then.

" *Sir W.* O, most accomplished Christopher!"

Puff. He calls him by his christian name, to shew that they are on the most familiar terms.

" *Sir W.* O most accomplished Christopher, I find
Thy staunch sagacity still tracks the future,
In the fresh print of the o'ertaken past."

Puff. Figurative!

" *Sir W.* Thy fears are just.

Sir C. But where? whence? when? and what
The danger is——Methinks I fain would learn.

Sir W. You know, my friend, scarce two revolving suns,
And three revolving moons, have closed their course,
Since haughty Philip, in despite of peace,
With hostile hand hath struck at England's trade.

Sir C. I know it well.

Sir W. Philip, you know, is proud Iberia's king!

Sir C. He is.

Sir W. ——His subjects in base bigotry
And Catholic oppression held,---while we,
You know, the Protestant persuasion hold.

Sir C. We do.

Sir W. You know beside,—his boasted armament,
The famed Armada,——by the Pope baptized,
With purpose to invade these realms——

Sir C. ——Is sailed;
Our last advices so report.

Sir W. While the Iberian admiral's chief hope,
His darling son——

Sir C. ——Ferolo Whiskerandos hight——

Sir W. The same---by chance a pris'ner hath been ta'en,
And in this fort of Tilbury——

Sir C. —— Is now
Confined,---'tis true, and oft from yon tall turret top
I've marked the youthful Spaniard's haughty mien,
Unconquered, though in chains;

Sir W. You also know——"

Dan. Mr Puff, as he *knows* all this, why does Sir Walter go on telling him?

Puff. But the audience are not supposed to know any thing of the matter, are they?

Sneer. True, but I think you manage ill: for there certainly appears no reason why Sir Walter should be so communicative.

Puff. Fore 'gad now, that is one of the most ungrateful observations I ever heard---for the less inducement he has to tell all this, the more I think you ought to be obliged to him; for I am sure you'd know nothing of the matter without it.

Dan. That's very true, upon my word.

Puff. But you will find he was *not* going on.

" *Sir C.* Enough, enough; 'tis plain,---and I no more
Am in amazement lost!"——

Puff. Here, now you see, Sir Christopher did not in fact ask any one question for his own information.

Sneer. No indeed:—his has been a most disinterested curiosity!

Dan. Really, I find, we are very much obliged to them both.

Puff. To be sure you are. Now then for the commander in chief, the Earl of Leicester! who, you know, was no favourite but of the queen's.---We left off---' in amazement lost.'

" *Sir C.* Am in amazement lost!——
But, see where noble Leicester comes! supreme
In honours and command,

Sir W. And yet methinks,
At such a time, so perilous, so fear'd,
That staff might well become an abler grasp.
Sir C. And so, by heav'n! think I; but soft, he's here!"

Puff. Aye, they envy him.

Sneer. But who are these with him?

Puff. O, very valiant knights; one is the governor of the fort, the other the master of the horse. And now, I think, you shall hear some better language: I was obliged to be plain and intelligible in the first scene, because there was so much matter of fact in it; but now, efaith, you have trope, figure, and metaphor, as plenty as noun-substantives.

Enter Earl of LEICESTER, *the Governor, and Others.*

" *Leic.* How's this, my friends! is't thus your new-fledged zeal
And plumed valour moulds in roosted sloth?
Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame,
Whose red'ning blaze by patriot spirit fed,
Should be the beacon of a kindling realm?
Can the quick current of a patriot heart,
Thus stagnate in a cold and weedy converse,
Or freeze in tideless inactivity?
No! rather let the fountain of your valour
Spring through each stream of enterprize,
Each petty channel of conducive daring,
Till the full torrent of your foaming wrath
O'erwhelm the flats of sunk hostility!"

Puff. There it is—followed up!

" *Sir W.* No more! the freshening breath of thy rebuke
Hath filled the swelling canvas of our souls!
And thus, though fate should cut the cable of
[*All take hands.*
Our topmost hopes, in friendship's closing line

We'll grapple with despair, and if we fall,
We'll fall in glory's wake!

Earl of L. There spoke Old England's genius!
Then, are we all resolved?

All. We are—all resolved.

Earl of L. To conquer——or be free.

All. To conquer, or be free.

Earl of L. All?

All. All."

Dan. *Nem. con.* egad!

Puff. O yes, where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful!

" *Earl of L.* Then, let's embrace—and now"——

Sneer. What the plague, is he going to pray?

Puff. Yes, hush!—in great emergencies, there is nothing like a prayer!

" *Earl of L.* O mighty Mars!"

Dan. But why should he pray to *Mars?*

Puff. Hush!

" *Earl of L.* If in thy homage bred,
Each point of discipline I've still observed,
Nor, but by due promotion, and the right
Of service, to the rank of major-general
Have risen; assist thy votary now!

Gov. Yet do not rise—hear me!

Mas. of H. And me!

Knight. And me!

Sir W. And me!

Sir C. And me!"

Puff. Now, pray all together.

" *All.* Behold thy votaries submissive beg,
That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask;
Assist them to accomplish all their ends,
And sanctify whatever means they use
To gain them!"

Sneer. A very orthodox quintetto!

Puff. Vastly well, gentlemen.—Is that well mana-

ged or not? Have you such a prayer as that on the stage?

Sneer. Not exactly.

Earl of L. [*To* PUFF.] But, sir, you haven't settled how we are to get off here.

Puff. You could not go off kneeling, could you?

Sir W. [*To* PUFF.] O no, sir! impossible!

Puff. It would have a good effect efaith, if you could! exeunt praying!—Yes, and would vary the established mode of springing off with a glance at the pit.

Sneer. O never mind, so as you get them off; I'll answer for it, the audience won't care how.

Puff. Well then, repeat the last line standing, and go off the old way.

" *All.* And sanctify whatever means we use to gain them." [*Exeunt.*

Dan. Bravo! a fine exit.

Sneer. Well, really Mr Puff——

Puff. Stay a moment.——

The Centinels get up.

" 1 *Cen.* All this shall to Lord Burleigh's ear.

2 *Cen.* 'Tis meet it should." [*Exeunt Centinels.*

Dan. Hey! why, I thought those fellows had been asleep?

Puff. Only a pretence; there's the art of it; they were spies of Lord Burleigh's.

Sneer. —But, isn't it odd, they were never taken notice of, not even by the commander in chief.

Puff. O lud, sir, if people who want to listen, or overhear, were not always connived at in a tragedy, there would be no carrying on any plot in the world.

Dan. That's certain!

Puff. But take care, my dear Dangle, the morning gun is going to fire. [*Cannon fires.*

Dan. Well, that will have a fine effect.

Puff. I think so, and helps to realize the scene.—

[*Cannon twice.*] What the plague! *three* morning guns! there never is but one! aye, this is always the way at the theatre—give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it. You have no more cannon to fire?

Prom. [*From within.*] No, sir.

Puff. Now then, for soft music.

Sneer. Pray, what's that for?

Puff. It shews that Tilburina is coming; nothing introduces you a heroine like soft music.—Here she comes.

Dan. And her confidant, I suppose?

Puff. To be sure: here they are—inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne! [*Soft Music.*

Enter TILBURINA *and Confidant.*

" *Til.* Now has the whispering breath of gentle morn
Bad nature's voice, and nature's beauty rise;
While orient Phœbus, with unborrowed hues,
Clothes the waked loveliness which all night slept
In heavenly drapery! Darkness is fled.
Now flowers unfold their beauties to the sun,
And, blushing, kiss the beam he sends to wake them.
The striped carnation, and the guarded rose,
The vulgar wall-flower, and smart gillyflower,
The polyanthus mean—the dapper daisy,
Sweet William, and sweet marjorum—and all
The tribe of single, and of double pinks!
Now too, the feathered warblers tune their notes
Around, and charm the listening grove. The lark!
The linnet! chaffinch! bullfinch! goldfinch! greenfinch!
——But, O to me, no joy can they afford!
Nor rose, nor wall-flower, nor smart gillyflower,
Nor polyanthus mean, nor dapper daisy,
Nor William sweet, nor marjorum—nor lark,
Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove!"

Puff. Your white handkerchief, madam——

Til. I thought, sir, I wasn't to use that till, "heart-rending woe."

Puff. O yes, madam—at "the finches of the grove," if you please.

"*Til.* Nor lark,
Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove!" [*Weeps.*

Puff. Vastly well, madam!

Dan. Vastly well, indeed!

"*Til.* For, O too sure, heart-rending woe is now
The lot of wretched Tilburina!"

Dan. O! 'tis too much

Sneer. Oh!—it is indeed.

"*Con.* Be comforted, sweet lady; for who knows
But heaven has yet some milk-white day in store.

"*Til.* Alas, my gentle Nora,
Thy tender youth as yet hath never mourned
Love's fatal dart. Else wouldst thou know, that when
The soul is sunk in comfortless despair,
It cannot taste of merryment."

Dan. That's certain.

"*Con.* But see where your stern father comes;
It is not meet that he should find you thus."

Puff. Hey, what the plague!—what a cut is here! Why, what is become of the description of her first meeting with Don Whiskerandos! his gallant behaviour in the sea fight, and the simile of the canary bird?

Til. Indeed, sir, you'll find they will not be missed.

Puff. Very well; very well!

Til. The cue, ma'am, if you please.

"*Con.* It is not meet that he should find you thus.

Til. Thou counsel'st right; but 'tis no easy task
For bare-faced grief to wear a mask of joy.

Enter Governor.

Gov. How's this—in tears? O Tilburina, shame!
Is this a time for maudling tenderness,

And Cupid's baby woes?—Hast thou not heard
That haughty Spain's Pope-consecrated fleet
Advances to our shores, while England's fate
Like a clipped guinea, trembles in the scale!

Til. Then is the crisis of *my* fate at hand!
I see the fleet's approach——I see"——

Puff. Now, pray, gentlemen, mind. This is one of the most useful figures we tragedy writers have, by which a hero or heroine, in consideration of their being often obliged to overlook things that *are* on the stage, is allowed to hear and see a number of things that are not.

Sneer. Yes—a kind of poetical second-sight!

Puff. Yes—now then, madam.

" *Til.* I see their decks
Are cleared!—I see the signal made!
The line is formed! a cable's length asunder!
I see the frigates stationed in the rear;
And now, I hear the thunder of the guns!
I hear the victor's shouts—I also hear
The vanquished groan!—and now 'tis smoke—and now
I see the loose sails shiver in the wind!
I see—I see—what soon you'll see——

Gov. Hold, daughter! peace! this love hath turned thy brain:
The Spanish fleet thou *canst* not see—because
——It is not yet in sight!"

Dan. Egad though, the governor seems to make no allowance for this poetical figure you talk of.

Puff. No, a plain matter-of-fact man—that's his character.

" *Til.* But will you then refuse his offer?

Gov. I must—I will—I can—I ought—I do.

Til. Think what a noble price.

Gov. No more——you urge in vain.

Til. His liberty is all he asks."

Sneer. All *who* asks, Mr Puff? Who is—

Puff. Egad, sir, I can't tell. Here has been such cutting and slashing, I don't know where they have got to myself.

Til. Indeed, sir, you will find it will connect very well.

" ——And your reward secure."

Puff. O, if they hadn't been so devilish free with their cutting here, you would have found that Don Whiskerandos has been tampering for his liberty, and has persuaded Tilburina to make this proposal to her father; and now, pray observe the conciseness with which the argument is conducted. Egad, the *pro* and *con* goes as smart as hits in a fencing-match. It is indeed a sort of small-sword logic, which we have borrowed from the French.

" *Til.* A retreat in Spain!
Gov. Outlawry here!
Til. Your daughter's prayer!
Gov. Your father's oath!
Til. My lover!
Gov. My country!
Til. Tilburina!
Gov. England!
Til. A title!
Gov. Honour!
Til. A pension!
Gov. Conscience!
Til. A thousand pounds!
Gov. Hah! thou hast touched me nearly!"

Puff. There you see—she threw in *Tilburina*, Quick, parry cart with *England!*—Hah! thrust in teirce a title!—parried by honour—Hah! a pension over the arm!—put by by conscience. Then flankonnade with a thousand pounds—and a palpable hit egad!

" *Til.* Canst thou——
Reject the *suppliant* and the *daughter* too?

Gov. No more; I would not hear thee plead in vain;
The *father* softens—but the *governor*
Is fixed!" [*Exit.*

Dan. Aye, that antithesis of persons is a most established figure.

"*Til.* 'Tis well—hence then, fond hopes—fond passion, hence;
Duty, behold, I am all over thine.

Whisk. [*Without.*] Where is my love—my——

Til. Ha!

Whisk. [*Entering.*] My beauteous enemy"—

Puff. O, dear ma'am, you must start a great deal more than that; consider, you had just determined in favour of duty—when, in a moment, the sound of his voice revives your passion, overthrows your resolution, destroys your obedience. If you don't express all that in your start, you do nothing at all.

Til. Well, we'll try again!

Dan. Speaking from within has always a fine effect.

Sneer. Very.

"*Whisk.* My conquering Tilburina! How! is't thus
We meet? Why are thy looks averse! What means
That falling tear—that frown of boding woe?
Hah! now indeed I am a prisoner!
Yes, now I feel the galling weight of these
Disgraceful chains—which, cruel Tilburina!
Thy doating captive gloried in before.
But thou art false, and Whiskerandos is undone!

Til. O no; how little dost thou know thy Tilburina!

Whisk. Art thou then true? Begone cares, doubts, and fears;
I make you all a present to the winds;
And if the winds reject you, try the waves."

Puff. The wind, you know, is the established re-

ceiver of all stolen sighs, and cast-off griefs and apprehensions.

" *Til.* Yet must we part——stern duty seals our doom:
Though here I call yon conscious clouds to witness,
Could I pursue the bias of my soul,
All friends, all right of parents I'd disclaim,
And thou, my Whiskerandos, shouldst be father
And mother, brother, cousin, uncle, aunt,
And friend to me!

Whisk. O matchless excellence! and must we part?
Well, if—we must—we must—and in that case
The less is said the better."

Puff. Heyday! here's a cut! What, are all the mutual protestations out?

Til. Now, pray, sir, don't interrupt us just here; you ruin our feelings.

Puff. *Your* feelings!——but, zounds, *my* feelings, ma'am!

Sneer. No; pray don't interrupt them.

" *Whisk.* One last embrace.

Til. Now——farewell, for ever.

Whisk. For ever.

Til. Aye, for ever." [*Going.*

Puff. S'death and fury!—Gadslife! sir! Madam, if you go out without the parting look, you might as well dance out—Here, here!

Con. But pray, sir, how am *I* to get off here?

Puff. *You,* pshaw! what the devil signifies how *you* get off! edge away at the top, or where you will, [*Pushes the Confidant off.*] Now, ma'am, you see—

Til. We understand you, sir.

" Aye, for ever.

" *Both.* Oh!—— [*Turning back, and exeunt.*

[*Scene closes.*

Dan. O, charming!

Puff. Hey! 'tis pretty well, I believe—you see I

don't attempt to strike out any thing new; but I take it I improve on the established modes.

Sneer. You do, indeed. But pray, is not Queen Elizabeth to appear?

Puff. No, not once; but she is to be talked of for ever; so that, egad, you'll think a hundred times that she is on the point of coming in.

Sneer. Hang it, I think it's a pity to keep *her* in the green-room all the night.

Puff. O no, that always has a fine effect—it keeps up expectation.

Dan. But are we not to have a battle?

Puff. Yes, yes, you will have a battle at last; but, egad, it's not to be by land, but by sea—and that is the only quite new thing in the piece.

Dan. What, Drake at the Armada, hey?

Puff. Yes, efaith; fire-ships and all—then we shall end with the procession. Hey! that will do, I think.

Sneer. No doubt on't.

Puff. Come, we must not lose time—so now for the under plot.

Sneer. What the plague, have you another plot?

Puff. O lord, yes—ever while you live, have two plots to your tragedy. The grand point in managing them, is only to let your under plot have as little connection with your main plot as possible. I flatter myself nothing can be more distinct than mine; for as in my chief plot, the characters are all great people—I have laid my under plot in low life; and as the former is to end in deep distress, I make the other end as happy as a farce.—Now, Mr Hopkins, as soon as you please.

Enter Under Prompter.

Under P. Sir, the carpenter says it is impossible you can go to the park scene yet.

Puff. The park scene! No; I mean the description scene here, in the wood.

Under P. Sir, the performers have cut it out.

Puff. Cut it out!

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. What! the whole account of Queen Elizabeth?

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. And the description of her horse and side-saddle?

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. So, so, this is very fine indeed! Mr Hopkins, how the plague could you suffer this?

Hopkins. [*From within.*] Sir, indeed the pruning knife——

Puff. The pruning knife! Zounds, the axe! Why, here has been such lopping and topping, I shan't have the bare trunk of my play left presently. Very well, sir; the performers must do as they please, but, upon my soul, I'll print it every word.

Sneer. That I would indeed.

Puff. Very well—sir—then we must go on—zounds! I would not have parted with the description of the horse!—Well, sir, go on—Sir, it was one of the finest and most laboured things—Very well, sir, let them go on—there you had him and his accoutrements from the bit to the crupper—very well, sir, we must go to the park scene.

Under P. Sir, there is the point; the carpenters say, that unless there is some business put in here before the drop, they shan't have time to clear away the fort, or sink Gravesend and the river.

Puff. So! this is a pretty dilemma truly!—Gentlemen, you must excuse me; these fellows will never be ready, unless I go and look after them myself.

Sneer. O dear sir, these little things will happen—

Puff. To cut out this scene!—but I'll print it—egad, I'll print it every word! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Curtain.*

Enter PUFF, SNEER, *and* DANGLE.

Puff. Well, we are ready: now then for the justices.

Curtain rises; Justices, Constables, &c. discovered.

Sneer. This, I suppose, is a sort of senate scene.
Puff. To be sure; there has not been one yet.
Dan. It is the under plot, isn't it?
Puff. Yes.—What, gentlemen, do you mean to go at once to the discovery scene?
Jus. If you please, sir.
Puff. O very well—Harkee, I don't choose to say any thing more, but efaith, they have mangled my play in a most shocking manner!
Dan. It's a great pity!
Puff. Now, then, Mr Justice, if you please.
" *Jus.* Are all the volunteers without?
Const. They are.
Some ten in fetters, and some twenty drunk.
Jus. Attends the youth, whose most opprobrious fame,
And clear convicted crimes, have stampt him soldier?
Const. He waits your pleasure; eager to repay
The blest reprieve that sends him to the fields
Of glory, there to raise his branded hand
In honour's cause."
Jus. 'Tis well——'tis justice arms him!
O! may he now defend his country's laws
With half the spirit he has broke them all!
If 'tis your worship's pleasure, bid him enter.

Const. I fly, the herald of your will."

[*Exit Constable.*

Puff. Quick, sir!

Sneer. But, Mr Puff, I think not only the justice, but the clown, seems to talk in as high a style as the first hero among them.

Puff. Heaven forbid they should not in a free country! Sir, I am not for making slavish distinctions, and giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people.

Dan. That's very noble in you indeed.

Enter Justice's Lady.

Puff. Now pray mark this scene.

" *Lady.* Forgive this interruption, good my love;
But as I just now past a pris'ner youth,
Whom rude hands hither lead, strange bodings seized
My fluttering heart, and to myself I said,
An if our Tom had lived, he'd surely been
This stripling's height!

Jus. Ha! sure some powerful sympathy directs
Us both——

Enter Son and Constable.

What is thy name?

Son. My name's Tom Jenkins—*alias* have I none—
Though orphan'd, and without a friend!

Jus. Thy parents?

Son. My father dwelt in Rochester—and was,
As I have heard—a fishmonger—no more."

Puff. What, sir, do you leave out the account of your birth, parentage, and education?

Son. They have settled it so, sir, here.

Puff. Oh! oh!

" *Lady.* How loudly nature whispers to my heart!
Had he no other name?

Son. I've seen a bill
Of his, sign'd *Tomkins*, creditor.

Jus. This does indeed confirm each circumstance
The gypsey told!—Prepare!

Son. I do.

Jus. No orphan, nor without a friend art thou:
I am thy father, *here's* thy mother, *there*
Thy uncle—this thy first cousin, and those
Are all your near relations!

Mother. O ecstasy of bliss!

Son. O most unlook'd for happiness!

Jus. O wonderful event!"

[*They Faint alternately in each others Arms.*

Puff. There, you see relationship, like murder, will out.

"*Jus.* Now let's revive—else were this joy too much!
But come—and we'll unfold the rest within;
And thou, my boy, must needs want rest and food.
Hence may each orphan hope, as chance directs,
To find a father—where he least expects!" [*Exeunt.*

Puff. What do you think of that?

Dan. One of the finest discovery-scenes I ever saw. Why, this under-plot would have made a tragedy itself.

Sneer. Aye, or a comedy either.

Puff. And keeps quite clear, you see, of the other.

Enter Scenemen, taking away the Seats.

Puff. The scene remains, does it?

Scene. Yes, sir.

Puff. You are to leave one chair, you know—But it is always awkward in a tragedy, to have you fellows coming in in your playhouse liveries to remove things—I wish that could be managed better. So, now for my mysterious yeoman.

Enter a Beefeater.

"*Beef.* Perdition catch my soul but *I* do love thee."

Sneer. Haven't I heard that line before?

Puff. No, I fancy not—Where pray?

Dan. Yes, I think there is something like it in Othello.

Puff. Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is; but that's of no consequence—all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought—and Shakespeare made use of it first, that's all.

Sneer. Very true.

Puff. Now, sir, your soliloquy—but speak more to the pit, if you please—the soliloquy always to the pit, that's a rule.

"*Beef.* Though hopeless love finds comfort in despair,
It never can endure a rival's bliss!
But soft—I am observed." [*Exit Beefeater.*

Dan. That's a very short soliloquy.

Puff. Yes; but it would have been a great deal longer if he had not been observed.

Sneer. A most sentimental Beefeater that, Mr Puff.

Puff. Hearke, I would not have you be too sure that he *is* a Beefeater.

Sneer. What, a hero in disguise?

Puff. No matter—I only give you a hint. But now for my principal character—Here he comes—Lord Burleigh in person! Pray, gentlemen, step this way—softly—I only hope the Lord High Treasurer is perfect—if he is but perfect!

Enter BURLEIGH; *goes slowly to a Chair, and sits.*

Sneer. Mr Puff!

Puff. Hush! vastly well, sir! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!

Dan. What, isn't he to speak at all?

Puff. Egad, I thought you'd ask me that; yes, it is a very likely thing, that a minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk;—but hush! or you'll put him out.

Sneer. Put him out! how the plague can that be, if he's not going to say any thing?

Puff. There is a reason! why, his part is to *think*, and how the plague! do you imagine he can *think* if you keep talking?

Dan. That's very true, upon my word!

[BURLEIGH *comes forward, shakes his Head, and exit.*

Sneer. He is very perfect indeed.—Now, pray what did he mean by that?

Puff. You don't take it?

Sneer. No; I don't upon my soul.

Puff. Why, by that shake of the head, he gave you to understand, that even though they had more justice in their cause and wisdom in their measures; yet, if there was not a greater spirit shewn on the part of the people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

Sneer. The devil!—Did he mean all that by shaking his head?

Puff. Every word of it—if he shook his head as I taught him.

Dan. Ah! there certainly is a vast deal to be done on the stage by dumb show, and expression of face, and a judicious author knows how much he may trust to it.

Sneer. O, here are some of our old acquaintance.

Enter HATTON *and* RALEIGH.

" *Sir C. My* niece, and *your* niece too!
By heav'n! there's witchcraft in't—He could not else
Have gain'd their hearts—But see where they approach;
Some horrid purpose low'ring on their brows!

Sir W. Let us withdraw and mark them."

[*They withdraw.*

Sneer. What is all this?

Puff. Ah! here has been more pruning!—but the fact is, these two young ladies are also in love with Don Whiskerandos.—Now, gentlemen, this scene goes entirely for what we call situation and stage effect, by which the greatest applause may be obtained, without the assistance of language, sentiment, or character: pray mark!

Enter the Two Nieces.

"1 *Niece.* Ellena here!
She is his scorn as much as I; that is
Some comfort still!"

Puff. O dear, madam, you are not to say that to her face!—*Aside,* ma'am, *aside.* The whole scene is to be *aside.*

"1 *Niece.* She is his scorn as much as I; that is
Some comfort still! [*Aside.*

2 *Niece.* I know he prizes not Pollina's love,
But Tilburina lords it o'er his heart. [*Aside.*

1 *Niece.* But see the proud destroyer of my peace.
Revenge is all the good I've left. [*Aside.*

2 *Niece.* He comes, the false disturber of my quiet.
Now, vengeance, do thy worst. [*Aside.*

Enter WHISKERANDOS.

Whis. O, hateful liberty, if thus in vain
I seek my Tilburina!

Both Nieces. And ever shalt!

Sir CHRISTOPHER *and Sir* WALTER *come forward.*

Both. Hold! we will avenge you.

Whis. Hold you, or see your nieces bleed.

[*The two Nieces draw their two Daggers to strike* WHISKERANDOS; *the two Uncles, at the instant, with their two Swords drawn, catch their two Nieces' Arms, and turn the points of their Swords to* WHISKERANDOS, *who immediately draws two Daggers, and holds them to the two Nieces' Bosoms.*

Puff. There's situation for you! there's an heroic group!—You see the ladies can't stab Whiskerandos—he durst not strike them for fear of their uncles—the uncles durst not kill him, because of their nieces: I have them all at a dead lock!—for every one of them is afraid to let go first.

Sneer. Why, then they must stand there for ever.

Puff. So they would, if I hadn't a very fine contrivance for't. Now mind——

Enter Beefeater, with his Halberd.

" *Beef.* In the queen's name, I charge you all to drop
Your swords and daggers!"

[*They drop their Swords and Daggers.*

Sneer. That is a contrivance indeed.

Puff. Aye—in the queen's name.

" *Sir C.* Come, niece!

Sir W. Come, niece!

[*Exeunt, with the two Nieces.*

Whis. What's he, who bids us thus renounce our guard?

Beef. Thou must do more—renounce thy love!

Whis. Thou liest—base Beefeater!

Beef. Ha! Hell! the lie!
By heaven, thou'st rous'd the lion in my heart!
Off, yeoman's habit!—base disguise! off! off!

[*Discovers himself, by throwing off his upper dress, and appearing in a very fine Waistcoat.*

Am I a Beefeater now?
Or beams my crest as terrible as when
In Biscay's bay I took thy captive sloop."

Puff. There, egad! he comes out to be the very captain of the privateer who had taken Whiskerandos prisoner; and was himself an old lover of Tilburina's.

Dan. Admirably managed indeed!

Puff. Now, stand out of their way.

" *Whis.* I thank thee, Fortune! that hast thus bestow'd
A weapon to chastise this insolent.
[*Takes up one of the Swords.*

Beef. I take thy challenge, Spaniard, and I thank
Thee, Fortune, too!" [*Takes up the other Sword.*

Dan. That's excellently contrived!—it seems as if the two uncles had left their swords on purpose for them.

Puff. No, egad, they could not help leaving them.

" *Whis.* Vengeance, and Tilburina!

Beef. Exactly so.

[*They fight; and after the usual number of wounds given,* WHISKERANDOS *falls.*

Whis. O cursed parry!—that last thrust in tierce
Was fatal——Captain, thou hast fenced well!
And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
For all eter——

Beef. —nity—He would have added, but stern death
Cut short his being, and the noun at once!"

Puff. O, my dear sir, you are too slow—Now mind me.—Sir, shall I trouble you to die again?

" *Whis.* And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
For all eter——

Beef. —nity—He would have added"——

Puff. No, sir—that's not it—once more, if you please.

Whis. I wish, sir, you would practise this without me: I can't stay dying here all night.

Puff. Very well, we'll go over it by and by.—I must humour these gentlemen.

[*Exit* WHISKERANDOS.

" *Beef.* Farewell——brave Spaniard! and when next"——

Puff. Dear sir, you needn't speak that speech, as the body has walked off.

Beef. That's true, sir—then I'll join the fleet.

Puff. If you please. [*Exit Beefeater.*
Now, who comes on?

Enter Governor, with his Hair properly disordered.

"*Gov.* A hemisphere of evil planets reign!
And every planet sheds contagious phrenzy!
My Spanish prisoner is slain! my daughter,
Meeting the dead corse borne along, has gone
Distract! [*A loud flourish of Trumpets.*
But, hark! I am summon'd to the fort,
Perhaps the fleets have met! amazing crisis!
O Tilburina! from thy aged father's beard
Thou'st pluck'd the few brown hairs which time had
left!" [*Exit Governor.*

Sneer. Poor gentleman!

Puff. Yes; and no one to blame but his daughter!

Dan. And the planets——

Puff. True.—Now enter Tilburina!

Sneer. Egad, the business comes on quick here.

Puff. Yes, sir; now she comes in stark mad, in white satin.

Sneer. Why in white satin?

Puff. O Lord, sir, when a heroine goes mad, she always goes into white satin—don't she, Dangle?

Dan. Always—it's a rule.

Puff. Yes—here it is—[*Looking at the Book.*] "Enter Tilburina stark mad, in white satin, and her confidant stark mad, in white linen."

Enter TILBURINA *and Confidant mad, according to costume.*

Sneer. But what the deuce, is the confidant to be mad too?

Puff. To be sure she is: the confidant is always to do whatever her mistress does; weep when she weeps, smile when she smiles, go mad when she goes mad.—Now, madam confidant—but keep your madness in the back ground, if you please.

"*Til.* The wind whistles—the moon rises—see,
They have kill'd my squirrel in his cage!
Is this a grashopper?—Ha! no, it is my
Whiskerandos—you shall not keep him—
I know you have him in your pocket—
An oyster may be cross'd in love!—Who says
A whale's a bird?—Ha! did you call, my love?—
He's here! He's there! He's every where!—
Ah me! he's no where!" [*Exit* TILBURINA.

Puff. There, do you ever desire to see any body madder than that?

Sneer. Never while I live!

Puff. You observed how she mangled the metre?

Dan. Yes;—egad, it was the first thing made me suspect she was out of her senses.

Sneer. And pray what becomes of her?

Puff. She is gone to throw herself into the sea to be sure; and that brings us at once to the scene of action, and so to my catastrophe—my sea-fight, I mean.

Sneer. What, you bring that in at last?

Puff. Yes—yes—you know my play is *called* the *Spanish Armada*, otherwise, egad, I have no occasion for the battle at all.—Now then for my magnificence!—my battle!—my noise!—and my procession!—You are all ready?

Prom. [*Within.*] Yes, sir.

Puff. Is the Thames drest?

Enter THAMES, *with two Attendants.*

Thames. Here I am, sir.

Puff. Very well, indeed.—See, gentlemen, there's a river for you!—This is blending a little of the masque with my tragedy—a new fancy, you know, and very useful in my case; for as there *must be a procession*, I suppose Thames and all his tributary rivers to compliment Britannia with a fete in honour of the victory.

Sneer. But pray, who are these gentlemen in green with him?

Puff. Those?—those are his banks.

Sneer. His banks?

Puff. Yes; one crown'd with alders, and the other with a villa!—you take the allusions?—but hey! what the plague! you have got both your banks on one side—Here, sir, come round—Ever while you live, Thames, go between your banks. [*Bell rings.*]—There, soh! now for't!—Stand aside, my dear friends!—away, Thames! [*Exit* THAMES *between his Banks.*

[*Flourish of Drums, Trumpets, Cannon, &c. &c. Scene Changes to the Sea—the Fleets engage—the Music plays "Britons strike home"—Spanish Fleet destroyed by Fire-ships, &c.—English Fleet advances—Music plays "Rule Britannia."—The Procession of all the English Rivers and their Tributaries, with their Emblems, &c. begins with Handel's Water Music, ends with a Chorus, to the March in Judas Maccabæus.—During this Scene,* PUFF *directs and applauds every thing——then*

Puff. Well, pretty well—but not quite perfect—so, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

THE SULTAN;

OR,

A PEEP INTO THE SERAGLIO.

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

MR ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Solyman,	*Mr Claremont.*
Osmyn,	*Mr Blanchard.*
Elmira,	*Mrs Dibdin.*
Ismena,	*Mrs Margeram.*
Roxalana,	*Mrs Glover.*

THE SULTAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Seraglio ; a Throne in manner of a Couch, with a Canopy, on the front of which is an Escutcheon fixed, with the Ottoman Arms crowned with Feathers ; in the back Scenes the Sultan's Door covered with a Curtain.*

Enter OSMYN *and* ELMIRA.

Osm. Tell me what right have you to be discontented ?

Elm. When first I came within these walls, I found myself a slave ; and the thought of being shut up for ever here, terrified me to death : my tears flowed incessantly : Solyman was moved with them, and solemnly promised to restore me to my liberty, my parents, and my country.

Osm. And yet when the Sultan agreed to send you back to Georgia, you did not avail yourself of his generosity.

Elm. True ; but his munificence, and above all

the tenderness and love he expressed to me since, have reconciled me to this place, and I vainly thought my charms could have attached him to me.

Osm. Why then complain? You still possess his heart. Already you have been twice honoured with the imperial handkerchief.

Elm. His heart! does not this place contain a hundred beauties who equally share his love? Tell the Sultan I'm determined, and ready to accept the first opportunity of returning to my friends and country. [*Exit.*

Osm. I shall procure you an answer this morning.

[*The Curtain is drawn, and the Sultan enters, preceded by Mutes, &c. A grand March played.*

Sul. Osmyn.

Osm. The humblest of your slaves attends. [*Bows to the Ground.*

Sul. My friend, quit this style of servitude; I am weary of it.

Osm. And of the seraglio too, sir?

Sul. It is even so—and yet, upon reflection, I cannot tell why, unless that, having been accustomed to the noise of camps and the business of war, I know not how to relish pleasures, which, though varied, appear insipid, through the ease and tranquillity with which they are attained. I have often told you I am not touched with mere caressing machines, who are taught to love or fear by interest.

Osm. And yet your highness must confess, your servant has neglected nothing perfectly to content, particularly in one object he procured you.

Sul. Who is that?

Osm. The Circassian beauty—the Sultana Elmira.

Sul. And truly she possesses all the charms that can adorn her sex.

Osm. You thought so once.

Sul. Once! I think so still.

Osm. Indeed!

Sul. Positively—why should you doubt it?

Osm. Your word is my law. But, sir, there is matter I must acquaint you with: I cannot manage the seraglio; and, by the beard of Heli, I would rather quit the helm I can no longer guide. That English slave lately brought here is quite ungovernable; she is sure to do every thing she is forbid; she makes a joke of our threats, and answers our most serious admonitions with a laugh: besides, she is at variance with the rest of the women, and shews them such an example, that I cannot longer rule them.

Sul. That is your business—I will have them all agree—How do you call her?

Osm. Since she has been here, we have called her Roxalana.

Sul. Well; you must endeavour to bring her to reason.

Osm. Shall the Sultana Elmira throw herself at your highness's feet then?

Sul. Let her come—And, do you hear, Osmyn, go to the apartment of that Persian slave you spoke of yesterday, she that sings so well, and send her hither.

Osm. I will, most sublime Sultan. [*Exit* OSMYN.

Enter ELMIRA. *She kneels.*

Sul. I know before-hand that you come to upbraid me—We have not met so often lately as our mutual inclinations would have made agreeable; but don't attribute that to coldness, which has been the unavoidable consequence of affairs—the business of the Divan has taken up so much of my time.

Elm. I don't presume to complain; for your image is so imprinted on my heart, that you are always present to my mind.

Sul. [*Impatiently.*] Nay, dear Elmira, I have not

the least doubt. Oh, [*Yawning.*] Elmira, you love music—I have sent for the Persian slave, who I am told sings so well;—if she answers the description, she will afford you entertainment.

Elm. I want none when you are present; your company suffices for every thing.

Sul. Yonder comes our singer.

Enter ISMENA.

Isme. [*Kneeling.*] Your slave attends your pleasure.

[*The Sultan makes a sign to the Eunuchs, who bring two Stools, and beckon* ELMIRA *to sit.*

Elm. This is an honour I did not expect.

[*Taking her seat.*

ISMENA *Sings.*

Blest hero, who in peace and war,
Triumph alike, and raise our wonder;
In peace the shafts of love you bear,
In war the bolts of Jove's own thunder.

[*While* ISMENA *Sings,* SOLYMAN *takes* ELMIRA'S *Hand.*

Sul. Beautiful Ismena, methought that song did not so well express the effects of love—Madam, [*To* ELMIRA.] we will hear her again—I never heard any thing so charming—her voice is exquisite—What do you think of her?

Elm. If she hears this, 'twill make her vain—I cannot bear it—I am ready to burst with indignation and anger. [*Aside. Exit* ELMIRA.

Sul. There is something in this slave that interests me in her favour; she shall be received among the sultana's attendants, and by that means we shall have an opportunity of hearing her often. [*Turning, perceives* ELMIRA *gone.*] But where's the Sultana? I

did not perceive she had left us—Follow her, Ismena, and endeavour to amuse her. [*Exit* ISMENA.

Enter OSMYN.

Osm. I come to tell your highness, there is no bearing that English slave; she says such things, and does such things, that—

Sul. Why, what is it she does?

Osm. She mimics me—nay, and mimics you too.

Sul. Pho, pho.

Osm. Advice is lost upon her—When I attempt to give it, she falls a singing and dancing—There is no enduring it, if you do not permit me to correct her.

Sul. You take these things in too serious a light—She seems indeed a singular character.

Osm. She has the impudence of the devil; but just now I threatened to complain to you of her, she said she would complain of me; and here she comes.

Enter ROXALANA.

Sul. How now!

Rox. Well, heaven be praised, at least here is something like a human figure. You are, sir, I suppose, the sublime Sultan, whose slave I have the honour to be: if so, pray oblige me so far as to drive from your presence that horrid ugly creature there: for he shocks my sight. [*To* OSMYN.] Do you hear? Go!

Sul. [*Gravely.*] They complain, Roxalana, of your irreverent behaviour; you must learn to treat the officers of our seraglio, whom we have set over you, with more deference—All in this place honour their superiors, and obey in silence.

Rox. In silence!—and obey! is this a sample of your Turkish gallantry—You must be vastly loved indeed, if you address women in that strain.

Sul. Consider you are not in your own country.

Rox. No indeed; you make me feel the difference severely—There reigns ease, content, and liberty; every citizen is himself a king, where the king is himself a citizen.

Sul. Have a humour more gentle and pliable; I advise you to alter your behaviour for very good reasons; and it is for your good; there are very rigorous laws in the seraglio for such as are refractory.

Rox. Upon my word, you have made a very delicate speech, and I admire the gravity with which it was uttered.

Sul. Roxalana, I am serious.

Rox. Well, I don't mind that.

Osm. What does your highness think now? Did I tell you the truth?

Rox. Oh, whispering—What is it that monster says?—that what-do-you-call-him, that good-for-nothing amphibious animal, who follows us like sheep here, and is for ever watching us with his frightful glaring eyes, as if he would devour us?—Is this the confidante of your pleasures—the guardian of our chastity? I must do him the justice to confess. that if you give him money for making himself hated, he certainly does not steal his wages. We can't step one step but he is after us; by and by, I suppose, he will weigh out air, and measure light to us; he won't let us walk in the gardens, lest it should rain men upon us; and if it did, 'tis a blessing we've been long wishing for.

Osm. There now! don't she go on at a fine rate?

Rox. Don't mind that ugly creature, but listen to me. If you follow my counsel I shall make you an accomplished prince—I wish to make you beloved—Let your window bars be taken down—let the doors of the seraglio be thrown open—let inclination alone keep your women within it; and instead of that ugly odious creature there, send a handsome smart young

officer to us every morning; one that will treat us like ladies, and lay out the pleasures of the day.

[*While she is speaking*, SOLYMAN *admires her*.

Sul. [*To* OSMYN.] Did you ever see so expressive a countenance—[*To* ROXALANA.] Have you any more to say?

Rox. Yes, sir, this—To desire you will not mind him, but attend to me—Men were not born to advise—the thing is expressly the contrary—We women have certainly ten thousand times more sense—Men, indeed!—Men were born for no other purpose under heaven, but to amuse us; and he who succeeds best, perfectly answers the end of his creation—Now, sir, farewell. If I find you profit by my first lesson, I may perhaps be tempted to give you another.

[*Exit.*

Osm. Did you ever hear the like, sir!—Her insolence is not to be borne.

Sul. I think it amusing.

Osm. I shall certainly lose all my authority in the seraglio, if she is not corrected.

Sul. 'Tis a girl—a fool of a disposition, that chastisement would make worse. Go after her, Osmyn; bid her come back, and drink sherbet with me.

Osm. Sherbet with you, sir? [*Exit.*

Sul. I have said it—[*Goes on the Throne, takes a Pipe.*] Well, for my life, I can't get the better of my astonishment at hearing a slave talk in so extraordinary a manner—[*Smokes.*]—And the more I think of it, my astonishment is the greater—She's not handsome, that is, what is called a beauty: yet her little nose, cocked in the air, her laughing eyes, and the play of her features, have an effect altogether—Elmira has something more soft and more majestic; yet, methinks, I have a mind to sift Roxalana's character; mere curiosity, and nothing else—It is the first time we have seen in this place a spirit of ca-

price and independence—I'll try at least what she'll say to me farther—There can be no harm to divert myself with her extravagance.

Re-enter OSMYN.

Osm. I have delivered your message.

Sul. Delivered my message! Where's Roxalana?

Osm. In her chamber; where she has locked herself in.

Sul. No matter for her being in her chamber—What did she say?

Osm. Treasure of light, said I—through the key-hole,—I come from the sublime Sultan to kiss the dust beneath your feet, and desire you will come and drink sherbet with him. She answered through the key-hole, go tell your master, I have no dust on my feet, and I don't like sherbet.

Sul. In effect, Osmyn, the fault is your's;—you took your time ill, as you commonly do—You should have waited some time—don't you owe her respect?

Osm. And after this, you'd have her come again?

Sul. Perhaps, I would.

Osm. Shall I fetch the Sultana Elmira too?

Sul. What's the meaning of this, Osmyn? I tell you once more, go and bring me Roxalana.

[*Curtain moves.*

Osm. Who is that meddles with the great curtain?

Sul. Who is it lifts that portal there?

Rox. [*Coming from behind.*] 'Tis I.

Sul. You! and how dare you take that liberty?

Osm. Ay, how dare you?—Don't you know 'tis death for any to enter there but the Sultan, without being conducted?

Sul. Come, come; she's not acquainted with the customs of the seraglio; so let it pass. Roxalana, I beg your pardon—I am afraid he has disturbed you now.

Rox. Oh, it is only what I expected—You Turks are not reckoned very polite—in my country, a gallant waits upon a lady; but the custom is quite different here I find—[*Sultan offers her the Pipe, she strikes it down.*] What, do you think I smoke?

Sul. How's this!—Does your insolence go so far?

Osm. What do you command, sir?

Sul. Silence! [*Exit* OSMYN.

Rox. What! angry before a woman?—I'm quite ashamed of you.

Sul. This is not to be suffered—and yet there's something so foolish in it too—Come hither, Roxalana, I want to speak to you.

Rox. No, I thank you; I am very well where I am: If you were an English——

Sul. Tell me then, is it in this light manner women behave in England?

Rox. Pretty near it.

Sul. And suppose I should for once forget your national vivacity, would it make you more cautious for the future?—Come, give me your hand; and you may imagine I have forgot all you have said to me.

Rox. So much the worse for you. I told you a great many good things;—I see my frankness is disagreeable: but you must grow used to it. Don't you think yourself very happy to find a friend in a slave? one that will teach you how to love too; for 'tis in my country love is in its element. It is there all life and tenderness, because it is free; and yet even there, a husband beloved is next to a prodigy. If it be then so difficult to love a husband, what must it be to love a master? I am your friend; I tell you truth:—and do you know why you dislike to hear it?—because it is a language your ears are unaccustomed to—But I don't mind that, I shall make you well acquainted with it.

Sul. But you must treat me with respect.

Rox. I treat you with respect!—that would be worse still.

Sul. Indeed!

Rox. Oh, your notions are horrid—I shall correct you.

Sul. Correct me!—in what pray?

Rox. In what concerns you.

Sul. She is the strangest mortal, sure!—But let's have no more of this.

Rox. Nay, though you don't take my lessons as patiently as I could wish, I hope you are not displeased with me.—I should be sorry to offend you.

Sul. You may easily avoid it then.

Rox. It will be nothing in time.

Sul. Why, won't you consider who I am, and who you are?

Rox. Who I am, and who you are! Yes, sir, I do consider very well that you are the Grand Sultan; I am your slave; but I am also a free-born Englishwoman, prouder of that title than all the pomp and splendour eastern monarchs can bestow.

Sul. As far as I can perceive then, you would be very glad to get away from me?

Rox. You never were more right in your life.

Sul. Well, but if I endeavour to render the seraglio agreeable to you—if I study to make you happy, might you not in your turn try to deserve my favour?

Rox. No.

Sul. Do you speak that sincerely?

Rox. As I think it.

Sul. And yet there is something that whispers me—

Rox. Don't believe it—I tell you it deceives you.

Sul. And must I never expect—

Rox. Never—caprice and fancy decide all.

Sul. In caprice and fancy then I rest my hopes; and in the mean time you shall sup with me.

Rox. No.—I beg to be excused—I'd rather not.

Sul. Why so?—'tis an honour that you ought—

Rox. An honour that I ought!—Sir, you ought to lay aside those humiliating phrases; for while they teach us your superior greatness, they rob you of the pleasure of being agreeable—But to be in good humour, sir, I ought not to accept your proposals; for I know that suppers here tend to certain things—that I can't—indeed, sir.

Sul. Well, as you please.

Rox. That is very well said; you are my pupil, you know, and should give up every point to me: and since that is the case, instead of my supping with you, you shall dine with me.

Sul. With all my heart—be it so—Osmyn!

Enter OSMYN.

Sul. Osmyn—

Rox. Oh, now you know it's I to speak.—Osmyn, I say, hear my directions—You know I am to speak—Go to the clerk of the kitchen, and desire him to provide a handsome entertainment in my apartment, as the Sultan dines with me.

Osm. Did your highness order—

Sul. What do you stand for? Do as she bids you.
[*Exit* OSMYN, *bowing*.

Rox. Are there not some females here that would enliven the conversation? for example, the beautiful Sultana Elmira, that accomplished favourite you love so well; her company must be agreeable; and the Persian slave Ismena, who I am told sings enchantingly—and whom you love a little.

Sul. Yes—but—

Rox. I understand you, you will have her too.

Sul. It is not necessary; we'll be alone.

Rox. Alone! a *tête-à-tête* would be a great pleasure, to be sure!—Oh no.

Sul. I promise you I expect it.

Enter OSMYN.

Osm. Madam, your orders are obeyed.

Rox. Very well, that's a good boy.

Sul. Go to Elmira's apartment, and tell her I shall see her this evening. This evening; do you hear?

Rox. I don't like that whispering there. What's that you say? you know I have told you of that ugly trick.

Sul. Nothing—I'll come to her—go.

Rox. Stay, I say; I have some business with you.

Sul. Stay!—Certainly there never was any thing half so pleasant as this creature. [*Exit.*

Rox. Go, Osmyn, to the apartments of the Sultana Elmira, and to the chamber of the slave Ismena, and tell them to come and dine with the Sultan—If you neglect obeying my orders, your head shall answer for it—And, do you hear? don't let them know you came from me with this invitation.—Take care of your head. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Banquet, &c.*

Enter ROXALANA.

Rox. Ay, let me alone, now I have got the reins in my own hands, there shall soon be a reformation in this place, I warrant. Hey-day! what have we got here?—Cushions! what, do they think we are going to prayers? Let me die but I believe it is their dinner. What, do they mean to make me sit squat like

a baboon, and tear my meat with my fingers?—Take away all this trumpery, and let us have tables and chairs, knives and forks, and dishes and plates, like Christians. And d'ye hear? lest the best part of the entertainment should be wanting, get us some wine. [*Mutes lift up their Hands.*] Mercy on us, what a wonder! I tell you, wine must be had. If there is none here, go to the Mufti; he is a good fellow, and has some good wine, I warrant him. [*Things are removed, and Table, &c. brought on.*] Oh, here come some of my guests—I'll hide. [*Steps aside.*

Enter ELMIRA *and* OSMYN.

Elm. It is impossible—A pretty thing, truly, she is, to dispute the Sultan's heart with me!

Osm. I tell you, her ascendency over him is such, that it requires the greatest art and caution to counteract it.

Elm. Well, Osmyn, be my friend: and here take this locket, Osmyn; and be sure speak ill of all my rivals, and all the good you possibly can of me.

[ROXALANA *appears.*

Osm. Death and hell! we are discovered.

[*Aside, and Exit.*

Rox. Take this locket, Osmyn, and be sure you speak ill of my rivals. Ha, ha, ha!

Elm. Insipid pleasantry! Know this, however, madam, I was the first possessor of the Sultan's heart; and as such will maintain my rights, and employ my power to keep it.

Rox. By a locket.—Holloa! who waits there?

Enter OSMYN.

Go tell the grand signior to come here.

Osm. I will, madam.—I'll be your friend, you may depend on me. [*Aside.*

Rox. Go. [*Exit* OSMYN.] Elmira, I don't intend

to dispute the Sultan's heart with you; and, to prove it, you must know that it was I invited you to dine with him here: therefore make the best use you can of the opportunity.

Elm. Is it possible!

Enter Sultan on one Side; ISMENA and OSMYN on the other.

Rox. Slaves, bring the dinner.

Sul. What do I see? Ismena and Elmira too!

Rox. What is the matter, sir?

Sul. I thought you would have been alone.

Rox. Not when good company is to be had. Come, salute the ladies—[*He bows.*] A little lower, [*she stoops his Head.*] There now, ladies, my guest is a little awkward; but he'll improve.

Elm. Indeed, Roxalana, you go great lengths.

Sul. Let her alone, she knows it diverts me.

Rox. Well, let's be seated—I am to do the honours.

Sul. But what is all this? I never saw any thing like it before.

Rox. Where should you? Come—[*Enter Carver with a long Knife.*] Who is that! what does that horrid fellow want?

Osm. It is the grand carver.

Rox. The grand carver! I thought he came to cut off our heads. Pray, Mr Carver, be so good as to carve yourself away.—Come, Ismena, cut up that, and help the Sultan. The ladies of my country always carve.

Sul. Why, I think this custom is much better than ours.—[*To the Carver.*] We shall have no occasion for you.

Rox. Come, some wine.

Sul. Wine!—

Rox. Dinner is nothing without wine. Bring it here, Osmyn.

Osm. Must I touch the horrible potion! [*Takes the Bottle between the skirts of his Robe.*] There it is.

Rox. Well, Osmyn, as a reward for your services, you shall have the first of the bottle—Here, drink.

Osm. I drink the hellish beverage!—I who am a true believer, a rigid Mussulman!

Rox. [*To the Sultan.*] Sir, he disobeys me.

Sul. Drink as you are ordered.

Osm. I must obey, and taste the horrible liquor. Oh Mahomet, shut thy eyes—'Tis done—I have obeyed.

Rox. Ismena, hold your glass there.—Elmira, fill your's and the Sultan's glass.

Sul. Nay, pray dispense with me.

Rox. Dispense with you, Sir? why shou'd we dispense with you? Oh, I understand you—perhaps you don't choose those gentlemen should see you—I will soon turn them off.—Gentlemen, you may go; we shall have no occasion for you, I believe.—Come, ladies, talk a little; if you don't talk, you must sing. Ismena, oblige us with a song.

ISMENA *Sings.*

I.

In vain of their wisdom superior,
  The men proudly make such a fuss;
Though our talents forsooth are inferior,
  The boasters are govern'd by us.
Peer or peasant 'tis the same,
They're our masters but in name;
Let them say whate'er they will,
Woman, woman, rules them still.

II.

At courts who would seek for promotion,
  To us his petition should bring:
The state puppets are at our devotion,
  And move just as we pull the string.

Favourites rise or tumble down
As we deign to smile or frown;
Let men say whate'er they will,
Woman, woman, rules them still.

III.

Though assembled in grave convocation,
Men wrangle on matters of state;
Our sex on the state of the nation,
As well as themselves could debate.
We let them talk, but 'tis most certain,
That we decide behind the curtain;
Let them say whate'er they will,
Woman, woman, rules them still.

Rox. Come, sir, I insist upon your drinking.

Sul. I must do as you bid me. [*Drinks.*

Rox. That's clever.

Sul. [*Aside.*] How extraordinary is the conduct of this creature, endeavouring thus to display the accomplishments of her rivals! but in every thing she is my superior. I can rest no longer.

[*Gives the Handkerchief to* ROXALANA.

Rox. To me! Oh, no—Ismena, 'tis your's; the Sultan gives it as a reward for the pleasure you have given him with your charming song.

[*Gives the Handkerchief to* ISMENA.

Elm. [*Faints.*] Oh!

Sul. [*Snatching the Handkerchief from* ISMENA, *gives it to* ELMIRA.] Elmira, 'tis your's—look up, Elmira.

Elm. Oh, sir! [*Recovering.*]

Sul. [*To* Rox.] For you, out of my sight, audacious! Let her be taken away immediately, and degraded to the rank of the lowest slave. [*Exit* ROXALANA *guarded.*] But she shall be punished, madam, and you sufficiently revenged.

Elm. I do not wish it; in your love all my desires are accomplished.

Sul. If we chastise her, it must be severely. Go, order her to be brought hither.

Elm. What is your design, sir?

Sul. I would, before her face, repair the injustice I was going to do you; excite her envy; and, rendering her punishment complete, leave her in everlasting jealousy.

Elm. I beseech you, think no more of her.

Sul. Pardon me, I think differently.—Let her be brought hither, I say.

Osm. Sir, they have not had time to put on her slave's habit yet.

Sul. No matter—fetch her as she is; and now, Elmira, let our endearments be redoubled in her sight.

Elm. Is that necessary, sir?

Sul. Oh, it will gall her—I know it will gall her. We feel our misfortunes with tenfold anguish, when we compare what we are with what we might have been.

Elm. It will have no effect; she is a giddy creature—her gaiety is her all.

Sul. No, no, the contrary; that's the thing that strikes me in Roxalana's character. Through what you call her frivolous gaiety, candour and good sense shine so apparent.

Elm. There's an end on't; if you justify her. [*Proudly.*

Sul. I justify her! far from it; and you shall presently be convinced I mean to make her feel the utmost rigour of my resentment.

Enter ROXALANA.

Here she comes, she's in affliction; and her left hand, there, endeavours to hide a humiliated countenance. [*To* ROX.] Approach.—Elmira, have you determined how you will dispose of her?

Elm. I shall not add to what she suffers.

Sul. How that sentiment charms me! Indeed, Elmira, I blush to think, that so unworthy an object should have been able for a moment to surprise me to a degree, even to make me forget your superior merit; but I am now yours for ever and ever.

Rox. Ha, ha, ha!

Sul. Death and hell! she laughs.

Rox. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis involuntary, I assure you; therefore, pray forgive me: I beg your pardon.

Sul. 'Tis impudence beyond bearing: but I want to know the meaning of all this?

Rox. The meaning is plain, and any body may see with half an eye you don't love Elmira.

Sul. Whom do I love then?

Rox. Me.

Sul. You are the object of my anger.

Rox. That don't signify; love and anger often go together; I am the object of your anger, because I treat you with the sincerity of a friend; but, with your Highness's permission, I shall take myself away this moment for ever.

Sul. Go then, and prefer infamy to grandeur.

Rox. I will instantly get out of your sublime presence. [*Going.*

Sul. No, you shan't go—Elmira, do you withdraw. [*Exit* ELMIRA.] Were I to give way to my transports, I should make you feel the weight of my displeasure; but I frame excuses for you that you scorn to make for yourself. What, despise my favours, insult my condescension! sure, you can't be sensible of your own folly!—Proceed, go on, continue to enrage your too indulgent master.

Rox. You are my master, it is true; but could the robber, that sold me to you for a thousand chequins, transfer my mind and inclinations to you along with my person?—No, sir, let it never be said that the

great Solyman meanly triumphed over the person of the slave, whose mind he could not subdue.

Sul. Tell me whom you are; what species of inconsistent being, at once so trifling and respectable, that you seduce my heart, while you teach me my duty?

Rox. I am nothing but a poor slave, who is your friend.

Sul. Be still my friend, my mistress; for hitherto I have known only flatterers. I here devote myself to you, and the whole empire shall pay you homage.

Rox. But, pray, tell me then, by what title am I to govern here?

Sul. By what title? I don't understand you. Come, come, no more of this affected coyness and dissembling. I see, I know you love me. Or, if you will wait, perhaps time will bring it about.

Rox. Wait, indeed! No, sir! Your wife, or humble servant. My resolution is fixed, fix yours.

Sul. But an emperor of the Turks—

Rox. May do as he pleases, and should be despotic sometimes on the side of reason and virtue.

Sul. Then there is our law—

Rox. Which is monstrous and absurd.

Sul. The mufti, the viziers, and the agas.—But, what would the people say!

Rox. The people!—are they to govern you? Make the people happy, and they will not prevent your being so. They would be pleased to see you raise to the throne one that you love, and would love you, and be beloved by your people. Should she interpose in behalf of the unfortunate, relieve the distressed by her munificence, and diffuse happiness through the palace, she would be admired—she would be adored—she'd be like the queen of the country from whence I came.

Sul. It is enough, my scruples are at an end—my

prejudices, like clouds before the rising sun, vanish before the lights of your superior reason—My love is no longer a foible—you are worthy of empire.

Enter OSMYN.

Osm. Most sublime Sultan, the Sultana Elmira claims your promise for liberty to depart.

Rox. Is that the case? Let then the first instance of my exaltation be to give her liberty; let the gates of the seraglio be thrown open.

Sul. And as for Elmira, she shall go in a manner suitable to her rank. [*Exit.*

OSMYN *returns.*

Osm. Sir, the dwarfs and bostangis, your Highness had ordered, attend.

Sul. Let them come in. This day is devoted to festivity; and you who announce my decree, proclaim to the world, that the Sultana Roxalana reigns the unrivalled partner of our diadem.

Osm. There's an end of my office. Who could have thought, that a little cock'd-up nose would have overturned the customs of a mighty empire!

Sul. Now, my Roxalana, let the world observe by thy exaltation the wonderful dispensations of Providence. [*Exeunt.*

ROSINA,

A

COMIC OPERA.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

MRS BROOKE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr Belville,	*Mr Incledon.*
Captain Belville,	*Mr Bellamy.*
William,	*Mr Taylor.*
Rustic,	*Mr Street.*
Patrick,	*Mr Waddy.*
Phelim,	*Mr Wilde.*
Rosina,	*Miss Bonfield.*
Dorcas,	*Mrs Emery.*
Phœbe,	*Mrs Liston.*

Reapers, Gleaners, Servants, &c.

SCENE—A Village in the North.

ROSINA.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

WILLIAM, ROSINA, PHŒBE.

When the rosy morn appearing,
  Paints with gold the verdant law
Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,
  Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
  Carol sweet the lively strain;
They forsake their leafy dwelling,
  To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner
  Takes the scatter'd ears that fall!
Nature, all her children viewing,
  Kindly bounteous, cares for all.
[WILLIAM *retires.*

Ros. See, my dear Dorcas, what we gleaned yesterday in Mr Belville's fields!
[*Coming forward, and shewing the Corn at the Door.*

Dor. Lord love thee! but take care of thyself: thou art but tender.

Ros. Indeed it does not hurt me. Shall I put out the lamp?

Dor. Do, dear: the poor must be sparing.

[ROSINA *going to put out the Lamp,* DORCAS *looks after her and sighs, she returns hastily.*

Ros. Why do you sigh, Dorcas?

Dor. I canno' bear it: it's nothing to Phœbe and me, but thou wast not born to labour.

Ros. Why should I repine? heaven, which deprived me of my parents, and my fortune, left me health, content, and innocence. Nor is it certain that riches lead to happiness. Do you think the nightingale sings the sweeter for being in a gilded cage?

Dor. Sweeter, I'll maintain it, than the poor little linnet, which thou pick'dst up half-starved under the hedge yesterday, after its mother had been shot, and brought'st to life in thy bosom. Let me speak to his honour, he's main kind to the poor.

Ros. Not for worlds, Dorcas; I want nothing: you have been a mother to me.

Dor. Would I could! would I could! I ha' worked hard, and earned money in my time; but now I am old and feeble, and am pushed about by every body. More's the pity, I say: it was not so in my young time; but the world grows wickeder every day.

Ros. Your age, my good Dorcas, requires rest: go into the cottage, whilst Phœbe and I join the gleaners, who are assembling from every part of the village.

Dor. Many a time have I carried thy dear mother, an infant, in these arms: little did I think a child of her's would live to share my poor pittance.—But I wo' not grieve thee.

[DORCAS *enters the Cottage, looking back affectionately at* ROSINA.

Phœ. What makes you so melancholy, Rosina?

mayhap it's because you have not a sweetheart? but you are so proud, you won't let our young men come a near you. You may live to repent being so scornful.

AIR.

When William at eve meets me down at the stile,
 How sweet is the nightingale's song!
Of the day I forget the labour and toil,
 Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,
 And believe every word of his song:
You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,
 Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

[*During the last Stanza,* WILLIAM *appears at the end of the Scene, and makes signs to* PHŒBE, *who, when it is finished, steals softly to him, and they disappear.*

Ros. How small a part of my evils is poverty! and how little does Phœbe know the heart she thinks insensible! the heart which nourishes a hopeless passion. I blest, like others, Belville's gentle virtues, and knew not that 'twas love. Unhappy, lost Rosina!

AIR.

The morn returns in saffron drest,
But not to sad Rosina rest.
 The blushing morn awakes the strain,
  Awakes the tuneful choir,
 But sad Rosina ne'er again
  Shall strike the sprightly lyre.

Rus. [*Between the Scenes.*] To work, my hearts of oak, to work; here the sun is half an hour high, and not a stroke struck yet.

[*Enters singing, followed by Reapers*

AIR.

Rus. See, ye swains, yon streaks of red
Call you from your slothful bed!
Late you tilled the fruitful soil;
See where harvest crowns your toil!

Chorus of Reapers.

Late you tilled the fruitful soil:
See where harvest crowns your toil!

Rus. As we reap the golden corn,
Laughing Plenty fills her horn:
What would gilded pomp avail,
Should the peasant's labour fail?

Chorus of Reapers.

What would gilded pomp avail,
Should the peasant's labour fail?

Rus. Ripen'd fields your cares repay,
Sons of labour, haste away;
Bending, see the waving grain
Crown the year, and cheer the swain.

Chorus of Reapers.

Bending, see the waving grain
Crown the year, and cheer the swain.

Rus. Hist! there's his honour. Where are all the lazy Irishmen I hired yesterday at market?

Enter two Irishmen.

1 *Irish.* Is it us he's talking of, Paddy? then the devil may thank him for his good commendations.

Enter BELVILLE, *with two Servants.*

Bel. You are too severe, Rustic, the poor fellows came three miles this morning; therefore I made them stop at the manor-house to take a little refreshment.

1 *Irish.* God love your sweet face, my jewel, and all those that take your part. Bad luck to myself if I would not, with all the veins of my heart, split the dew before your feet in a morning. [*To* BELVILLE.

Rus. If I do speak a little cross, it's for your honour's good.

[*The Reapers cut the Corn, and make it into Sheaves.* ROSINA *follows, and gleans.*

Rus. [*Seeing* ROSINA.] What a dickens doth this girl do here? keep back: wait till the reapers are off the field; do like the other gleaners.

Ros. [*Timidly.*] If I have done wrong, sir, I will put what I have gleaned down again.

[*She lets fall the Ears she had gleaned.*

Bel. How can you be so unfeeling, Rustic? she is lovely, virtuous, and in want. Let fall some ears, that she may glean the more.

Rus. Your honour is too good by half.

Bel. No more; gather up the corn she has let fall. Do as I command you.

Rus. There take the whole field, since his honour chuses it.

[*Putting the Corn into her apron. Retires gleaning.*

2 *Irish.* Upon my soul now, his honour's no churl of the wheat, whatever he may be of the barley.

Bel. [*Looking after* ROSINA.] What bewitching softness! there is a blushing, bashful gentleness, an almost infantine innocence in that lovely countenance, which it is impossible to behold without emotion! she turns this way: what bloom on that cheek! 'tis the blushing down of the peach.

AIR.

Her mouth, which a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flower-scented heath
At the dawning of day;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

Enter Captain BELVILLE *in a Riding Dress.*

Capt. B. Good-morrow, brother; you are early abroad.

Bel. My dear Charles, I am happy to see you. True, I find, to the first of September.

Capt. B. I meant to have been here last night, but one of my wheels broke, and I was obliged to sleep at a village six miles distant, where I left my chaise, and took a boat down the river at day-break. But your corn is not off the ground.

Bel. You know our harvest is late in the north, but you will find all the lands cleared on the other side the mountain.

Capt. B. And pray, brother, how are the partridges this season?

Bel. There are twenty coveys within sight of my house, and the dogs are in fine order.

Capt. B. The game-keeper is this moment leading them round; I am fired at the sight.

AIR.—*Trio.*

By dawn to the downs we repair,
With bosoms right jocund and gay,
And gain more than pheasant or hare—
Gain health by the sports of the day.

Mark! mark! to the right hand, prepare—
See Diana! she points!—see, they rise—
See they float on the bosom of air!
Fire away! whilst loud echo replies,
Fire away.

Hark! the volley resounds to the skies!
Whilst echo in thunder replies!
In thunder replies,
And resounds to the skies,
Fire away! fire away! fire away!

Capt. B. [*Aside.*] But where is my little rustic charmer? O! there she is. I am transported.—Pray, brother, is not that the little girl whose dawning beauty we admired so much last year?

Bel. It is, and more lovely than ever. I shall dine in the field with my reapers to-day, brother: will you share our rural repast, or have a dinner prepared at the manor-house?

Capt. B. By no means: pray let me be of your party: your plan is an admirable one, especially if your girls are handsome. I'll walk round the field, and meet you at dinner-time.

Bel. Come this way, Rustic; I have some orders to give you. [*Exeunt* BELVILLE *and* RUSTIC.

[*Capt.* BELVILLE *goes up to* ROSINA, *gleans a few Ears, and presents them to her; she refuses them; she runs out, he follows her.*

Enter WILLIAM, *speaking at the side Scene.*

Will. Lead the dogs back, James, the captain won't shoot to-day. [*seeing* RUSTIC *and* PHŒBE *behind.*] Indeed! so close? I don't half like it.

Enter RUSTIC *and* PHŒBE.

Rus. That's a good girl! do as I bid you, and you shan't want encouragement.

[*He goes up to the Reapers, and* WILLIAM *comes forward.*

Will. O, no; I dare say she won't. So, Mrs Phœbe?

Phœ. And so, Mr William, if you go to that!

Will. A new sweetheart, I'll be sworn; and a pret-

ty comely lad he is: but he's rich, and that's enough to win a woman.

Phœ. I don't desarve this of you, William: but I'm rightly sarved for being such an easy fool. You think, mayhap, I'm at my last prayers; but you may find yourself mistaken.

Will. You do right to cry out first; you think belike that I did not see you take that posy from Harry.

Phœ. And you belike that I did not catch you tying up one of the cornflowers and wild roses for the miller's maid: but I'll be fooled no longer; I have done with you, Mr William.

Will. I shan't break my heart, Mrs Phœbe. The miller's maid loves the ground I walk on.

AIR.—*Duet.*

Will. I've kissed and I've prattled to fifty fair maids,
And changed 'em as oft d'ye see;
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.
Phœ. There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And called me the fairest she;
But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.
Will. Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her face like the blossom in May;
Her teeth are as white as the new shorn flock,
Her breath like the new made hay.
Phœ. He's tall, and he's strait as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as fresh as the rose;
He looks like a 'squire of high degree,
When drest in his Sunday clothes.
Phœ. There's fifty young men, &c.
Will. I've kissed and I've prattled, &c.

[*Go off on different sides of the Stage.*

As they go off, Rosina *and Capt.* Belville *enter.*

Capt. B. Stay, and hear me, Rosina. Why will you fatigue yourself thus? only homely girls are

born to work—your obstinacy is vain; you shall hear me.

Ros. Why do you stop me, sir? my time is precious. When the gleaning season is over, will you make up my loss?

Capt. B. Yes.

Ros. Will it be any advantage to you to make me lose my day's work?

Capt. B. Yes.

Ros. Would it give you pleasure to see me pass all my days in idleness?

Capt. B. Yes.

Ros. We differ greatly then, sir: I only wish for so much leisure as makes me return to my work with fresh spirit. We labour all the week, 'tis true; but then how sweet is our rest on Sunday!

AIR.

Whilst with village maids I stray,
Sweetly wears the joyous day;
Cheerful glows my artless breast,
Mild Content the constant guest.

Capt. B. Mere prejudice, child: you will know better. I pity you, and will make your fortune.

Ros. Let me call my mother, sir. I am young, and can support myself by my labour; but she is old and helpless, and your charity will be well bestowed. Please to transfer to her the bounty you intended for me.

Capt. B. Why, as to that—

Ros. I understand you, sir; your compassion does not extend to old women.

Capt. B. Really, I believe not.

Enter DORCAS.

Ros. You are just come in time, mother. I have

met with a generous gentleman, whose charity inclines him to succour youth.

Dor. 'Tis very kind; and old age——

Ros. He'll tell you that himself.

[Rosina *goes into the Cottage.*

Dor. I thought so. Sure, sure, 'tis no sin to be old!

Capt. B. You must not judge of me by others, honest Dorcas. I am sorry for your misfortunes, and wish to serve you.

Dor. And to what, your honour, may I owe this kindness?

Capt. B. You have a charming daughter——

Dor. [*Aside.*] I thought as much. A vile, wicked man!

Capt. B. Beauty like her's might find a thousand resources in London: the moment she appears there, she will turn every head.

Dor. And is your honour sure her own won't turn at the same time?

Capt. B. She shall live in affluence, and take care of you too, Dorcas.

Dor. I guess your honour's meaning; but you are mistaken, sir. If I must be a trouble to the dear child, I shall rather owe my bread to her labour than her shame.

[*Goes into the Cottage, and shuts the Door.*

Capt. B. These women astonish me: but I won't give it up so.

Enter Rustic.

A word with you, Rustic.

Rus. I'm in a great hurry, your honour; I am going to hasten dinner.

Capt. B. I shan't keep you a minute. Take these five guineas.

Rus. For whom, sir?

Capt. B. For yourself; and this purse.

Rus. For whom, sir?

Capt. B. For Rosina: they say she is in distress, and wants assistance.

Rus. What pleasure it gives me to see you so charitable! But why give me money, sir?

Capt. B. Only to—tell Rosina there is a person who is very much interested in her happiness.

Rus. How much you will please his honour by this! he takes mightily to Rosina, and prefers her to all the young women in the parish.

Capt. B. Prefers her? ah! you sly rogue!

[*Laying his Hand on* RUSTIC'S *Shoulder.*

Rus. Your honour's a wag; but I'm sure I meant no harm.

Capt. B. Give her the money, and tell her she shall never want a friend; but not a word to my brother.

Rus. All's safe, your honour.

[*Exit Captain* BELVILLE.

I don't vastly like this business. At the captain's age this violent charity is a little duberous. I am his honour's servant, and it's my duty to hide nothing from him. I'll go seek his honour; oh, here he comes.

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. Well, Rustic, have you any intelligence to communicate?

Rus. A vast deal, sir. Your brother begins to make a good use of his money: he has given me these five guineas for myself, and this purse for Rosina.

Bel. For Rosina! [*Aside.*] 'tis plain he loves her!—Obey him exactly; but as distress renders the mind haughty, and Rosina's situation requires the utmost delicacy, contrive to execute your commission in such a manner that she may not even suspect from whence the money comes.

Rus. I understand your honour.

Bel. Have you gained any intelligence in respect to Rosina?

Rus. I endeavoured to get all I could from the old woman's grand-daughter; but all she knew was, that she was no kin to Dorcas, and that she had had a good bringing-up: but here are the labourers.

Bel. Let the cloth be laid on these sheaves. Behold the table of happiness! but I don't see Rosina. Dorcas, you must come too, and Phœbe.

Dor. We can't deny your honour.

Ros. I am ashamed; but you command, sir.

Enter the Reapers, following Captain BELVILLE.

AIR—*Finale.*

Bel. By this fountain's flowery side,
Drest in Nature's blooming pride,
Where the poplar trembles high,
And the bees in clusters fly;
Whilst the herdsman on the hill
Listens to the falling rill,
Pride and cruel scorn away,
Let us share the festive day.

Ros. & Bel. Taste our pleasures, ye who may,
This is Nature's holiday.
Simple Nature ye who prize,
Life's fantastic forms despise.

Chorus. Taste our pleasures ye who may,
This is Nature's holiday.

Capt. Blushing Bell, with downcast eyes,
Sighs, and knows not why she sighs;
Tom is by her—we shall know—
How he eyes her! is't not so?

Will. He is fond, and she is shy;
He would kiss her!—fie!—oh, fie!
Mind thy sickle, let her be;
By and by she'll follow thee.

Chorus. Busy censors, hence, away!
This is Nature's holiday.

Rus. Now we'll quaff the nut-brown ale,
Then we'll tell the sportive tale;
All is jest, and all is glee,
All is youthful jollity.

Phæ. Lads and lasses, all advance,
Carol blithe, and form the dance!
Trip it lightly while you may;
This is Nature's holiday.
Chorus. Trip it lightly while you may,
This is Nature's holiday.

[*All rise; the Dancers come down the Stage through the Sheaves of Corn, which are removed; the Dance begins, and finishes the Act.*

ACT II.

SCENE *continues.*

Rustic. This purse is the plague of my life: I hate money when it is not my own. I'll even put in the five guineas he gave me for myself: I don't want it, and they do. It's a good action, and will be its own reward. They certainly must find it there. I'm glad I've got rid on't, however; but I hear the cottage door open. [*Retires a little.*

[DORCAS *and* ROSINA *come out of the Cottage;* DORCAS *with a great Basket on her arm, filled with Skeins of Thread.*

Dor. I am just going, Rosina, to carry this thread to the weaver's.

Ros. This basket is too heavy for you: pray, let me carry it.

[*Takes the Basket from* DORCAS, *and sets it down on the Bench.*

Dor. [*Peevishly.*] No, no.

Ros. If you love me, only take half: this evening, or to-morrow morning, I will carry the rest.

[*She takes part of the Skeins out of the Basket, and lays them on the Bench, looking affectionately on* DORCAS.

There, be angry with me, if you please.

Dor. No, my sweet lamb, I am not angry; but beware of men.

Ros. Have you any doubts of my conduct, Dorcas?

Dor. Indeed I have not, love; and yet I am uneasy.

Enter Captain BELVILLE, *Listening.*

Go back to the reapers, whilst I carry this thread.

Ros. I'll go this moment.

Dor. But as I walk but slow, and 'tis a good way, you may chance to be at home before me, so take the key.

Ros. I will.

[*Whilst* DORCAS *feels in her Pocket for the Key.*

Capt. B. [*Aside.*] Rosina to be at home before Dorcas! how lucky! I'll slip into the house, and wait her coming, if 'tis till midnight.

[*He goes unperceived by them into the Cottage.*

Dor. Let nobody go into the house.

Ros. I'll take care; but first I'll double-lock the door. [*Stops to lock the Door.*

Dor. [*Sees the Purse.*] Good lack! what is here? a purse, as I live!

Ros. How?

Dor. Come and see; 'tis a purse indeed.

Ros. Heavens! 'tis full of gold!

Dor. We must put up a bill at the church gate, and restore it to the owner. The best way is to carry the money to his honour, and get him to keep it till the owner is found. You shall go with it, love.

Ros. Pray excuse me, I dare not speak to him.

Dor. 'Tis nothing but childishness: but his honour will like your bashfulness better than too much courage—carry it, my love. [*Goes out.*

Ros. I cannot support his presence—my embarrassment—my confusion—a stronger sensation than that

of gratitude agitates my heart—yet hope, in my situation, were madness.

Enter William.

Pray, William, do you know of any body that has lost a purse?

Will. I knows nothing about it.

Ros. Dorcas, however, has found one.

Will. So much the better for she.

Ros. You will oblige me very much if you will carry it to Mr Belville, and beg him to keep it till the owner is found.

Will. Since you desire it, I'll go: it shan't be the lighter for my carrying.

Ros. That I am sure of, William. [*Exit* Rosina.

Enter Phœbe.

Phæ. There is William; but I'll pretend not to see him.

AIR.

Henry cull'd the flow'ret's bloom,
Marian loved the soft perfume,
Had playful kist, but prudence near
Whisper'd timely in the ear;
'Simple Marian, ah! beware;
Touch them not, for love is there.'

[*Throws away her Nosegay.*

[*While she is singing,* William *turns, looks at her, whistles, and plays with his stick.*

Will. That's Harry's posy; the slut likes me still.

Phœ. [*Aside.*] That's a copy of his countenance, I'm sartin; he can no more help following me nor he can be hanged.

[William *crosses again, singing.*

Of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

Phœ. I'm ready to choke wi' madness, but I'll not speak first an' I die for't.

WILLIAM *sings, throwing up his Stick, and catching it.*

Will. Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her face like the blossoms in May.

Phœ. I can't bear it no longer—you vile, ungrateful, parfidious—but it's no matter—I can't think what I could see in you,—Harry loves me, and is a thousand times more handsomer.

[*Sings, sobbing at every word,*

Of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

Will. He's yonder a reaping: shall I call him?

[*Offers to go.*

Phœ. My grandmother leads me the life of a dog; and it's all along of you.

Will. Well, then she'll be better tempered now.

Phœ. I did not value her scolding of a brass farthing, when I thought as how you were true to me.

Will. Was'n't I true to you? look in my face, and say that. [*Aloud.*] I lov'd you very well once, Phœbe; but you are grown so cross, and have such vagaries—

Phœ. I'm sure I never had no vagaries with you, William. But go, mayhap Kate may be angry.

Will. And who cares for she? I never minded her anger, nor her coaxing neither, till you were cross to me.

Phœ. [*Holding up her hands.*] O the father! I cross to you, William?

Will. Did not you tell me this very morning as how you had done wi' me?

Phœ. One word's as good as a thousand. Do you love me, William?

Will. Do I love thee? do I love dancing on the

green better than thrashing in the barn? do I love a wake? a harvest-home?

Phœ. Then I'll never speak to Harry again the longest day I have to live.

Will. I'll turn my back o' the miller's maid the first time I meet her.

Phœ. Will you indeed, and indeed?

Will. Marry will I; and more nor that, I'll go speak to the parson this moment—[*Kisses her.*] I'm happier—zooks, I'm happier nor a lord or a 'squire of five hundred a year.

AIR.—*Duet.*

Phœ. In gaudy courts, with aching hearts,
The great at Fortune rail:
The hills may higher honours claim,
But peace is in the vale.
Will. See high-born dames, in rooms of state,
With midnight revels pale;
No youth admires their fading charms,
For beauty's in the vale.
Both. Amid the shades of virgin's sighs
Add fragrance to the gale:
So they that will may take the hill,
Since love is in the vale.
[*Exeunt arm in arm.*

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. I tremble at the impression this lovely girl has made on my heart. My cheerfulness has left me, and I am grown insensible, even to the delicious pleasure of making those happy who depend on my protection. Since the sun rose, I have been in continual exercise; I feel exhausted, and will try to rest a quarter of an hour on this bank. [*Lies down on a Bank.*

[*Gleaners pass the Stage with Sheaves of Corn on their heads; last* ROSINA, *who comes forward singing.*

AIR.

Light as thistledown moving which floats on the air,
Sweet gratitude's debt to this cottage I bear:
Of autumn's rich store I bring home my part,
The weight on my head, but gay joy in my heart.

What do I see? Mr Belville asleep? I'll steal softly—at this moment I may gaze on him without blushing.

[*Lays down the Corn, and walks softly up to him.*

The sun points full on this spot; let me fasten these branches together with this ribbon, and shade him from its beams—yes—that will do—but if he should wake—

[*Takes the Ribbon from her Bosom, and ties the Branches together.*

How my heart beats? one look more—ah! I have waked him—

[*She flies, and endeavours to hide herself against the door of the Cottage, turning her head every intsant.*

Bel. What noise was that? [*Half raising himself.*] This ribbon I have seen before, and on the lovely Rosina's bosom—

[*He rises, and goes towards the Cottage.*

Ros. I will hide myself in the house.

[ROSINA *opening the Door, sees Capt.* BELVILLE, *and starts back.*

Heavens! a man in the house!

Capt. B. Now, love assist me!

[*Comes out, and seizes* ROSINA; *she breaks from him, and runs affrighted cross the Stage*—BELVILLE *follows; Capt.* BELVILLE, *who comes out to pursue her, sees his Brother, and steals off.*

Bel. Why do you fly thus, Rosina? what can you fear? you are out of breath.

Ros. O, sir! my strength fails—

[*Leans on* BELVILLE, *who supports her in his arms.*

Where is he?—a gentleman pursued me—

[*Looking round.*

Bel. Don't be alarmed, 'twas my brother—he could not mean to offend you.

Ros. Your brother? why then does he not imitate your virtues? why was he here?

Bel. Forget this; you are safe. But tell me, Rosina, for the question is to me of importance; have I not seen you wear this ribbon?

Ros. Forgive me, sir; I did not mean to disturb you. I only meant to shade you from the too great heat of the sun.

Bel. To what motive do I owe this tender attention?

Ros. Ah, sir! do not the whole village love you?

Bel. You tremble; why are you alarmed?

DUET.

Belville and Rosina.

Belville, [taking her Hand.]

For you, my sweet maid, nay be not afraid,
[ROSINA *withdraws her hand.*
I feel an affection which yet wants a name.
Ros. When first—but in vain—I seek to explain,
What heart but must love you? I blush, fear, and shame——
Bel. Why thus timid, Rosina? still safe by my side,
Let me be your guardian, protector, and guide.
Ros. My timid heart pants—still safe by your side,
Be you my protector, my guardian, my guide.
Bel. Why thus timid, &c.
Ros. My timid heart pants, &c.

Bel. Unveil your whole heart to me, Rosina. The graces of your form, the native dignity of your mind, a thousand circumstances concur to convince me you were not born a villager.

Ros. To you, sir, I can have no reserve. A pride, I hope an honest one, made me wish to sigh in secret over my misfortunes.

Bel. [*Eagerly.*] They are at an end.

Ros. Dorcas approaches, sir; she can best relate my melancholy story.

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. His honour here? good lack! how sorry I am I happened to be from home. Troth, I'm sadly tired.

Ros. Why would you insist on going? indeed, sir, she will kill herself.

Bel. Will you let me speak with you a moment alone, Dorcas?

Dor. Sure will I, your honour. Rosina, take this basket. [*Exit.*] Will your honour please to walk into our homely cottage?

Bel. I thank you, Dorcas, but 'tis pleasanter here. Rosina has referred me to you, Dorcas, for an account of her birth, which I have long suspected to be above her present situation.

Dor. To be sure, your honour, since the dear child gives me leave to speak, she's of as good a family as any in England. Her mother, sweet lady, was my bountiful old master's daughter, 'Squire Welford of Lincolnshire.

Bel. And her father?

Dor. Was a brave gentleman too, a colonel: a charming couple they were, and loved one another so, it would have done your heart good to see them. His honour went to the Eastern Indies, to better his fortune, and madam would go wi' him. The ship was lost, and they, with all the little means they had, went to the bottom. Young madam Rosina was their only child; they left her at school; but when this

sad news came, the mistress did not care for keeping her! so the dear child has shared my poor morsel.

Bel. 'Tis enough, Dorcas: you shall not repent your kindness to her. But her father's name?

Dor. Melville; Colonel Melville.

Bel. I am too happy! He was the friend of my father's heart; a thousand times have I heard him lament his fate. [*Aside.*] Rosina's virtues shall not go unrewarded.

Dor. Yes, I know'd it would be so. Heaven never forsakes the good man's children.

Enter the first and second Irishmen.

1 Irish. [*To* DORCAS.] Dry your tears, my jewel; we have done for them.

Dor. Have you saved her? I owe you more than life.

1 *Irish.* Faith, good woman, you owe me nothing at all. I'll tell your honour how it was. My comrades and I were crossing the meadow, going home, when we saw them first; and hearing a woman cry, I looked up, and saw them putting her into a skiff against her will. Says I, Paddy, "is not that the clever little crater that was glaning in the field with us this morning?"—"'Tis so, sure enough," says he. "By St Patrick," says I, "there's enough of us to rescute her." With that we ran for the bare life, waded up to the knees, laid about us bravely with our shillelays, knocked them out of the skiff, and brought her back safe: and here she comes, my jewel.

[ROSINA *is followed by the Reapers, and throws herself into* DORCAS' *Arms.*

Dor. I canno' speak—art thou safe?

Bel. I dread to find the criminal.

Rus. Your honour need not go far afield, I believe; it must have been some friend of the captain's, for his French valet commanded the party.

Capt. B. I confess my crime; my passion for Rosina hurried me out of myself.

Bel. You have dishonoured me, dishonoured the glorious profession you have embraced.—But begone, I renounce you as my brother, and resume my ill-placed friendship.

Capt. B. Your indignation is just; I have offended almost past forgiveness. Will the offer of my hand repair the injury?

Bel. If Rosina accepts it, I am satisfied.

Ros. [*To* Bel.] Will you, sir, suffer?—this hope is a second insult. Whoever offends the object of his love, is unworthy of obtaining her.

Bel. This noble refusal paints your character. I know another, Rosina, who loves with as strong, though purer ardour: the timidity inseparable from real love has hitherto prevented him from declaring himself—but if allowed to hope—

Ros. Do not, sir, envy me the calm delight of passing my independent days with Dorcas, in whom I have found a mother's tenderness.

Dor. Bless thee, my child; thy kindness melts my heart—but you must marry.

Ros. Never, till affection points out the object; to sensible minds, marriage must be a source of exquisite happiness or misery.

Bel. Do you refuse me too then, Rosina?

[Rosina *raises her Eyes tenderly on* Belville, *lowers them again, and leans on* Dorcas.

Dor. You, sir? you?—sure I am in a dream!

Capt. B. What do I hear?

Bel. Rosina, may I hope?

Ros. My confusion—my blushes—

Bel. 'Tis enough; I see I am rejected.

Ros. 'Tis the first time in your life, I believe, that you ever were mistaken.

[*Giving her hand timidly to* Belville.

Bel. Then I am happy: my life! my Rosina!

Phœ. Do you speak to his honour, William.

Will. No, do you speak, Phœbe.

Phœ. I am ashamed—William and I, your honour—William prayed me to let him keep me company—so he gained my good-will to have him, if so be my grandmother consents.

[*Courtseying, and playing with her Apron.*

Will. If your honour would be so good to speak to Dorcas.

Bel. Dorcas, you must not refuse me any thing to-day. I'll give William a farm.

Dor. Your honour is too kind—take her, William, and make her a good husband.

Will. That I will, dame.

Will. }
Phœ. } [*To* BEL.] Thank your honour.

[BELVILLE *joins their hands; they bow and courtesy.*

Will. What must I do with the purse, your honour? Dorcas would not take it.

Bel. I believe my brother has the best right.

Capt. B. 'Tis yours, William; dispose of it as you please.

Will. Then I'll give it to our honest Irishmen, who fought so bravely for Rosina.

Bel. You have made a good use of it, William; nor shall my gratitude stop here.

Capt. B. Allow me to retire, brother, and when I am worthy of your esteem, I will return, and demand my rights in your affection.

Bel. You must not leave us, brother: resume the race of honour; be indeed a soldier, and be more than my brother—be my friend.

AIR.—*Finale.*

Belville, and Capt. Belville.

To bless, and to be blest, be ours,
Whate'er our rank, whate'er our pow'rs,
On some her gifts kind Fortune showers,
Who reap like us in this rich scene.

Yet those who taste her bounty less,
The sigh malevolent repress,
And loud the feeling bosom bless,
Which something leaves for want to glean.

Rosina.

How blest am I! supremely blest!
Since Belville all his soul exprest,
And fondly clasp'd me to his breast:
I now may reap—how changed the scene!

But ne'er can I forget the day,
When all to want and woe a prey,
Soft pity taught his soul to say,
"Unfeeling Rustic, let her glean!"

Rustic, Dorcas, William, and Phœbe.

The hearts you glad your own display,
The heav'ns such goodness must repay;
And blest through many a summer's day,
Full crops you'll reap in this rich scene:

And O! when summer's joys are o'er,
And autumn yields its fruits no more,
New blessings be there yet in store,
For winter's sober hours to glean.

Chorus of all.

And O! when summer's joys are o'er, &c.

[*The Reapers form Dances, and present Nosegays of Corn-flowers and Poppies to* Belville, *and* Rosina.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

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